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By **ROGER MARIS**

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THE MAN BEHIND THE POWER

NFL PREDICTIONS

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SANDY KOUFAX ►



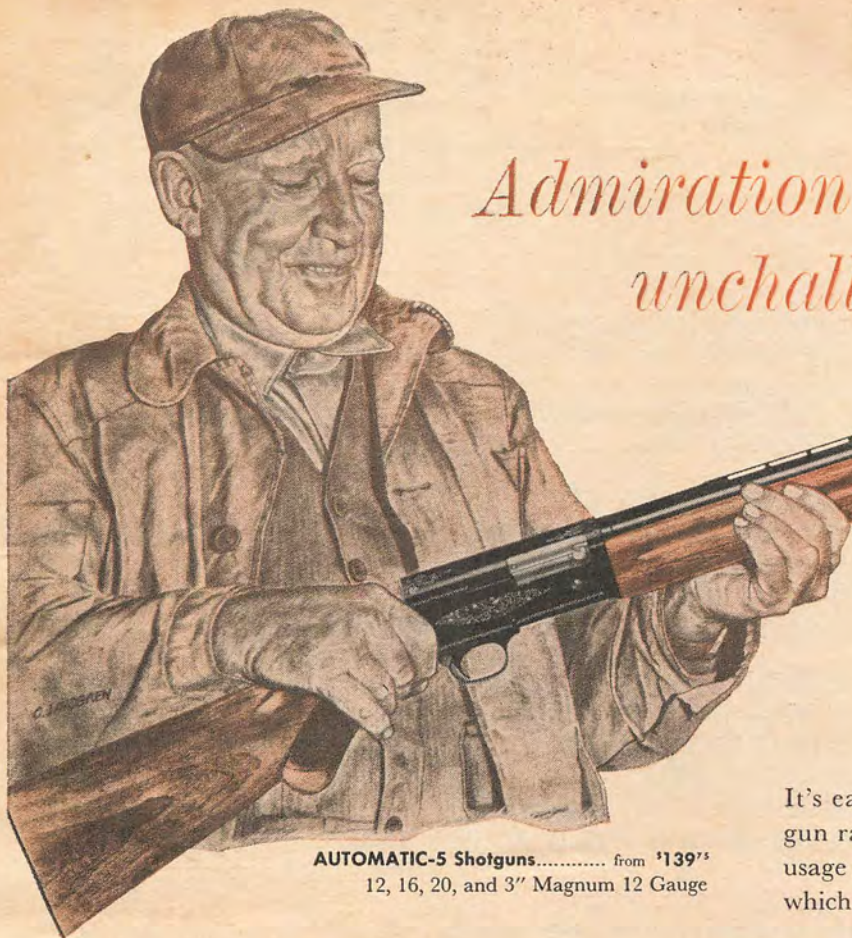


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COVER—Ozzie Sweet

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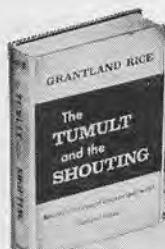
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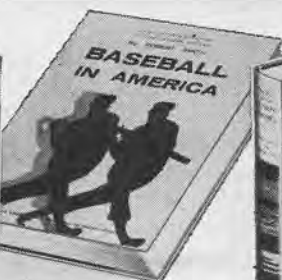
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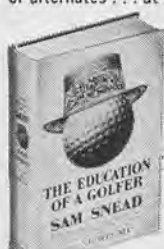
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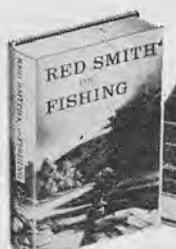
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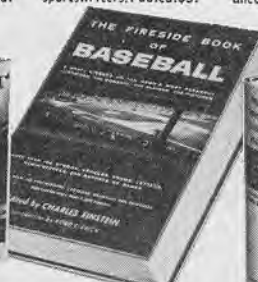
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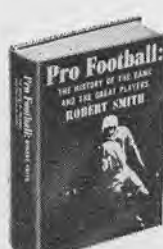
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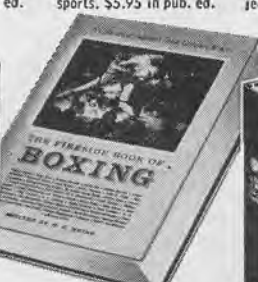
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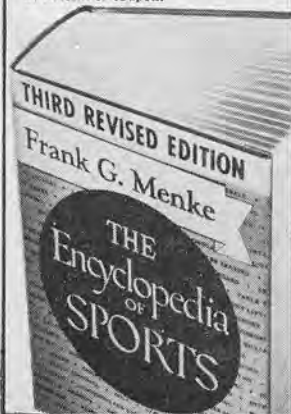
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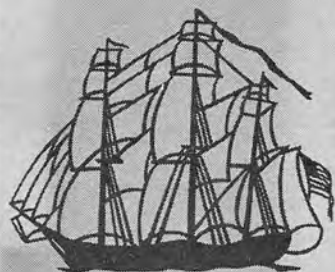
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Boston's Curt Gowdy covers sports for WHDH, airs Red Sox games, and does specials for ABC and NBC

What National League pitcher gave up the most walks in one season?

—Richard Boice, Hopewell, Virginia

Amos Rusie of the old New York Giants gave up 276 in 64 games, 1890. The modern (post-1900) National League record is 185 by Chicago's Sam Jones, set in 36 games during the 1955 season.

What events are included in the modern pentathlon?

—Don Swanson, Kelso, Washington

The five events are a cross-country run, swimming, pistol shooting, epee fencing and horse riding competition. Scores are given for each category, then the total determines the winner.



Sports director of Kansas City's WDAF, Merle Harmon broadcasts baseball, football and basketball

What were the most runs scored against a major-league pitcher in a game where he pitched a no-hitter?

—Craig Reece, La Mirada, California

In 1901 Earl Moore, Cleveland, pitched a nine-inning no-hitter but lost in the tenth, 4-2. In 1914, in nine innings, Ed LaFitte, Brooklyn, won a 6-2 no-hitter in the old Federal League, then a major league.

If a catcher drops a third-strike pitch, and the batter is safe at first, is the pitcher credited with a strikeout?

—Barry Silverman, Holyoke, Massachusetts

Yes, give the pitcher a strikeout and the catcher an error. That is why, before the '63 baseball season began, nine major-leaguers had four strikeouts in one inning.



Ernie Harwell, who's aired big-league ball for 15 years, does Tiger games for WKMJ and WJBK-TV Detroit

What was Babe Ruth's batting average in 1927, the year in which he hit 60 home runs?

—Joe Tomasulo, Brooklyn, New York

Babe hit .356 that year, which was well above his lifetime average of .342.

What is the major-league baseball record for most games lost by a pitcher in one season?

—Bob Dickson, Long Beach, California

John Coleman, of the Philadelphia Phillies, lost 48 games in 1883—the record. Victor Willis, Boston Braves, lost 29 in 1905—the modern record.

This is a regular feature. Send questions to Ask The Experts, Sport, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Selected ones will be used.

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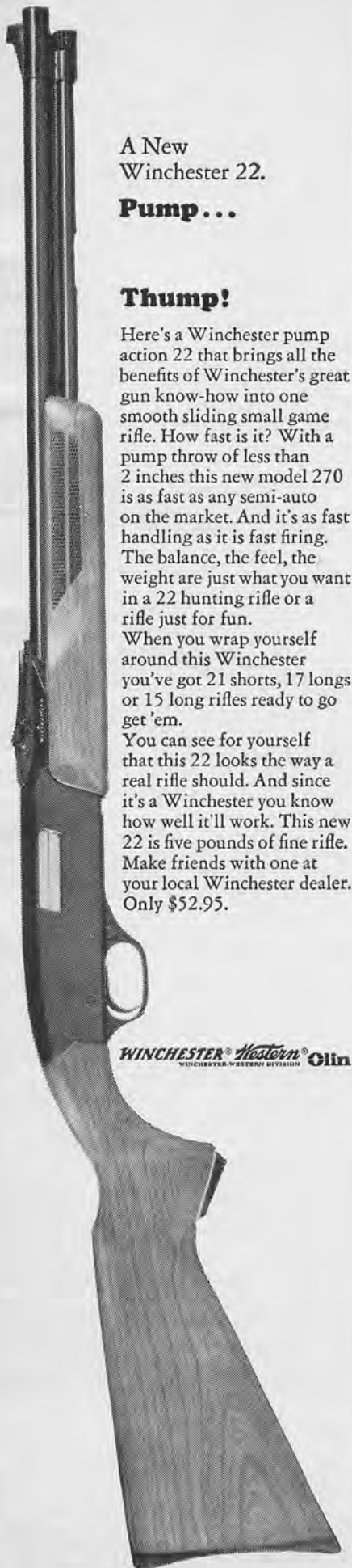
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RAPPING THE NL RATINGS

In your July issue, the listings of the so-called confidential report about the National League ballplayers was a complete farce. By some of the listings, one would assume that these ratings were based on last year's performances.

Certainly no one will debate the right of players like Mays, Aaron or Robinson to be named the tops, but any fan could do just as well. But when these supposedly major-league managers, who are supposed to be judges of top-notch talent, can rate a shortstop of Andre Rodgers' caliber last on the list, there is definitely something wrong.

Chicago, Ill.

Patrick Koelanis

How dast they cast sub-standard aspersions on Carl Warwick, a sound big leaguer with glove and mallet. Time shall show them bums the sin of their judgment.

I rate Houston front office No. 11.
Richmond, Texas James L. Shelton

How could any baseball manager possibly believe that Maury Wills, Jose Pagan and Leo Cardenas are all better than Dick Groat? They must be showing their sympathy to Joe Brown for his ridiculous trading of Groat.

Last year Dick batted .293 and led all National League shortstops in put-outs and assists. This year Dick is off to an even better start. How about giving Groat the credit he deserves!
Penn Hills, Pa. Bob Moelber

So Cub rightfielders shuttle in and out of the position so much that the "expert" National League managers can not properly rate their excellence, eh? Although I do not have statistics at hand to prove my point, I think that it would be safe to say that through the first 50 games this season Lou Brock has played more than 90 percent of the innings in right field. Incidentally, Brock is one of the coming stars in the league—an improving outfielder, a fine hitter, a wonderful base-runner, and a very exciting player.

The catcher ratings stunk! Rating Dick Bertell, a .302 hitter, tenth is a crime. From the comments on his play it seems to me that he was rated in that ignominious spot behind such stalwarts as Hal Smith (now in the minors), Norm Sherry, Choo-Choo Coleman and Gene Oliver because of a lack of hitting.

I know this is reputed to be a managers-only rating. Somehow, I fail to understand how nine National League managers could come up with such garbage about the Cub players. They just might be surprised come September with the Chicago Cubs occupying a high berth in the first division.

Wyckoff, N. J.

Tom Sweet

LETTERS TO SPORT

205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N.Y.

DISCOVERED: A CORRELATION

I have rated the National League teams according to the positions of their players in the managers' ratings. I gave ten points for a first-position rating and so on down to one point for last. Here's how the teams line up:

Team	Total Points
1. San Francisco	74
2. St. Louis	63
3. Cincinnati	62
4. Los Angeles	57
5. Pittsburgh	55
6. Milwaukee	51
7. Philadelphia	48
8. Chicago	40
9. New York	24
10. Houston	21
Quebec City, Canada	

Ralph Buschenbaum

WE'VE GOT A SECRET

Your article, "The National League Managers' Confidential Player Ratings" was great, but I've got one question: If they're confidential, how come they told you???

Cannon Falls, Minn. Charlene Seegert

We promised we wouldn't tell anyone.

GOOD NEWS FOR DICK HALL FANS



Many people may think your July article "Look What's Happening to Ballplayers" to be the most ridiculous one you have ever run. Please ignore them. It was an angle untouched by the majority of the magazines around the country, and SPORT should be applauded for the well-written article by Myron Cope.

Finally, I would like to say the article did a great service to boys interested in baseball. Can't you just see a kid who idolizes Dick Hall of the Orioles? The kid can say to his friends: "So what if Dick didn't win 20 games? Can Whitey Ford tell how many raindrops will fall into a puddle in a certain period of time?"
Phoenix, Ariz. Steve LaPrade

THE IDEAL UMP

Myron Cope stated that Charlie James had designed an electronic umpire which would take the jobs of both umpires and scoreboard operators. This is entirely fantasy. How could one of these machines detect a balk?

Millington, Tenn.

Bobby Bateman

That's the idea, Bobby. It can't.

(—→ TO PAGE 70)

MAN SIZE!



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it actually keeps skin odor-resistant!**

Speed Stick—*the* deodorant for Men! Really helps stop odor! One clean dry stroke lasts all day—so man-size it protects almost 3 times the area of a narrow roll-on track. No messy drip, no tackiness. Never cracks or crumbles, won't stain or irritate. Fast! Neat! Businesslike! Get the wide-oval deodorant for men...Mennen Speed Stick.



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SPORT TALK

THE JOHN PREGENZER HOAX

This will come as a shock to sophisticated John Pregenzer Fan Clubbers like Sargent Shriver (who sacrificed his yearly salary of \$1.00 as head of the Peace Corps to join), Pete Rozelle (who said he could afford to join without sacrifice since he'd been asked to resign from a couple of pro-football fan clubs), Norman Mailer (the next mayor of New York) and Helen Gurley Brown (the married author of *Sex and the Single Girl*). It will come as a shock to the more than 1500 other members of the John Pregenzer Fan Club.

There is no John Pregenzer. He is the greatest sports invention since Johnny Chung and Plainfield State Teachers. He is also the funniest satire ever devised on hero worship, a product of the imagination of Miss Novella O'Hara, with an assist in perpetrating her myth from several prominent sportswriters.

We learned the truth by chance. An acquaintance, Georgia Brunette, who runs a little check-cashing place on Second Avenue, called Miss O'Hara in San Francisco to join the club. The line was busy, but somehow Georgia was cut into Miss O'Hara's conversation-in-progress with Stan Isaacs, the ice-cream dilettante and columnist for *Newsday* on Long Island. Unable to believe her ears, Miss Brunette hurriedly took notes which we feel prove beyond question that John Pregenzer doesn't exist.

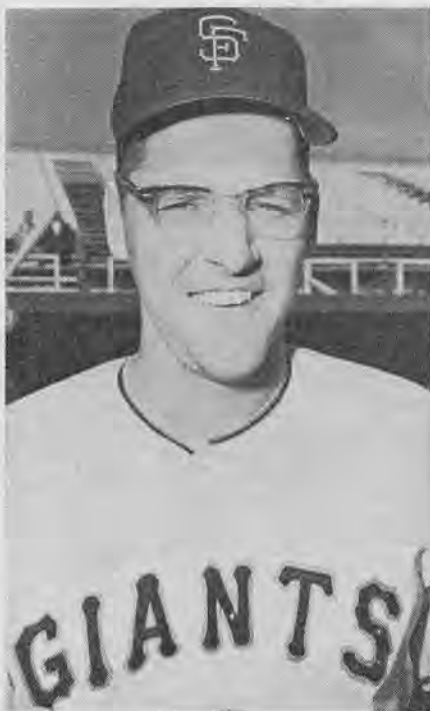
Miss O'Hara's feat has indeed been ingenious. Not only has she gotten the name John Pregenzer listed in the esteemed record books like *The Baseball Register* and *The Sporting News*, she has actually convinced the San Francisco Giants that they own a righthanded pitcher named John Pregenzer! It all started this past spring when Novella claims she learned that the Giants bought John Pregenzer from Pocatello for \$100. That's when Miss O'Hara formed her improbable fan club, collected \$110 and offered to buy this "bargain pitcher" from the Giants. The baseball team declined, laughing. Meanwhile, Novella kept signing club members from all over the country, including the entire crew of a freighter. "We have our own Navy," Miss O'Hara announced. "John Wayne has been made an Honorary Member—since his first name is spelled just exactly like John Pregenzer's."

She issued a newsletter saying, "The plans for 'The John Pregenzer Day' are coming along fine. Looking ahead ... in the event Our Hero gets shipped back to the Minors we have an alternate day planned—'The Bring Back John Pregenzer Day.' Should John—heaven forbid!—ever drop into total obscurity, such things do happen, we

have the 'Whatever Became of John Pregenzer? Day' all set. Ours is a thinking group."

Naturally, this couldn't go on too long or someone would check the Giant locker room one day and discover there was no John Pregenzer. So Novella had him "sent down" to Tacoma in May. She found a young man she called John Pregenzer, dressed him as a pitcher in civvies and had a going-away party for him at

WHO IS THIS MAN?



This man goes by the name John Pregenzer. But do not be duped. His name is actually John Who.

the Blue Fox. The writers who have been publicizing the club and who are obviously in on the gag—Isaacs, Harry Jupiter of the *San Francisco Examiner*, Art Rosenbaum and Stanton DeLaplane (Miss O'Hara is his secretary) of the *San Francisco Chronicle* and wire service reporters—were present. They drank "The John Pregenzer Cocktail": two parts gin, one part tears.

That should've ended it. But Miss O'Hara issued another newsletter saying, "The John Pregenzer Fan Club behaved admirably during this past crisis. There was no defiant march on

Giants management. We did not sit in our cars and honk our horns during the games. Members did not sit with their backs to the playing field. There was no packaging of hot lead for a Group Pour. The John Pregenzer Fan Club did not build a huge wooden horse to be filled with Members and drawn into Candlestick Park infield. It is not our nature."

At this point we pulled our most experienced tracer of missing pitchers off the Bo Belinsky case and sent him to Tacoma to find John Pregenzer. He had some trouble finding Tacoma, but not the man in question. His report: "There is a 6-5, 220-pound pitcher here who calls himself John Pregenzer. Unquestionably an alias. His real name is John Who. His teammates gave it away as all of them call him John Who. Everyone knows you can't buy a pitcher as good as this guy for \$100. Case closed."

We doubt that there is actually a Novella O'Hara either. A novella being a short piece of fiction, it sounds like a pseudonym. But when we called the *Chronicle* a girl answered to that name, saying, "Isn't it funny? We're having a lot of fun. I had no idea it would get like this." Still, she insisted there is a John Pregenzer. "Our aim," she said, "is still To Make the World A Better Place for John Pregenzer to Pitch In. Right now we're Thinking John Pregenzer."

We won't believe there's a John Pregenzer until he arrives at our office with his birth certificate and baseball contract.

NEED FOR A CLOWN

When Bill Quinlan was traded by the Packers last spring he made some strong statements about complacency killing Green Bay's drive for a third straight world championship this year. He, admittedly, sounded off in anger, having been hurt by the fact that coach Vince Lombardi got rid of him. By the time we talked to the 6-3, 250-pound defensive end he had cooled off about being dealt away, but he still felt the Packers were in trouble this year.

"Oh, certainly," Bill said. "I don't believe they will repeat because of the great loss of Paul Hornung. And not speaking for myself, but you've always got to have some clown on the club, you know, to stimulate the others. A so-called person who is more or less full of hell. They lost two of us that are full of hell in Hornung and me, and you have to have those people."

Quinlan said he wasn't surprised by the trade. "I was tipped off that because of the personality clash I had with Vince Lombardi at the end of the year that I was going to be on

the trading block," Bill said. "But I surmised it myself after I had that run-in with Vince.

"I'll be very truthful with you, I am looking forward to going to Philadelphia. It was getting to be work with Vince. It wasn't a pleasure anymore. That was what I'd always played football for—to win and to enjoy it. I mean the carryings-on were a big thing to me. I played because I loved to play, not because it was work to play. It was becoming a real hassle with the mental pressure under Vince. I feel this way: I play to win no matter what position the team is in in the standings. They could be last or first. I'm not going to chance myself mentally or physically as long as the good Lord has given me the physical ability to play. But it's an unfortunate thing. I figured Vince Lombardi was more of a friend than a coach to me. I guess we all find out different. We get our hurts through life. Vince didn't even call me. He sent a telegram, that was it."

There had been many rumors that Fuzzy Thurston also would be traded. "They were the same rumors that my name was first mentioned in," Bill said. "But what the hell's Vince gonna do—unload the whole club?"

Some people felt Lombardi got rid of Quinlan as an example to the others to watch their behavior. "Well, it's pretty hard to handle success," Bill said. "Some people can carry it very graciously, others can't. Some people change in their makeup with success, others don't. I would say Vince Lombardi has changed . . . a little. Of course, he's always been a disciplinarian, but I believe he has gone to the extreme.

"But I'm certainly looking forward to having an outstanding year with the Philadelphia Eagles. I'll work for them; I'll give even a little extra if there's anything such as that left in me. Because I feel we're gonna be in contention all the way. There's no doubt in my mind. They had a very tough year physically last year. Who the hell can win in the NFL with seven or eight key injuries? It's almost impossible. But I'm a positive thinker anyway, even when I went to Green Bay. I thought we were gonna come through then and we will come through in Philadelphia."

One thing's certain: the Eagles' greatest weakness, their defensive line, will be immeasurably strengthened with Bill Quinlan at end.

QUEEN SEASON OPENS

Girl season is officially with us again as we begin our 13th annual Campus Queen Contest. Our first candidate, Rhea Looney of Memphis State University, will be followed in successive months by four girls from



RHEA LOONEY, Memphis State University

other schools. All five candidates will then be pictured in Sport Talk so that you can vote for your favorite. The winner will be awarded a \$750 Keepsake diamond ring.

Miss Looney, a junior from Denver, Colorado, is a 36-22-35 blonde with blue eyes who was chosen as Memphis State's "DeSoto Beauty Queen" for this year. An English major whose hobby is writing, Rhea was student director of her college's News Bureau last spring.

Memphis State has already made one great contribution to society, providing a Miss America some years back.

HOWIE YOUNG'S LAST CHANCE

Howie Young, who can't seem to avoid trouble on or off the ice, was off to a fine season last year. Although he was picking up penalties at a record pace, he was helping keep the Detroit Red Wings well up in the National Hockey League championship race. And he was behaving himself off the ice, that was the most important thing. Then, on New Year's Eve, it happened. Howie disappeared for three days. A month later he missed a practice, and subsequently he was suspended for three days after

SPORT TALK

throwing a glove at referee Frank Udvari. Detroit made the playoffs, but Young saw almost no action. Despite his tremendous talent, exasperated Red Wing officials finally gave up on Young and traded him to Chicago.

"I hope it works out well," Howie said when we called him. He thought the change in teams might benefit him. "I don't think I'll have to do as much hitting with Chicago. They're kind of an all-around team (the league's roughest). It'll take some of the onus off me."

"You don't think the referees will watch you as closely?" we asked.

"No," he said, "I just don't think I'll have to go out of my way."

Strangely, before his trouble began last year Howie had said in *SPORT* that things were different. He said he could talk to Sid Abel, while he hadn't been able to talk to preceding general manager Jack Adams. "I feel I belong here." He says his relationship with Abel didn't change: "I've got nothing but good things to say about Sid. He was very patient with me."

Why then did he disappear? "I don't know," Howie says. "The penalties started . . . I don't know."

When he rejoined the Red Wings last January he said, "The tensions and pressures build up. I had a bonus due if I stayed straight through January 1. I kept wondering whether I'd be able to go that long and it got to me." Why was he wondering? "Well," he says, "just judging from other years."

What were the pressures he spoke of? "Just the general pressures of the game . . ." he says.

"Howie needs help," Abel said last year and spoke of getting him a doctor. "Forget about that," Howie says. "There was nothing to it."

We asked him if he had figured out a way to avoid trouble this season. "I'm not gonna say anything about it," Young said. "I'm just gonna go down there and play the best way I can. I'm starting with a new team. I just hope I can help them and I hope they're as good to me as Detroit was."

"What'll happen," we asked, "if you

keep losing control and Chicago drops you too—what'll you do?"

"Hey, man," he said angrily, "I don't say the Blackhawks are gonna drop me. I'm thinking positively."

THE FAUL GUY

Bill Faul, the Detroit Tigers' rookie righthander, received a good deal of publicity in spring training when it was learned he had been hypnotized before pitching. But Faul, who had two three-hitters among his first three major-league wins this season, is destined to gain much more fame as a fall guy. At least, according to reports we've received from him his past and present associates. Hod Blaney, the publicity man for the University of Cincinnati, from which Faul graduated, told us the following Faul tales recently.

One spring a lefthanded pitcher came out for the Cincinnati team and asked the trainer to work on his arm. Knowing the kid couldn't possibly make the club, the trainer didn't want to bother with him so he put the pitcher's left arm under a goose-necked lamp with a 60-watt bulb in it. After baking it, the lefty went out on the field and told Faul how much better his arm felt. So Bill started pestering the trainer for a treatment. "Okay," the trainer finally said, "put your arm under this lamp. But remember, you have to keep it there an hour." An hour later Faul was throwing again, saying, "Boy, that lamp did me a world of good."

Warming up in the field house one day, Bill told Cincinnati baseball coach Glenn Sample he'd figured out why he was such a good pitcher. "I'm double-jointed," Bill said, "so I throw three-quarters until I get tired in a game, then I switch to throwing side-arm—and that's when I use the other joint in my arm. It's just like shifting gears."

"His teammates used to pull all kinds of tricks on him, he was so naive," Blaney said. "They put a pair of girl's panties in his suitcase on one trip, and coach Sample was in on it. Glenn said, 'All right, I understand you fellows have been doing a lot of playing around with girls lately, I

want you all to open your suitcases.' Faul opened his and out fell the panties. 'Bill,' Glenn said, 'what's this?' The only thing Bill said was: 'Gee, coach, I don't know how those got there.'"

There was the time Cincinnati went to play a game at Jacksonville Naval Air Station. The guys told Faul it was traditional for everyone on visiting teams to parachute from a plane before the game. They kept telling him that all the way down in the bus. On the morning of the game, one of the guys came puffing into Faul's room saying, "I just ran a mile to get ready for that jump." "Well I'm not jumping," Faul said. Later another guy came into Faul's room saying, "Man, I just made that jump. It was rough." "Well I'm not gonna jump!" Bill said. A few hours later everyone on the team except Faul was at the ballfield. Sample found him in his room, packing. "I'm gonna take the next bus back to Cincinnati," Bill said. "I'm not jumping out of any airplane!" Sample explained, Faul pitched—and struck out 24 batters.

Playing against Macon, Georgia, in the minors last year, Bill had the bases loaded late in the game when suddenly he called time and walked behind home. He squatted and began aligning the pitching rubber with home plate, like a golfer lining up a putt. "I can't pitch any more," Bill told the umpire. "That pitching rubber's out of line." "Play ball!" said the ump. Pete Rose, who's now with the Cincinnati Reds, hit a grand slam. Blaney said several times Faul accused other schools of digging up the pitching rubber at night "to throw him off."

The Tigers, of course, have been putting him on, or he's been putting them on, this year. Larry Osborne, who was with Detroit until Washington bought him in the spring, told Washington Post columnist Bob Addie about the two days he roomed with Faul:

"It was all I could stand," Osborne said. "This kid is a nut. I woke up one night in that kind of uneasy feeling you get that somebody else is in the room. Of course, I knew Faul was there. But I never expected what I saw. He was flailing his fists like a fighter shadow boxing. As soon as I saw what was going on I asked: 'What in hell are you doing?'"

"Bill told me: 'I thought I heard somebody in the room. I was punching as hard as I could, but then I saw that I was just looking at myself in the bathroom mirror.'"

Ron Kline, another ex-Tiger with the Senators, told Addie: "This kid has to be the most naive ballplayer since Ring Lardner's rookie rube. We used to kid him in the bullpen and tell him all kinds of stories. One time since Ring Lardner's rookie rube. We got to talking about the Korean War. Paul Foytack threw out a remark saying that the reason we lost a lot of jet planes was because the Chinese used to string wire across the mountains. You know, Faul believed it?"



Howie Young, No. 2, received a five-minute penalty for the high check at left. Two subsequent penalties in this game against Montreal brought Howie's total penalty minutes to 210—an NHL record. But it was Young's off-ice conduct that caused Detroit to trade him.

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County.....Age.....

EDUCATION: Grammar School.....years

(Fill in number of years completed) High School.....years

College.....years

Other.....years

PRESENT EMPLOYMENT:

Kind of position.....

Hours of work.....A.M. to.....P.M.

Approximate weekly earnings \$.....

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Estimated spare hours per week available for study.....

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☐ CPA TRAINING

How to qualify as a Certified Public Accountant and enjoy the highest income and prestige in the accounting field.

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How to master the world's fastest shorthand and start to qualify for the top opportunities open to Stenotype operators in the business world and the legal field.

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SPORT TALK

Bill, a farm boy from Pleasant Plain, Ohio, was awed the first time he visited the team at Tiger Stadium. "When he got back to Cincinnati," Blaney said, "all he could talk about was: 'Gee, you know those major leaguers smoke and drink beer in the locker room!'"

BRICK PITCHERS' INTERNATIONAL

Should you happen to be strolling through Stroud, Oklahoma, some July and a guy throws a brick or a gal throws a rolling pin your way, please don't throw it back. No one's aiming at you. It's just that almost everyone within an 18-mile radius of Stroud starts throwing bricks and rolling pins every July. It's a fun thing. And, fortunately, no one has been known to lose his head during the four years Stroudites have been launching their missiles. But visitors should be warned: there is no steel-helmet concession in town.

According to its Chamber of Commerce, Stroud is the originator of the world's newest obscure sport—"The International Brick and Rolling Pin Throwing Contests." In addition to Stroud, Oklahoma, Stroud, Canada, Stroud, England, and Stroud, Australia, participate. Results are reported immediately after the contest via cablegram and telephone.

"In 1961 and 1962 it was decided to give the first six places in each event a medal—gold, silver, bronze, etc.," says the C of C. "This year we hope to give medals to all contestants who score points for their countries." This will doubtless take those "etc." medals right on down through zinc, lead and tin foil. There are notable prizes for the individual champions, however. The No. 1 brick thrower receives a gold loving cup and is immediately banned from competition for the rest of his natural life. The girl who leads the field in rolling-pin tossing wins a very impressive rolling pin. She could save her arm by simply holding onto the one she threw, but those gals are competitors, all heart and arms like rolling pins.

Stroud, Oklahoma, is justifiably proud that it has some men who can throw a brick through a baseball wall. The '62 winner threw a five-pound patio red 114 feet, six inches. The NCAA and AAU don't recognize this as a world record, saying they themselves have thrown bricks farther in recent months—at each other.

HOW ROLLINS GOT RICHER

The broken jaw Rich Rollins received from a Paul Foytack fastball just before the season started wasn't the biggest or most painful problem he faced this year. The biggest problem was himself—and the pain he was causing his wife and friends. Rollins was the top hitter on the Minnesota Twins during the spring of 1962. This spring he batted about .150 and it worried him so much that he became impossible to be around. The more he worried, the more he pressed, and, naturally, his hitting and his fielding and his disposition got worse and worse.

Finally, the night before Minnesota's opening game, one of Rollins' closest friends (the man who had signed him), coach Del Baker, had a crucial talk with the third-baseman.

"I tried to tell Rich that he must quit pressing," Baker said. "He must get some fun out of this game. He could become a nervous wreck from worrying. The game isn't worth ruining his health. He won't last more than a couple of years with his present tense attitude. All he can do is to give his best. This was good enough last year. He's got to lick these problems himself. I'm sure he will. The boy is the most conscientious player I've ever seen."

In mid-May we saw Rollins in Yankee Stadium and he said, "Baker's long talk was real beneficial. He's been a good friend. He stressed the fact that if you can't have fun in this game it's no good. You can't let this game affect your relationship with your wife or your friends and it was affecting mine. I was taking the game home with me every day. I made myself a promise this would never happen again. As soon as I leave the



This spring Twins coach Del Baker told Rich Rollins, above, that his intensity could ruin his career. Rich listened carefully, relaxed—and started hitting.

ballpark I just forget about it now."

Rollins has always been a tense, extremely hard-working player. This started his troubles in spring training when he says he tried to do too much too soon. "I sprained a muscle in my thigh and I didn't feel right physically after that," he said. "By the time I got in shape I was off to such a bad start I never did get started. Things just weren't going the same as they had in the past and that was worrying me. Balls were coming in there that I'd hit the year before and I wasn't hitting them. I was really concerned about this. Then Del talked to me and I'm not pressing anymore."

You might think, watching Rollins, that he's always pressing. To interview him before a game you have to follow him around as he gets ready to play. He never rests a minute. When he isn't throwing, he's fielding or hit-



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AT YOUR
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CASSIUS
CLAY



DICK
GROAT

NEXT MONTH IN SPORT

Can Cassius Clay win his biggest gamble? Is it possible for him to become, as he boasts he will, the youngest heavyweight champion in history? The experts' analysis of Clay's chances are presented next month. His frank and funny thoughts on the subject, obtained in an exclusive interview, are presented, too. . . . What is life like on the road for baseball's biggest star, Mickey Mantle? Mantle talks about his own road trips next month and a writer who has traveled with him and observed him fills in behind-the-scenes information.

Another big feature in October SPORT is "The Courage of Ernie Davis" by Jimmy Brown, who preceded Ernie as a star at Syracuse University and was his best friend among the Cleveland Browns.

Also next month a documented report on Hypnosis In Sports, revealing how and who it helps, and who it can hurt. . . . Mel Allen's All-America Preview gives you a pre-season look at the fellows who figure to star in college football in 1963. . . . Dick Groat's 1963 struggle and success is detailed. It's the story of a team captain adjusting to a different kind of status on a new team.

The October SPORT SPECIAL subject is Brooks Robinson of the Baltimore Orioles. . . . The Sound-Off microphone is in front of Casey Stengel, who talks about the Mets and, as is Casey's fashion, a number of other things. . . . The Pro Football Specialist series is back, featuring Gino Marchetti and analyzing his brawling position, defensive end.

Also in October profiles of Ron Fairly of the Los Angeles Dodgers and Dick Radatz of the Boston Red Sox, an on-the-scene photo and text report of Pancho Gonzales' return to professional tennis. . . . Plus the story of John McGraw and his tough 1905 Giants. . . . More, too.

SPORT TALK

ting. During batting practice, he keeps swinging a bat as he waits to hit, while others take a few swings, then stand around and watch. Or Rich goes out to third between swings.

The wires had just been removed from his jaw the night we saw him; rubber bands kept him from opening his mouth too far, so he still had difficulty eating. But he had the pitcher throw him curves in batting practice and he didn't flinch. In the field, Vic Power hit a liner that bounced once and caromed off his leg. "Watch your jaw!" Power yelled, laughing.

Rollins didn't laugh as he rubbed the leg, and he didn't get upset. And a month later he still seemed to be controlling his emotions as well. He was hitting around .300 with power. Apparently his talk with Baker had made him richer.

MET-AMORPHOSIS

It was before the New York Mets were to play the New York Yankees in a charity exhibition game. "It must be tough," said Yankee manager Ralph Houk to Met manager Casey Stengel, "when you look at all those .190 and .211 Mets batting averages in the papers. How do you do it?"

"I make out they're a misprint," said the world's wealthiest manager, "and turn to the financial section."

THE SHOWMAN-DRIVER

Having completed their racing at Monza in 1957, the group of American drivers who had flown to Italy boarded a TWA airliner for home. The plane taxied out on the field to take off. Suddenly a taxicab sped onto the field, heading for the plane. It screeched to a halt beside the airliner and out jumped the one American race car driver who hadn't made the plane. There was no luggage in the American's hands as he got out; he held a case of Italian champagne, or Asti Spumante. The cab driver got out; he too held a case of champagne. The cab, in fact, was loaded with champagne. Naturally the plane had to cut its engines and open its doors to take on the driver and his portable wine shop. Naturally the driver was Eddie Sachs. He's always doing things like this.

After the time trials at Indianapolis before this year's "500," there was a parade, featuring a band, drum majorettes and, of course, Eddie Sachs. He simply joined in and walked around the track waving to the crowd. Fans love him because he always puts on a good show.

"The product that I'm trying to sell is Eddie Sachs," says Sachs, "and in selling Eddie Sachs I'm also selling automobile racing. I've gone through my life selling both things and I feel that racing will prosper and I will prosper too. I know that people sitting in those stands aren't interested in a man who's too serious, a man who can't talk, who can't entertain them. They've come to be entertained, I admit by speed, but the merchant of the speed has won more of their acclaim by being a damn good sport in plying his trade."

Eddie's philosophy and skill in racing cars have won him all the acclaim he's sought except the one thing he wants most—to be acclaimed winner of the "500." Though he's come within

six seconds of winning and has been quite consistent, in seven years there he's never driven his car into victory lane on Memorial Day.

"In my seven years at Indianapolis I've been in the lead of and fought for the lead of five of the races," Sachs says. "And I have never run out of the first five when I finished or fell out with mechanical failure. I may have started 27th and been working my way through the field, but when I left every time I was in the first five."

In '61 he had the race won until a tire wore out and he finished second. In '62 he came from 32nd to finish third. In '63 he was fourth when he lost a wheel on the 181st lap. At the end of the race he ran out on the track, picked up the tire and rolled it a mile and one-eighth across the finish line. "Then I rolled the tire over to my car owners and chief mechanic," Eddie says, "and I said—real quietly and solemnly and sadly—'This is all that's left.' The show must go on."

What does he have to do to finally win the "500?" "Build a rear-engine car," Eddie says, which is what he hopes to do next year. And what'll he do if he wins? "I'll retire and never drive another race car," says Sachs, who works for Speedway Van Lines in Detroit. "I am working for that one goal. I'll retire to become the undefeated winner of the Indianapolis race. I feel that in doing this, instead of being called the 1960 Indianapolis winner, the man might lose the identification of the year and might become just the undefeated winner. If you never race again you might be able to build this name."

FAN CLUB NOTES

These people report they have fan clubs for the following: Janice Bandy, 236 Cavitt Ave., Trafford, Pa.; Dick Stuart, Mike Hinrichs, Rt. 3, Box 44E, Winnsboro, S. C.; Brooks Robinson, Barb Lengowicz, 19146 Huntington, Harper Woods 36, Mich.; Terry Fox, Kathy Olson, 6032 Washburn Ave. So., Minneapolis 10, Minn.; Paul Ratliff, Jeannette Belle, 1328 North Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.; Roger Maris, Mary Mirek, 3645 East 59 St., Cleveland 5, O.; Max Alvis, Stephen Flaherty, 67 Russell Rd., Garden City, N. Y.; Jimmy Piersall, Grady Prior, 1202 1/2 Howell St., McKinney, Tex.; Billy Gardner, Steven Koletnik, 747 Fairview Ave., Westbury, N. Y.; Willie Mays.

Peter Fatook, 54 Seward St., San Francisco, Calif.; Ed Bailey, Marilyn Lapp, 5032 West Maypole Ave., Chicago 44, Ill.; New York Yankees and "For Baseball Lovers Only." Bruce Holt, 11815 Kingsway Ave., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada; Mickey Mantle. And, of course, Novella O'Hara, San Francisco Chronicle, Fifth and Mission Streets, San Francisco 19, Calif.; John Pregoner.

BULLPEN BOOERS

The Minnesota Twin relief pitchers were complaining about abuse from fans. Ray Moore, particularly, has heard things like, "Why don't you go back to the minors, you old goat."

Frank Sullivan, who has since been released, said, "You know what a fan hollered at me? 'You've got an arm like a leg.'"

See you next month.

—BERRY STAINBACK

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THE SPORT QUIZ

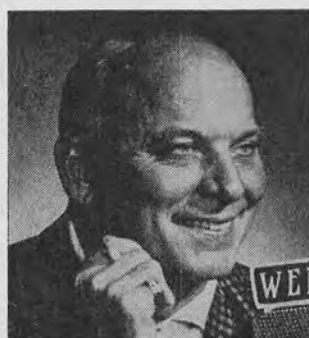
For Answers Turn to Page 87



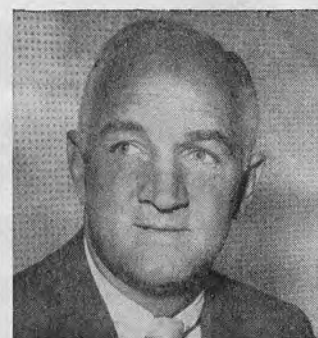
Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers (he's been at it for 29 years), covers the White Sox over WCFL radio in Chicago



Dan Daniels is the voice of the Washington Senators on WTOP's radio and television stations in the nation's capital and does a Sunday evening telecast



Jimmy Dudley airs Cleveland Indian games on radio station WERE. He's been at that mike for 15 seasons, and done play-by-play of three World Series



Tom Harmon, the former Michigan football All-America, has a daily program, covering all sports, for the nationwide network of ABC radio

✓ 1 Who is the New York Yankee (past or present) who holds the team record for being with the Yankees the most seasons (18) as a player?

Tony Lazzeri

2 Name the first pole vaulter to clear the coveted 16-foot mark while he was still in his teens. What school does he represent?

W 3 Frank Crosetti has been with the New York Yankees for 31 years as a player and coach. How many World Series has he been in? *12*

4 Only one man has ever won four events in the NCAA championship track meet (and he did it twice). Can you name him?

5 Match these pro quarterbacks with their star halfbacks:

Graham Hoernschemeyer
Layne Battles
Baugh Dub Jones

6 Match Jack Dempsey's fights with their years:

Georges Carpentier 1919
Tommy Gibbons 1921
Jess Willard 1923

7 The first U. S. harness racer to record 2000 victories was:

a Eddie Arcaro
b Bill Haughton
c Bob Farrington

8 Only one major-leaguer has had six hits in a game on two occasions. He was (a) Ty Cobb (b) Cap Anson, (c) Jim Bottomley.

9 Which of these men did not play more than 160 NFL games:

a Bobby Layne
b Sammy Baugh
c Charlie Conerly

10 This year, he became the fifth jockey in horse-racing history to reach the 4000-victory milestone. What is his name?

11 What pro teams signed these 1962 college-football stars?

a Jerry Stovall
b Dave Hoppmann
c George Saines

12 The big-league pitcher who holds the record for most shutouts in his career is (a) Walter Johnson or (b) Grover Alexander.

13 The lefthander with the most major-league shutouts in his career is (a) Warren Spahn, (b) Eddie Plank, or (c) Hal Newhouser.

14 Henry Carr of Arizona State broke the world record for the 220-yard dash when he did 20.3 on March 23. What was the record before that day?

15 He won seven U.S. singles, five U.S. doubles, three Wimbledon singles and six U. S. clay-court singles titles during his tennis career. Who was he?

16 In 1920, two National League baseball teams played a 26-inning game. Who were the teams and what was the final score of this game?



WHATEVER THE WEATHER... FORD-BUILT CARS CAN TAKE IT BETTER

Weather protection in Ford-built cars starts deep down with vital underbody parts of galvanized steel. Then the entire body, inside and out, is covered with zinc phosphate — an effective deterrent to rust and corrosion. And for lasting beauty, two coats of finest primer and two coats of lustrous enamel are baked on. What's more, Ford-built cars give you up to 39% more insulation from roof to floor to block out heat and cold. Extra protection from the elements is another example of why Ford-built means better built.



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("... the player further agrees that he will not make public appearances, participate in radio or television programs or permit his picture to be taken, or write or sponsor newspaper or magazine articles... without the written consent of the club, which shall not be withheld except in the reasonable interests of the club or professional baseball."—paragraph 3 (c), uniform players' contract for major league baseball.)

Those words, broadly and legally drawn, form the rigid framework of baseball's iron curtain. The odds are 20-1 that a ballplayer hasn't read them, and yet they are in his contract; they are in every big-league contract he has signed, and if he would allow his eyes to wander beyond the round numbers typed at the top of page one of his contract, the numbers that stipulate his annual salary, he would be aware of his repressed self-expression.

Not that it would matter to most players. I have never heard of a ballplayer who refused to sign unless paragraph 3 (c) were deleted from his contract, and I doubt I ever will. To them, it is a

THE BIG LEAGUES' IRON

(—→ TO PAGE 71)

CURTAIN

BY DICK YOUNG

**The men who run baseball
try hard to keep inside information from ever
escaping. The way they go about
it is often astonishing**

PAUL HORNUNG:

"I'll Make Them Forget"

By Dick Schaap

"Paul bet?" said the Green Bay player. "Never. Not Paul."

"But," said the sportswriter, "I've been with him when he bet—and you were there, too."

"Oh," said the player. "Yeah. Maybe you're right. Maybe he did bet once or twice."

WHEN THE National Football League announced last April that Paul Vernon Hornung of the Green Bay Packers had been suspended indefinitely for betting sums of \$100 to \$500 on pro and college football games, the Golden Boy's image was horribly scarred. Even his best friends were appalled. "I never would have believed it," said one. "Can you imagine? Paul Hornung making such small bets!"

To anyone who knows Paul Hornung, who knows his taste for the grand gesture and his thirst for the sweet life, the size of his bets could have been the only legitimate shock. Within Hornung's circle, the fact that he had gambled was surely not news; that he had been caught—and suspended—was hardly startling. Paul Hornung is many things, not all of which qualify him for sainthood, but the one thing he has never been, and probably never will be, is sneaky.

Even if you violently dispute Hornung's actions, you must respect his openness. And, if you happen to be a reporter, you must also protect his openness. In front of sportswriters and their notoriously big mouths, Hornung has calmly played cards, boasted about big bets on horses and, at least once, placed a bet on football: I saw him back the Packers, and when his team won by more than the point spread, he earned \$100. To have reported Hornung's gambling at the time would have been to violate the trust and friendship he thrusts upon so many people. To report Hornung's gambling now is to help set in perspective the football bets he placed.

Hornung says—and the evidence indicates—that he never bet against (—→ TO PAGE 87)

Color by Martin Blumenthal



SOUND OFF!

Charles J. Doherty



AL DARK DISCUSSES THE BEANBALL

Umps don't enforce the beanball rule, says Al, so he has his way of fighting pitchers who throw dangerously tight

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

IT WAS THE sixth inning at Candlestick Park, the night of August 8, 1961. Don Cardwell was pitching for the Cubs, but wishing he didn't have to bat. The first pitch to Cardwell from Giant righthander Jack Sanford was no more than an inch leeward of Don's protective helmet. After the next pitch, they carried Mr. Cardwell off the field.

"You'd have to attribute the whole thing to the slippery ball," manager Alvin Dark of the Giants said afterward. "We solved the problem when McCovey and Marshall rubbed pine tar into the new balls while they were sitting on the bench."

Said Cardwell: "I wasn't hurt. No, I didn't believe he was throwing at me."

Said Sanford: "My arm was a little stiff at the beginning of that inning, and Cardwell was the first hitter. It was just one of those things."

Said plate umpire Stan Landes: "It was a cold night, and the ball was slick. It was sailing all game. There were no complaints from anybody." (→ TO PAGE 82)

Willie Mays, falling away here, is thrown at very often, says Dark, and he could get seriously hurt.

Photo by Fred Kaplan





YASTRZEMSKI ARRIVES

By JACK MANN

Carl came to Boston billed as a sure star. After some time and troubles he lived up

CARL Yastrzemski stood in Fenway Park's left field on opening day, 1961, and inevitably, people compared him with the player he had replaced, Ted Williams. For many superstar seasons, Williams, wearing uniform No. 9, had been Boston's leftfielder. Now, in the first season of Ted's retirement, the job belonged to 21-year-old Yastrzemski, wearing uniform No. 8.

Central casting could not have sent the Red Sox a less likely looking substitute for the loose, lanky No. 9 than this neat, nervous No. 8. For a starter Williams is 6-4 and weighs approximately 200 pounds. Yastrzemski is 5-11 and finds it hard to keep his weight as high as 175 for a whole season.

Further, though both bat lefthanded, Yastrzemski hits frequently to the left of center field. Williams always pulled the ball. Williams was slow and did not run hard. Yastrzemski has what baseball men articulate as "real good speed," as distinct from "good speed," and Yastrzemski drives himself to be even faster than he is.

And No. 9 couldn't carry No. 8's glove. No. 9, in fact, was indifferent about carrying his own glove. The rules of the game required that Williams put in his time in left field, and he played it accordingly—like a clock-watcher. Yastrzemski with his speed, fine hands and strong arm, enjoys fielding at least as much



Color by Fred Kaplan

to the billing, and now, though a star, his urge to excel continues to create problems

as he enjoys hitting; Williams didn't enjoy *anything* as much as he enjoyed hitting.

The personality differences between the two would make a psychological treatise, but one contrast is immediately obvious. Williams had a natural charm and could be delightful in the unguarded moments when he turned it on, but he carried on a career-long cold war with newspapermen. Yastrzemski is intense and worries. He is not naturally an extrovert. But he tries. He is courteous, and patient, in the face of silly questions, and he makes a conscious effort to be cooperative at all times.

The two men could hardly be more different, but the

comparison was inevitable. When it was found that Yastrzemski was born in 1939, the year Williams broke in with the Red Sox, there breathed hardly a reporter with the forbearance to pass up the "angle."

The comparisons have continued and Carl has had to live with them. He has found them only slightly less annoying than the gauche fun people have with the spelling and pronunciation of his name. ("It's not so hard," he explains patiently, "if you realize that the 'z' is silent.")

"Yes, it irritates me," Yastrzemski says of the Williams comparison. "There's no comparison."

Mostly, Carl resembles a number of National League

YASTRZEMSKI ARRIVES

continued



players past and present. At bat, in his closed stance, with right toe on, but not over, the line of the batter's box, and right shoulder hunched slightly forward, he is somewhat like Stan Musial. Carl, however, reminds Red Sox coach Billy Herman of another old Cardinal, Joe Medwick. "Yastrzemski is an aggressive hitter," says Herman. "He attacks the ball. So did Medwick."

In the outfield there is a touch of Willie Mays in the aggressive, reckless way Yastrzemski charges a hit and scoops it up side-saddle, a

touch of Mel Ott in the way Yastrzemski shoots from the hip with his throws, firing to any base, ahead of or behind any runner who takes him in vain.

"They run on him," says Herman. "I hope they keep running on him."

There is a smidgin of Jackie Robinson in the way Yastrzemski runs the bases. Like wild. "I want to be able to do everything well," he says. This particular phase of the game he performs well, but not, so far, too wisely.

"He runs into a few plays on the bases," Herman says. "Sometimes you think you ought to put a rope on him. But he's always hustling for the extra base. He's colorful on that ballfield."

When Yastrzemski broke in with Boston in 1961, amid the Williams comparisons, he showed little color. "I was a defensive hitter," he says. "I had a real bad start and had no confidence. I was taking too many pitches and getting in a hole all the time. Finally I said to myself, 'You've got to go out and get the ball.'"

"I was hitting .210 up to then, about the time of the All-Star Game. I don't know what I would have done except for Mike (Higgins, then Red Sox manager). He left me in the third spot in the batting order, as bad as I was. I didn't know if I could play at all. I'd never seen stuff like that before."

"One day I was going so bad I asked him if I could skip batting practice the next night, and come in late. He said it was OK, and when I came in he called me in the office."

"'You're my leftfielder,' he said. 'Don't worry about your hitting.' That's all he said. I owe everything to Mike."

In the last two months of the season Yastrzemski hit .385 and raised his average to .266. That was mediocrity for a \$100,000 bonus boy who was supposed to be replacing Ted Williams. But it beat .210.

Up to then hitting had come easily for Carl. He had been a hitting star as a young boy, taught the techniques by his father, Carl Yastrzemski, Sr., a semi-pro shortstop who had once turned down a professional contract. He had been a hitting star in high school in his home town, Bridgehampton, Long Island. He had been a hitting star at the University of Notre Dame, and in the minor leagues. Two years earlier, in 1959, after accepting a Boston bonus contract of close to \$100,000, Carl had batted .377 in the Class-B Carolina League. In 1960 he had batted .339 in the Class-AAA American Association. He had also learned to play left field in 1960 after a lifetime as an infielder.

Playing for Minneapolis in the American Associa-

tion, Carl had adjusted well to his new position, but he had developed physical and mental problems. His weight, 175 at the beginning of the season, had dwindled into the low 160s.

"I got tired," Yastrzemski says. "I wasn't used to all those games (148)." He was newly married, and before the season was over, a daughter, Mary Ann, was on the way. "There are a lot of adjustments to make," he says. "It's a different kind of life. You know what I mean: suddenly you're thinking for two people, instead of one."

It was more complicated than that. There were always plans to be made. After each of his first three seasons of professional baseball, Yastrzemski managed to get back to Notre Dame and put in another semester. His family lived in Bridgehampton, his wife's in Pittsburgh; he played in Boston and went to school in South Bend. By his wife Carol's count—and she isn't sure—they had moved 26 times up to the end of last season.

By the end of last season Carl had only 27½ hours to go for his degree. But by then they had another child, Carl, and they had bought a big, comfortable house in Lynnfield, a suburb to the north of Boston. And by then Carl had found that his weight problem was not simply his high rate of basal metabolism, caused by his innate intensity, his capacity for worry, and his fierce desire to excel.

"The doctors said I was jaundiced for more than a month before the end of the '62 season," he says. "I was tired, and my eyes turned yellow. I was down to 162 pounds. So school had to wait. I just went home and rested for the whole winter. I'll go back next winter."

"I'm still on a kind of diet. No coffee. I don't drink, except for a beer or two after a game, but the doctors said that cold stuff might have something to do with my nervous stomach. So I knocked that off."

"Mostly it's being tensed up, they said. They told me just to take it easy."

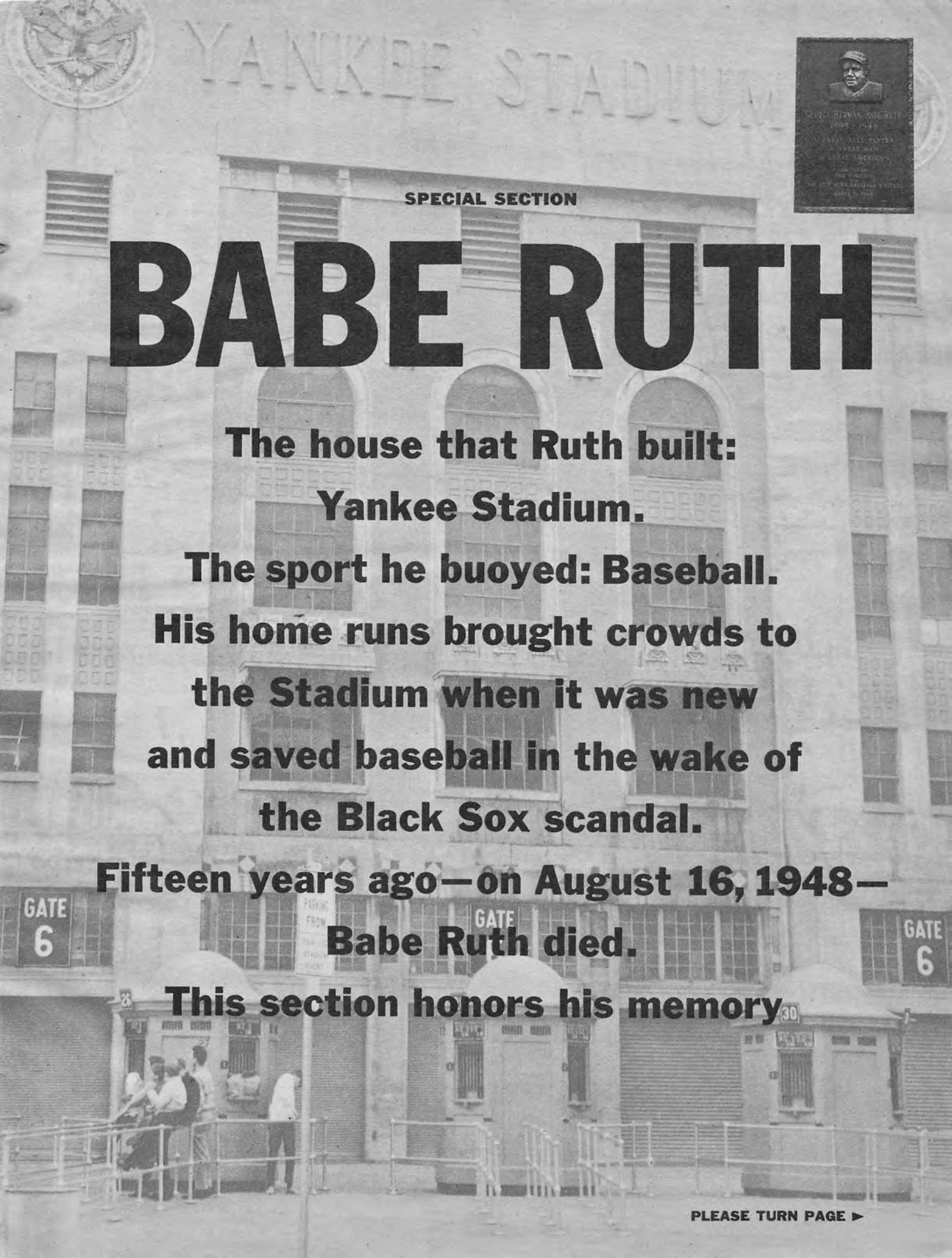
It's difficult, if not impossible, for Carl Yastrzemski to take it easy. "He's serious," says Billy Herman. "He doesn't want to be average, or even just good. He wants to be great. Any little slump gets him pressing."

Every little slump, since Minneapolis in 1960, has been witnessed—nay, lived—by Yastrzemski's roomie, Chuck Schilling. It is a cliché to describe friends as "inseparable," but these two qualify almost absolutely. At the end of an inning in the field, Schilling lags a little so that he and Yastrzemski arrive at the dugout together. On the way back out, Schilling often runs a few steps past second base, where he works, in order to exchange a few more words with his friend.

They are each other's best fans. When Schilling came to the Red Sox camp in 1961, Yastrzemski provided the press with the most impressive statistic about Chuck. "Not once in 142 games," Carl said, "did anybody ever knock him down on a double-play pivot."

Chuck appreciates Carl, too, in the dictionary sense of the word. "Carl can't relax like other people," Schilling says. "I mean he can't sit and read a book. He has to get out of the hotel and walk around, or something. He's never satisfied with himself. He really wants to be great."

Yastrzemski isn't great yet, but he was one of the best players in the American League last year. Off to another slow start, he arrived (→ TO PAGE 94)



BABE RUTH

**The house that Ruth built:
Yankee Stadium.**

**The sport he buoyed: Baseball.
His home runs brought crowds to
the Stadium when it was new
and saved baseball in the wake of
the Black Sox scandal.**

**Fifteen years ago—on August 16, 1948—
Babe Ruth died.**

This section honors his memory





SPECIAL SECTION

WHAT THE BABE MEANS TO BASEBALL TODAY

When he pursued the single-season home-run record in 1961, Roger learned firsthand about the grip Ruth still holds on a large segment of the baseball public. He tells how Ruth's fans and friends treated him, and how he reacted

By ROGER MARIS

as told to Jim Ogle

WHEN I HIT 61 home runs in 1961, many people called me the new home-run king. I thought that was ridiculous and always insisted I was merely a guy who had a good season. When someone breaks Babe Ruth's career record of 714 home runs, the time will come to talk about a new home-run king. Not until then.

During the 1961 season, however, some people got the idea that I had delusions of grandeur, that I thought I might be in a class with Babe Ruth. As a result they wrote me some of the vilest letters that ever passed through the mail. Those letters, other letters, and overall reaction to my 1961 home runs helped me discover firsthand Ruth's impact on baseball today.

It has been 28 years since Babe last played a game and, this month, it has been 15 years since he died. It is quite apparent, however, that Ruth's records will never be forgotten. He is still the symbol of the home run, the symbol of resounding baseball success. He brought baseball unprecedented publicity and countless new fans. Clearly, he elevated it to its position as the national pastime.

The memory of Ruth is strong among people who were sports fans while he was playing, but I must confess that, as a boy, the name meant nothing to me. The Babe had been retired for almost a year before I was born. By the time I was old enough to become interested in baseball, Ruth had been retired for almost ten years. Also, I was raised in Fargo, North Dakota. That is, or was during my youth, a long way from the major-league baseball scene. Major-league baseball was not important in Fargo during those years and there was very little to read about it. Sure, the local paper printed the scores, but it wasn't a big deal.

Hard as it may be for people to believe, I doubt if I even heard of Babe Ruth until I was well along in my teens. Even then, the name meant little to me beyond the fact that I knew he was the greatest home-run hitter in history and one of the all time greats in baseball. Had there been a Babe Ruth League in Fargo, it might have been different.

Without trying to be flippant or smart, I have to admit my first realization of Babe Ruth's hold on the baseball public came during the first half of the 1960 season. I was hitting a lot of home runs at the time and, as had happened to so many other players with hot home-run hands, the newspapers began comparing my home-run pace with Ruth's record 1927 pace.

(—→ TO PAGE 80)





SPECIAL SECTION

THE TIME HE HIT ONE FOR ME

*Here is Ruth with homers coming hard.
Though struggling to hang on, he's still dissolute,
still swaggering—still heroic*

By JHAN ROBBINS

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO Babe Ruth stood at home plate in Yankee Stadium for the last time. The occasion was the 25th anniversary of the "house that Ruth built." High point of the ceremonies was the retirement of No. 3—the uniform number Ruth made famous. The microphones could not pick up the weak whisper of the ailing Babe's acknowledgments, but cheers of tribute rolled down from the stands. Only two months later many of the same fans stood in line for hours to shuffle slowly past his black-draped casket at home plate.

I was among them. I was then married with children of my own but as I looked up at the strips of bleacher seats I remembered the day in 1934 when I sat up there, a stubby teenager, confidently waiting for the Babe to fulfill his personal promise to hit one for me.

On that morning I could hardly wait for my mother to finish packing my lunch. "There!" she said, tucking a banana into the paper bag and knotting a string around it. "Mind your manners, behave yourself and don't let anyone cough germs on you!"

I knew I was too excited to eat and I'm sure she knew it, too. I was off to interview Babe Ruth for my school newspaper and to see the Yankees play the Cleveland Indians. I was 14 and unquestionably one of the "thousands of dirty-faced kids" that New York City's Mayor Jimmy Walker said represented the Babe's highest responsibility.

Perhaps he was right. My friends and I had heard Ruth condemned in some quarters as undisciplined, loose-living and not bright. Yet I don't think there is any athlete on any modern playing field who means as much to today's youngsters as Babe Ruth meant to us.

We worried about him. We knew his playing days were nearly over. His absurdly spindly legs were straining beneath the weight of his roly-poly body. Crippled by a bad knee, he could no longer sprint and he covered little ground in the outfield.

Although it was only mid-June, his younger teammate, Lou Gehrig, had hit 18 home runs. Yet Ruth was still a beautiful sight at home plate. Gracefully arched fly balls flowed effortlessly from a bat that seemed merely an extension of his body. He was baseball, and to me baseball was life itself.

Caught up in a sweating, pushing crowd, I edged my way to Yankee Stadium's bleacher entrance. I knew nothing about press passes in those days. I bought a bleacher ticket. Then I showed a gate guard a carbon copy of my English teacher's elaborate request to "admit a serious student of journalism" to interview the Babe, along with the three-line response signed by Yankee owner, Colonel Jake Ruppert, saying, "Mr. Ruth will expect you."

The guard thrust a thumb over his shoulder at a gate marked "Press." I followed signs that led to the shadowy humid Yankee locker room. Famous faces popped out of the gloom. Vernon "Lefty" Gomez sat on a bench, cussing lightly over a broken shoe (→ TO PAGE 90)

Although Ruth's absurdly spindly legs bowed under that heavy frame at the end, the power never died.



SPECIAL SECTION

RUTH'S TEN GREATEST DAYS

- | | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Baltimore, Maryland | April 22, 1914 | 6. New York, New York | September 30, 1927 |
| 2. Boston, Massachusetts | October 9, 1916 | 7. Chicago, Illinois | October 1, 1932 |
| 3. Boston, Massachusetts | September 9, 1918 | 8. New York, New York | October 1, 1933 |
| 4. New York, New York | April 18, 1923 | 9. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania | May 25, 1935 |
| 5. St. Louis, Missouri | October 6, 1926 | 10. New York, New York | June 13, 1948 |

By LEE GREENE



FOR 21 YEARS Babe Ruth was the greatest individual attraction in baseball. He might have been one of the great all-time pitchers; instead he became the greatest of all hitters. When he finally put his 54-ounce bat in the rack for the last time, in 1935, he held or shared 61 baseball records, including 28 World Series' records. He hit 714 home runs and, characteristically, the last was one of the longest of his career. He earned fame, wealth and immortality from baseball before his tragic death in 1948, but he gave the game more than he took from it. Obviously, he had many important days in baseball. We feel that the ten days recreated here—nine days of pitching and hitting heroics, one day of nostalgia—were the most significant.

April 22, 1914:

Jack Dunn, manager of the Baltimore Orioles of the International League, had made an important trip early in 1914. He had visited George Herman Ruth, an apprentice tailor and shirtmaker of St. Mary's Industrial School in Baltimore, and had watched the boy pitch in the

Ruth, crossing home plate left, and his teammate Lou Gehrig, No. 4, spent most of the 1927 season in a record-breaking home-run rivalry. Lou led almost five months but Ruth pulled ahead in September and ended up with 60 homers.



Ruth wore uniform No. 3 for the last time on June 13, 1948. He spoke, *above*, at Yankee Stadium's 25th anniversary ceremonies.

school yard for a half-hour. Afterward, impressed with the young lefthander's skill, Dunn had agreed to sign the boy to a contract and become his guardian.

"Now, about your salary," Dunn had said after signing the necessary legal documents.

"You mean you'll *pay* me?" said Ruth.

"Sure, six hundred a year for a starter."

"Six hundred *dollars*?"

In the 1914 exhibition season the youngster, nicknamed "Babe" by his Baltimore teammates, had beaten the big-league Brooklyn Superbas and the world champion Philadelphia Athletics. He had handled the Athletics' Frank "Home Run" Baker easily, and his teammates had been astounded to discover after the game that Ruth had never even heard of the man who was then baseball's most publicized slugger.

On April 22, against the Buffalo Bisons, Dunn put his young star to work before the Baltimore fans. There wasn't much of a crowd in the stands as Ruth took the mound in his first professional league game. The Baltimore Terrapins of the "outlaw" Federal League had built a park right across the street and, with a lineup loaded with proven big-leaguers, were drawing most of the fans.

Playing for Buffalo that day at second base was a little Irishman named Joe McCarthy, who would one day be awarded the only big prize that Ruth never won—the opportunity to manage the New York Yankees. But this day he was just another ballplayer, and Babe would never forget that McCarthy couldn't get as

much as a single off him in four times at bat.

Babe was nervous and wild as the game started. He hit the first batter he faced, then wild-pitched him to second. A little later he ran into his first-baseman on a pop-up he had no business trying to catch. Then he calmed down and pitched a six-hit shutout to win, 6-0, striking out four men. It was the first of ten straight victories he pitched for Baltimore that spring.

"Nice going, kid!" Dunn shouted to him in the noisy locker room. "Keep pitching like that and no one can stop you from getting to the big leagues."

Babe Ruth had played, and played well, in his first professional league game.

October 9, 1916:

It may have been one of the best baseball bargains of all time. In 1914 the Red Sox, for \$8500, had bought a fine young pitcher, Ernie Shore, an experienced catcher, Ben Egan—and another young pitcher, Babe Ruth, from Baltimore. Playing most of the 1914 season with Boston's Providence farm team, Ruth had compiled a 22-9 record for the year (including his exploits with both Baltimore and Providence). In 1915, with the pennant-winning Red Sox, Babe had won 18 games, but had missed out on a World Series' assignment.

By 1916 the Babe had filled out his 6-2 frame to 185 pounds. He had won 23 games in the season and the Red Sox had again won the pennant. Four times in the season, Babe had pitched (—→ TO PAGE 74)





THE MAN BEHIND THE POWER

He played hard, he lived hard. He was as much an individual off the baseball field as he was on it. Whatever he did—because he did it his way without inhibitions—contributed to the legend that now lives, the roaring legend of Ruth

By **ARNOLD HANO**



"Now that Babe is gone, what's to be said that hasn't been said? Nothing, when you come down to it. Just that he was Babe Ruth."

—Red Smith

I used to mooch my way into Yankee Stadium when I was a kid living in the West Bronx, getting in free with whatever boys' club was enjoying a day at the park. I wasn't a Yankee fan, but I was a Babe Ruth fan. This was the early 1930s, and in a lopsided Yankee game, which was often the fashion, manager Shawkey or Dickey or Joe McCarthy would lift the Babe along about the seventh inning and put in Sammy Byrd or some other scratch golfer.

And we kids would start to chant: "We want Babe Ruth! We want Babe Ruth!"

It wasn't that we didn't know the rules. I probably knew the rules better than I do today. It's just that Babe Ruth and rules were incompatible. Rules, like fences, were for other people. They kept the sheep in.

Babe Ruth was not a sheep. If he wasn't the greatest baseball player who ever lived (and he might well have been), he was surely the greatest individual ever to play ball. He changed the character of the game. He swung the biggest bat. He made the most money. He drew the heaviest fine. In the Organization Man's league, on the original Organization Man's team, Ruth was an outsized individualist. He was not a team man in the current sense of the term, and the current sense became current in the last years of Ruth's career. Ruth's career was the decade of the Twenties, lapping both ends. It was the era of Prohibition, which meant it was the era of drinking. It was the era of wonderful nonsense, as Westbrook Pegler called it. It was the era of flappers and bobbed hair. It was Dempsey and Firpo. It was an era of wonderful nonsense, but it was something else, too. Dempsey stood over Firpo and hit him

while he lay on the canvas. It was the era of gang battles, and rumble-seat rumbles.

It was an era that peaked in 1927, and it peaked in New York. Which means it was Babe Ruth's era, more than anybody else's in the whole world, because 1927 was Ruth's year in New York, the greatest any player has known, in the city that has never been so great since. Great has many meanings, and perhaps I mean what H. L. Mencken meant in 1927 when he described life in New York City:

"It is the icing on the pie called Christian civilization. It pays more for a meal than an Italian or a Pole pays for a wife, and the meal is better than the wife."

No, Ruth was not a team man, if by team man you mean kind words for your teammates, your manager, your owners. Not if you mean neat businessmen's ties and correct speech. Not if you mean intelligent hours and temperate diet. That wasn't the Babe. He openly criticized Lou Gehrig's handling of bunts. He accused Wally Pipp of loafing, and Pipp decked him with a left hand, right in the dugout. When Ruth couldn't stand the oblique abuse of manager Miller Huggins, he picked Huggins up one day, carried him to the observation car of the train the Yankees were riding, held him over the rails, and shook him like a ragdoll. When Yankee owner Colonel Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston—they don't hardly make names like that any more—got sore at Ruth for his physical condition, or lack of, Ruth called Huston a fat old goat who couldn't have fun even if he wanted to. When the other Yankee owner, Colonel Jacob Ruppert, risked a small smile at this, Ruth said, "And that goes for you, too, Jake."

Curfew and abstinence were for other players. Back in 1928 Ruth had a book ghosted for him: *Babe Ruth's Own Book of Baseball*, in which the Babe alleged his diet then consisted of a breakfast of fruit juice, toast, and coffee; an infrequent lunch which would be—if at all—a leafy salad; and a simple supper of lean meat, vegetable, and more salad. Lots of milk.

Though he boozed and brawled, and wasn't at all a Sunday-School type, Ruth still was the idol of youngsters all over the nation.

BABE RUTH

It was surely another Babe. This Babe drank lots of milk. Laced with brandy. The book appeared during the time the Babe was courting Claire Hodgson, and as Claire said, there was "always a drink in his hand." Claire got Ruth to cut down considerably. From 20 cigars to four. Plus his pipe. But he still was an outsized man, living in an outsized relatively unregulated way. When the Babe was coaching for the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1938, he invited road secretary John McDonald in for a midnight snack. The Babe put away a double shrimp cocktail, a double order of hashed-browns, a double of spinach, and a plank steak for two. Dessert was pie a la mode. A whole pie, that is. Plus a pot of coffee. Then Ruth lit up a huge Corona.

But this was 1938, and the Babe had slowed down from his salad days. A married man, he was staying out of the places where girls used to wash his hair in champagne. "Babe loved living," Tom Meany wrote in his marvelous biography of Ruth, "and felt he was as much above ordinary rules as he was above ordinary, or even extraordinary pitching." I'm not much concerned about the pitching—Ruth's 714 home runs are enough for that—but I am interested in Ruth's outsized anarchistic way of life. The Babe used to spend \$250 for a suit, when, as they say, \$250 was a lot of money, and he bought 'em by the dozen. He lost \$35,000 on a single horse race. He lost \$5000 on a football game. (He bet on Harvard!) They used to give Ruth cars, and he'd happily turn them over as fast as he got them. Literally.

Back in 1917 Ruth kept a suite at the Willard Hotel in Washington, for road games, and a Senator first-baseman once asked the Babe how big was the tab.

"A hundred bucks a day," Ruth said.

"A hundred bucks a day! How can you do it?"

Ruth delicately picked his teeth. "A fellow's got to entertain, don't he?"

It led to the classic remark by Ping Bodie, Yankee teammate of Ruth's. Bodie was asked who he roomed with.

"With Babe Ruth's suitcase," Bodie answered.

Ruth had to entertain. He treated life the way a bull terrier treats a rat. He shook it, to see what would fall loose. In 1914, when the Babe signed his first contract at a munificent \$25 a week, he bought a motorcycle painted firewagon red, and rode it through the streets of Baltimore, his fingers to his nose.

He went through life with his fingers waving at his nose, and it was in no way dirty. Vulgar, yes. Ruth was vulgar, the way big brazen uncomplicated men are, the vulgarity of the uninhibited male. Ruth was once at a supper party, where the distinguished political columnist Walter Lippmann and his wife were also invited. Mrs. Lippmann asked the Babe to describe his famous called-shot against Charlie Root and the Cubs in the 1932 Series. Ruth was delighted.

"It's like this," he said, his voice a gruff rumble over the spotless linen and fine old silver. And, as Ruth explained his bitterness toward the Cubs, the profanity flowed. Four-letter profanity in every sentence.

Later, a shocked Grantland Rice asked Ruth how come he said what he said. Replied Ruth indignantly: "She asked me what happened, didn't she?"

This was Ruth. There never was another like him. When he hit a home run, it was a gorgeous sight to behold. I still remember those home runs, the gigantic swing, the outsized whack, the soaring rainbow.

When he struck out and braided his legs and fell to the dirt, or stabbed the ground with his bat to keep upright, it was just as gorgeous. There was glee in that strikeout, and Heywood Broun caught it all, in 1925, when he said, "Ruth has helped to make life a little more gallant. He has set before us an example of a man who tries each minute for all or nothing."

Yet when we write this way, we miss another vital aspect. All this is the fun-loving Babe, the happy hedonist. There was the other side.

Babe Ruth was listed as "a hopeless incorrigible" before he was seven. He hung around saloons, stole fruit from pushcarts, fought cops on Baltimore's waterfront.

"I learned to fear and hate the coppers," he said.

He chewed tobacco when he was seven, drank whisky before he was ten.

His mother died when he was in his teens. His father remarried, and then was killed in a fist fight outside a saloon. Babe spent the greater part of 12 years in a reform school that was more a prison. Every so often, his mother Kate would weep and beg to have the boy released, and when he was home, she'd beat him over the head, and berate him. When Ruth was six, Grantland Rice once wrote, he tapped the family till. "I took one dollar and bought ice cream cones for all the kids on the block. When my old man asked me what I'd done, I told him. He dragged me down cellar and beat me with a horsewhip. I tapped that till again—just to show he couldn't break me. Then I landed in The Home, thank God!"

The Home. A racetrack tout, who spent his childhood at the same St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys, once said, "I hafta laugh when I hear that place called 'The Home.' All I know there was guys with guns on the walls."

Ruth knew what The Home was like. "He hated every minute inside the walls," Claire Ruth said. If the Babe said Thank God for landing there, you can only guess what his home had been like. And maybe there is less fun than truth in holding Miller Huggins over the New York Central tracks, a few inches from death. Maybe Ruth was like that, a life inches removed from violence. A rumor once swept the American League: Ruth carried a knife. It began when Ruth turned on a player who had ridden him too hard. The Babe said if the player didn't stop, he—Babe—would kill him. Who knows what he meant? Maybe he meant what he said. He wasn't a man of verbal fluff. When in the summer of 1933 Lou Gehrig's mother insulted one of the Ruth daughters (or so Mrs. Ruth thought), Claire Ruth informed the Babe. Ruth went straight to Lou Gehrig, leveled a finger at Gehrig—who had had nothing to do with the incident—and said, "Never speak to me off the field again!" So Gehrig never spoke to Ruth, until Lou stood dying at Yankee Stadium in 1939, and Ruth put his arm around Gehrig, and cried.

Maybe you have to know the dark side to understand the light. Together, they make the man.

Babe Ruth never knew for sure when he was born. At first he celebrated a birth of February 7, 1894. Later a birth certificate popped up that read February 6, 1895. So Ruth shrewdly became a year younger, but he hung onto February 7. You cover all exits.

Ruth married a 16-year-old waitress when he was 19. She served him at the Landers' Coffee Shop in Boston in the summer of 1914. When you realize Ruth had been out of The Home but a few months, this was probably one of the first women—girls—Ruth had ever really known. So he married her. They had two children, both of whom died in infancy. The couple drifted apart, but because Ruth was a Catholic, there was no divorce. Which means he was married for nearly 15 years to a woman he didn't love. One night in January of 1929, the estranged wife, Helen Woodring Ruth, burned to death in a bungalow fire.

Maybe the later fun was rebellion, then. Maybe individualism was a bulwark for an insecure boy who had known the hostility of the established institutions—family, marriage, police, school. Maybe that is why Babe Ruth never was a team man, in the Organization Man's lexicon. The Organization Man seldom knows walls where guns look down.

"Babe hated authority," Claire said later. Why not?

Rumors contributed to the sense of rootlessness. Ruthlessness, if you'll permit a serious pun. They tried for a while to take Ruth's name from him. It wasn't Ruth—the rumor said—it was Erhardt, or Gerhardt, or something like that.

His name was Ruth. George Herman Ruth, Jr. And with this fact—substantiated by Lee Allen's documented *The American League Story*—let us give Ruth the roots he does have.

Ruth's paternal grandfather, John A. Ruth, founder

of a lightning-rod business in 1873, had two sons, John A., Jr., and George Herman. George Herman Ruth was variously a driver, an agent (of what, Lee Allen does not say), a salesman, and a gripman on a cable car, before he bought his first saloon in 1894. This Ruth was German on both sides, and a Lutheran. He married Kate Schamberger, half-Irish, half-German, Catholic. George Herman Ruth, Jr.—the Babe—was born February 6, 1895. Kate Ruth, mother of eight, died in 1912.

His folks were busy at the saloon. The boy was busy running the streets. Babe was placed in the St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys, at the corner of Caton and Wilkens Streets, in Baltimore, on January 13, 1902—before he was seven. The St. Mary's school was run by Brothers of the Xavierian Order.

At the school, they called Ruth "George," or "Big George." He towered over boys his age. Big, with a mop of floppy black hair, skinny, but wide of chest and shoulder. His face was not the full moon it was later, but it was waxing. His eyes were small, but they didn't look piglike until the later flesh of his face threatened to submerge them. People, later, were to call him ugly, but I think they were wrong. Homely, perhaps, but with a warm friendly look, a broad boyish grin.

He pitched for the school team, and usually struck out 17 or 18 of the opposition. When he didn't pitch, he caught, with a righthanded mitt.

There have been other natural ballplayers but seldom one who took to the game so quickly. On Ruth's 19th birthday in February of 1914, Jack Dunn, manager and owner of the International League's Baltimore Orioles, came to school to look Babe over. Dunn came, saw, and was convinced. He signed Ruth to a Baltimore contract and Ruth stayed with the team long enough to earn the nickname "Babe." ("You'd better be careful. He's Jack Dunn's babe," a scout had told some players who were riding the rookie.)

Less than five months after leaving The Home, Ruth was pitching for the Boston Red Sox. He was so green he telegraphed every curve by sticking out his tongue. Yet in his first full year, he won 18 and lost six, with an earned-run average of 2.44. He helped pitch his club into the World Series. He also hit .315.

And in a sense, Babe Ruth was a team man. He was a winner. Success followed him. Ruth was with the Red Sox five full seasons; the Sox won three pennants, three World Series. Ruth joined the Yankees before the 1920 season. In his second year, there was the first pennant the Yankees had ever won! In Ruth's succeeding years, the Yankees became the greatest baseball team the sport had ever known. The one year Ruth was sick and missed 55 games, the team finished seventh. Ty Cobb said, "I never saw a man who would beat you utterly—and do it everyday, virtually—with his mere presence on the field."

But though it was natural as drawing breath, it never was easy. The dark side of Ruth got in the way. On June 23, 1917, Ruth walked the first batter, Eddie Foster, and angered at umpire Brick Owen's calls. Owen threatened to eject Ruth.

"If you do, I'll punch you in the jaw," Ruth growled. Owen thumbed the Babe, and Ruth punched Owen. "I went crazy," Ruth said later.

The Babe hated authority. He never got along with Ed Barrow, either, when Barrow was front-office man at Boston or New York. In early 1918 Ruth jumped the Sox train at Baltimore—without telling anyone—to see his sister. Barrow bawled out Ruth in front of the whole squad, and threatened to knock Ruth's block off unless he settled down. Ruth roared back he'd quit and join a shipyard team at Fall River. Or become a prizefighter. Ruth's personal manager Johnny Igo in 1918 arranged for a bout with ranking heavyweight Gunboat Smith. Ruth would get \$5000. The fight would have taken place had not Barrow persuaded Ruth he would make far more money playing ball, eventually. And anyway there was always Barrow to fight. The 50-year-old Barrow once took off his jacket and challenged Ruth in the Sox clubhouse. This was 1919. Ruth, who was 24, sensibly refused to make a fool of both of them.

On the ballfield, Ruth's insecurity laid him open to a merciless needling. The needling reached its harshest crescendo in the '22 World Series, against McGraw's Giants. The Yanks did not win a game. Throughout, Giant pitcher Jesse Barnes and utility infielder Johnny Rawlings viciously baited Ruth. Wounded, he bellowed back at his tormentors. Ruth batted .118.

Actually, the 1922 jockeying brought to an end one of the pivotal years of Ruth's career. At the conclusion of the '21 World Series, Ruth and teammate Bob Meusel completed plans for a barnstorming tour of upper New York State and Pennsylvania. But Judge Landis, in his first real test of power, dredged up a baseball ordinance, forbidding such tours. Landis went to the Yankee clubhouse after the final Series game in '21, to warn Ruth and Meusel they risked heavy fines and suspensions if they followed through. Ruth knew about such fines—he had broken the same rule in 1916 as a Red Sox—but he also believed: 1) the rule was unjust; 2) he would earn more money than any fine; and 3) Landis was an ineffectual old goat.

The tour was a financial failure, and, on December 5, Landis called Ruth's act "a mutinous defiance," and Ruth and Meusel found they had forfeited their Series shares—of \$3362.26—plus pay for the first month of 1922, which they were ordered to sit out.

That was the way '22 began. Ruth had himself a ball during his month-long suspension. After belting down booze all day, Ruth would wind up at midnight, propped up in bed, with six club sandwiches, a platter of pig's knuckles, a pitcher of beer.

Ruth returned to action on May 20. Five days later he threw dirt in umpire George Hilderbrand's face for a call at second base. Hilderbrand ejected the Babe, and when a fan got on Ruth, Ruth charged into the stands and chased the fan right out of the Polo Grounds. Ruth was again fined and suspended, and American League president Ban Johnson stripped Ruth of his \$500 job as Yankee captain.

Oh, it was a year, 1922. It was the year Ruth told Wally Pipp he wasn't putting out, and Pipp knocked Ruth down. They rolled about the dugout and when they were separated, they swore to continue the fight in the clubhouse after the game. Then Ruth and Pipp hit back-to-back home runs, and the feud was over.

On one road trip, general manager Ed Barrow hired a private detective to keep tabs on who went where. In Joliet, Illinois, the detective invited the players to a speakeasy, and took a photograph of Ruth and his playmates, indulging. He mailed the picture to Barrow, who fined every man in the photo.

Then came the World Series, and the vicious baiting, and at a baseball writers' dinner in the winter of 1922, a New York state senator delivered a maudlin speech in which he begged Ruth to reform. "The dirty-faced kids in the streets of America look up to you as some kind of god. Are you going to let those kids down again?" Ruth got up, tears streaming down his face, and swore he'd behave.

The most astonishing part is that the state senator was Jimmy Walker, whose later term as the city's mayor was so graft-infested even New Yorkers stopped being amused.

Ruth didn't fully behave after that, but he never quite reached such lusty heights, or is it depths? He at least learned the old trick of the entertainer—one life for public, one life for private.

If 1922 was the year Ruth survived a series of incidents, some funny, some not, and wound up in a World Series, 1925 was the year Ruth almost didn't survive at all. In spring training Ruth pulled a groin muscle sliding into first base. Because of his tremendous drawing power, Ruth was discouraged by his Yankee bosses from sitting out the injury. The injury was never revealed until Claire Ruth wrote about it after the Babe's death. Ruth kept playing, and the groin kept tearing, and one day in Asheville, North Carolina, Ruth passed out on the railroad station, and was rushed to a hospital.

He almost died.

The story was leaked that Ruth had gorged himself



Ruth's heroics earned him prominence at home and abroad. *Above*, he was the most popular of the Yankees who toured Japan in 1934. *Left*, he and Lou Gehrig helped campaign for Al Smith when Smith ran for president. *Below*, he played piano in a movie. "Ruth has helped to make life a little more gallant," Heywood Broun wrote. "He has set before us an example of a man who tries each minute for all or nothing."



on hot dogs and soda pop, but Tom Meany—who was there—wondered where Ruth got the franks and the pop; Meany hadn't seen any.

Ruth wobbled back into the lineup after eight weeks. He ended with a .290 average in 98 games. The Yankees finished seventh.

Miller Huggins, the brooding little manager, could not stand the sight of Ruth that season. On the bench he'd mutter about players who weren't in shape.

Ruth took umbrage. "How about them other fellows?" he'd ask.

"I'm talking about them, too."

"No, you ain't. You're talking about me." And Ruth talked about Huggins. "I been around a long time, but I never saw a club run as lousy as this one." And: "I wish you weighed fifty pounds more." With Huggins snapping, "It's a good thing for you I don't."

In St. Louis, after Ruth missed a few curfews and reported late for practice, Huggins told him he was suspended, and fined \$5000.

Ruth could not believe the front office would back Huggins. He went to Ruppert and presented an ultimatum. Either Huggins rescinded the fine and suspension, or Babe Ruth had played his last game. Ruppert rightfully stood behind Huggins, and Ruth swallowed his words, paid the fine, and even apologized to Huggins.

Still, for all his philandering, Ruth had lifted the Yankees to domination of their league. If he was—as he admitted—cursed with an iron constitution which he took pleasure in abusing, he also played major-league baseball for 20 full years, and parts of two others.

Lesser men, unfitted to lead a dog on a leash, had received managing jobs. Ruth wanted such a job.

But Ruth's reputation as the fun-lovin' Babe dogged him. Also his reputation as a rebel. He had lifted his pay and the pay of every ballplayer since. And he had fought with the men who run the show—the commissioner, the owners, his managers. He had forced baseball to discard the disgraceful ban on exhibitions—a ban that forbade a player to do what he wanted on his own time, off season.

"Babe hated authority," Claire Ruth had said.

And Authority had its revenge. Some people have called it a blacklist.

Ruth's career kept burgeoning. At the 1926 pennant's end, Ruth slipped into a hospital in Essex Fells, New Jersey, to see desperately ill, emotionally inert 11-year-old Johnny Sylvester. The Babe supplied the spiritual jolt the boy needed to keep alive. Then Ruth hit four home runs in the '26 Series after promising young Sylvester he'd hit at least one.

In 1927, Ruth hit his Sixty.

He was in his glory, a man of 32, carrying 240 pounds on pipestem legs, but he wasn't slow, he was a superb fielder, a deadly thrower, a rounded performer. Ruth deserved the salaries he got, with their peaks in 1930 and 1931 of \$80,000.

But Authority allowed the public to assume Ruth was a big lucky slob. And Ruth's one ambition, other than having fun and playing ball, never was realized. It was an ambition that began with Ruth's marriage to Claire Hodgson, on Opening Day of 1929. Claire straightened out Babe's finances (he was in debt when they married) and though she never fully bottled the wild genius Ruth had for having fun, she knew when to let it out, and when it was wiser corked. He became tamer and he wanted to become a manager.

When Miller Huggins died in 1929, Ruth went to Jake Ruppert and asked for the Yankee managing job. Ruppert pretended shock. Why, it was nonsense. "Root," he said, "you can't even manage yourself."

So Ruth demanded \$100,000, settled for \$80,000, and laid down the one final ultimatum of his career. "I want that \$5000 back, Jake," he said. And Ruppert, who had once winced when Ruth bought six special bats for a staggering \$6 each, remitted the fine.

Ruppert hired Bob Shawkey for the '30 season. Shawkey's Yankees finished third, lowest since 1920. Shawkey was fired, and Ruth asked for the job again. They gave it to Bill Dickey. Dickey's Yankees finished

second in '31, but second is no cigar, not since Ruth. By this time Ruth was over 35, and badly slowed in the field. So all he hit in 1931 was .373, with 46 home runs. Dickey went, and Ruth asked again. It went to Joe McCarthy, whom Ruth contemptuously called "a busher." McCarthy ushered in the start of the Organization Man's era in baseball. He walked into the Yankee clubhouse in April of 1932, and smashed the card table. Players began to wear ties.

After Ruth's .373 year in '31, they cut his salary \$10,000. After '32, and Ruth's 41 home runs, they cut him to \$50,000. It was down to \$35,000 for the 1934 season, Ruth's last with the Yankees.

They offered Ruth a \$1 contract in 1935. They also offered him the job as manager of the Newark ball club, but they must have known Ruth had too much pride. "I am a big-leaguer," he said stiffly. So the Yankees transferred him to Boston in the other league, and Judge Emil Fuchs made vague promises about a future job as manager. In June Ruth left the Braves.

In 1935 and 1936, Ruth used to leave the big apartment on Riverside Drive, and when he returned at the end of the day, he'd ask Claire: "Any phone calls?" There weren't any. Finally there was a stint as a coach for the Dodgers, a brief stint.

The years rolled by, and Ruth was a man with a vague feeling of unfinished business. In August of 1946, he begged Yankee owner Larry MacPhail for a job, even the Newark job he'd once turned down. MacPhail told Ruth: "Sit tight. You'll hear from me."

But he didn't hear, so on September 20, 1946, Ruth wrote MacPhail a letter, pleading. On October 8, 1946, MacPhail finally answered Ruth, turning him down.

Claire Ruth said: "With this letter the Babe's hopes died. Soon he began to die."

By November of '46 he had begun to suffer agonizing headaches, over his left eye. His voice became more husky. It turned out to be cancer, though they never told Ruth. They started to carve up on the Babe. He was in the hospital the first time 82 days. He went home in February of 1947. "I want to look at the river," Ruth said. On April 27, 1947, a wan, white-haired Babe Ruth—the splendid old camel's hair polo coat draping his shrunken frame—was honored by the Yankees at the Stadium. It was Babe Ruth Day, and on June 13, 1948, there'd be Ruth again, this time wearing his uniform, which hung even more loosely, at the 25th anniversary of the Stadium, and in August of 1948 he said to Claire when she kissed him good night at his hospital bed: "Don't come back tomorrow. I won't be here." The next night he was dead.

But I come back to Babe Ruth Day, of April 27, 1947, 60,000 fans trying to understand the words that were like gravel when Ruth spoke:

"Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen. You know how bad my voice sounds? Well, it feels just as bad. You know this baseball game of ours comes up from the youth, the only real game, I think, in the world, baseball. You've got to start from way down when you're six or seven years of age. You've got to grow up with it. If successful and if you try hard enough, you're bound to come out on top just like these boys who come to the top now. Thank you."

When he got to the words "just like these boys" he started to weep.

It is not an exceptional paragraph, except for the things Ruth did not say, and then it is one of the most exceptional paragraphs any ballplayer has ever said, at a day honoring him. The only thanks were to the fans—the "ladies and gentlemen." There wasn't a single word to the Yankees, or to the people who ran baseball. It was the creed of the individual. It was a game kids played, and if they played it hard enough and well enough, they got to the top. Owners didn't get you there; commissioners didn't get you there; managers didn't. You got yourself there. Baseball comes up from the youth. Not down from the old fat goats.

He had his say. He closed the book.





TOO HAPPY FOR HER OWN GOOD

*Marilynn Smith long had
the potential to become one of
the leading golf stars.
But only recently did she begin
to fulfill her potential*

BY STEVE PERKINS

WHEN MARILYNN SMITH was 12 years old she was the pitcher, captain and manager of an 11-year-old boys' baseball team in Wichita, Kansas. Possibly she controlled the team so strongly because she was the only one with a genuine baseball suit. Or possibly because she could beat hell out of any kid on the block.

And there came the day when little Marilyn went oh-for-four and got racked for 12 hits and 14 unearned runs and she came home drenched in equal amounts of perspiration and exasperation, and her mother said, "Well, dear, how did you do today?"

It was like asking a marine if the army was the toughest fighting force.

Little Marilyn slammed her glove against the wall and uttered one short word, a choice one she had picked up from the boys. Seldom have four-letter words so changed the course of a career. No more could she dream of pitching for the St. Louis Cardinals. No more would she beseech Carl Hubbell by mail to write down the finer points of a screwball. When Papa Smith came home that evening, Mother said, "We'll have to find some other game for Marilyn. Something more ladylike than baseball. Golf, I think. The players don't curse on a golf course, do they?"

Mr. Smith, a low 80s shooter himself, said, "Well, er, uh, not as much as a boys' baseball team. What do you say, Marilyn—would you like to take up golf?"

Marilynn rolled a tongue in cheek, scraping away the last remnants of a bar of Lifebuoy soap, and said, "I guess so, Daddy."

What keeps this from sounding like a Bill Stern

"She was overdue to start winning big," says Jackie Pung of Marilyn, *swinging left*. "She always had all the equipment. Now she's got a one-piece swing and is really attacking the course." Marilyn's also learned how to concentrate harder.

introduction is that you cannot end it with: "And that girl's name was—Marilynn Smith!" The average fan's reaction would be: "Marilynn who?" Though Marilynn grew up to be a big girl—5-8 and 135 pounds, with plenty of it in the right places—she did not become a big girl in the golf world until this year. For 14 seasons on the Ladies PGA tour, which she joined eight years after cursing the boys goodbye, Marilynn Smith was all potential and no fulfillment. She rocked along winning a tournament every other year and coasting in and out of the top ten money winners' ranks. The galleries loved her, but so did her opponents, who happily picked up top money. "Marilynn," everybody said, "is a living doll."

Now, suddenly, half of that story is changed. Marilynn is still a living doll, but boy can she hit a golf ball! The galleries still think she's great, but they no longer get her divided attention. She climbed steadily to fifth on the cash list in 1961 and again in 1962, when she won the Miami Sunshine and Waterloo Opens. Then this year she beat Mickey Wright out of the prestigious Titleholders championship (the girls' version of the Masters) and vaulted to second place in the bankroll standings.

Perennial champ Mickey Wright, the lady pros' current Princess of Par, now casts a wary eye in her direction. "At the start of any tournament," Mickey admits, "I figure that Marilynn is the one I've got to beat."

Says Betsy Rawlings: "Marilynn used to hit it long and low, with a slice on the end. Now she's hitting it solid and high—and long."

What happened to Marilynn? You can get the answer from the men in her life—her golfing life, that is—the three pros who have turned Marilynn's game inside out and changed her from a powder-puff swinger to a consistent slugger. And from her father, who after 14 years of pleading finally got her to use a different putting stroke. But the biggest change came with Marilynn's realization that she was too happy for her own good. One of the most attractive gals on tour, Marilynn is easily the most carefree of the bunch. Only the late Babe Zaharias, experienced enough to turn her game on and off like a spigot, was more chummy with a gallery. "Marilynn has always been too outgoing," Mickey Wright believes. "It's a wonderful quality, and we all try to be nice, but too much of it can wreck your concentration. Marilynn is just beginning to bear down."

Marilynn has a smile that comes on like a neon sign, and a stubborn femininity in a game which men play best. (She is one of the few holdouts for wearing skirts instead of Bermuda shorts on the golf course.) "Talking to people," she says, "is the way I let off steam. I like everybody, but actually I'm just indulging myself when I gab all the way around the course. I've cut down on it now because I'm finally beginning to take the game seriously. Also, the way I'm hitting the ball I get a lot more fun out of playing. I'm keyed up from the first tee the first day of every tournament, because I think I've got a chance to win."

Two club pros, Elmer Prieskorn of Pine Lake Country Club in Detroit and Harry Pressler of Palm Springs, and touring pro Gardner Dickinson are the men Marilynn credits for her surge in success. Prieskorn and Dickinson were in Jupiter, Florida, (north of Palm Beach) this winter and tutored Marilynn at the Tequesta Country Club, where her parents now have a home just off the 12th green. The retired Pressler, who has been Mickey Wright's main instructor, came along on the LPGA tour last year.

"Elmer taught me an expanded swing," Marilynn says. "He got me to shift more weight on my back foot during the backswing. This widened the arc of the club and let me use the power in my legs better."

"Harry Pressler convinced me I should keep the clubhead squared away on the backswing, instead of opening it at the top. His way you don't have to worry about pronating your wrists on the downswing. You get a one-piece swing, better accuracy and fewer things going wrong."

"Gardner moved me away from the ball and made me lean over more. He said, you know, uh, the way girls are built, you get more freedom of movement."

"Elmer told me I always came up with a chopped-up shot under pressure. That's what he calls my slice. And it was true, I did. I've always been a Doubting Thomas, fiddling with this style, and that swing. Now I've got a clear idea how to hit each shot and pressure doesn't fold me up."

Marilynn proved this with her victory in the Titleholders, which loser Mickey Wright termed the greatest comeback she's ever seen. Down three strokes with five to go in an 18-hole playoff against Wright, Marilynn turned on her new power over Augusta's toughest holes, played one-under golf the rest of the way and won it by one stroke. "I hit the greatest shot of my life that day on 16," Marilynn says. "It was a 3-iron 175 yards to within 10 inches of the hole."

A one-stroke defeat by Mickey Wright in a playoff for the St. Petersburg Open in 1962 caused Marilynn to change her stiff putting stroke of 14 years. "I putted so badly that day," she says, "I decided to take my dad's advice and use a little wrist break. Now the putts are dropping like crazy."

It was Marilynn's great natural ability, and her ebullient personality, which made her pro golf career almost inevitable. Mike Murra, the pro at Wichita Country Club who inherited the young baseball player, must have despaired of ever getting her to concentrate on the game with dedication. "It was something I did in the summertime," Marilynn says, "and that's all." What Marilynn did in the summertime as a teenager was win the Wichita city tournament at 17 and the Kansas women's amateur for three straight years. As a 20-year-old sophomore at the University of Kansas, she won the National Intercollegiate title and came under the eye of a Spalding executive, who recognized her as just what the company needed to conduct its women's golf clinics and represent them on the LPGA tour. There may be a little larceny in Marilynn's heart when she says, "I first started enjoying golf when I turned pro." Spalding pays her traveling expenses and the \$13,780 in 1962 prizes was pure gravy.

The only thing that's missing is a steady beau, though there have been many applicants. "There was one boy," Marilynn says, with the emphasis on the one. "I went with him for six years, high school, college and my first two years on the tour. I never could make up my mind to give up golf, so I guess I didn't love him enough. Gosh, don't use his name. He's married now."

There have been others, like the *United Press* sportswriter in New Orleans who followed Marilynn over half the country on his days off. When the tour got as far as New York, he gave up.

"A girl's got to settle down sometime," she says, "and I know it will be more difficult the longer you put it off. But my goodness I can't quit when I'm hitting the ball the way I am now."

The birdies that sing sweetest to Marilynn simply aren't whistling Lohengrin.

Ray Herbert was so mediocre for nine years he was labeled "a loser," a pitcher who would never win consistently. Then he won 20 games in '62 and pitched five shutouts early this year—and he was labeled . . .

BASEBALL'S MR. ZERO

By BERRY STAINBACK

AFTER NINE YEARS in the major leagues, Ray Herbert's pitching seemed to destine him for fame about as much as Mickey Spillane's penmanship seemed to destine him for a career of religious-tract writing. For until 1963 Herbert was famous from Livonia, Michigan, to, well, Livonia, Michigan. Ray lives there. In the nine years, pitching for the Detroit Tigers, Kansas City Athletics and Chicago White Sox, the husky righthander had a 58-68 won-lost record. Then, in 1962 at age 32, Ray won 20 games.

This season Herbert proved his '62 performance was no mere flash in the pitchers' pantheon. He pitched shutouts in five of his first six decisions. Four of the shutouts came consecutively. He beat Kansas City (three hits, one walk), Baltimore (four hits, one walk), Washington (three hits, one walk), New York (two hits, one walk) and Detroit (six hits).

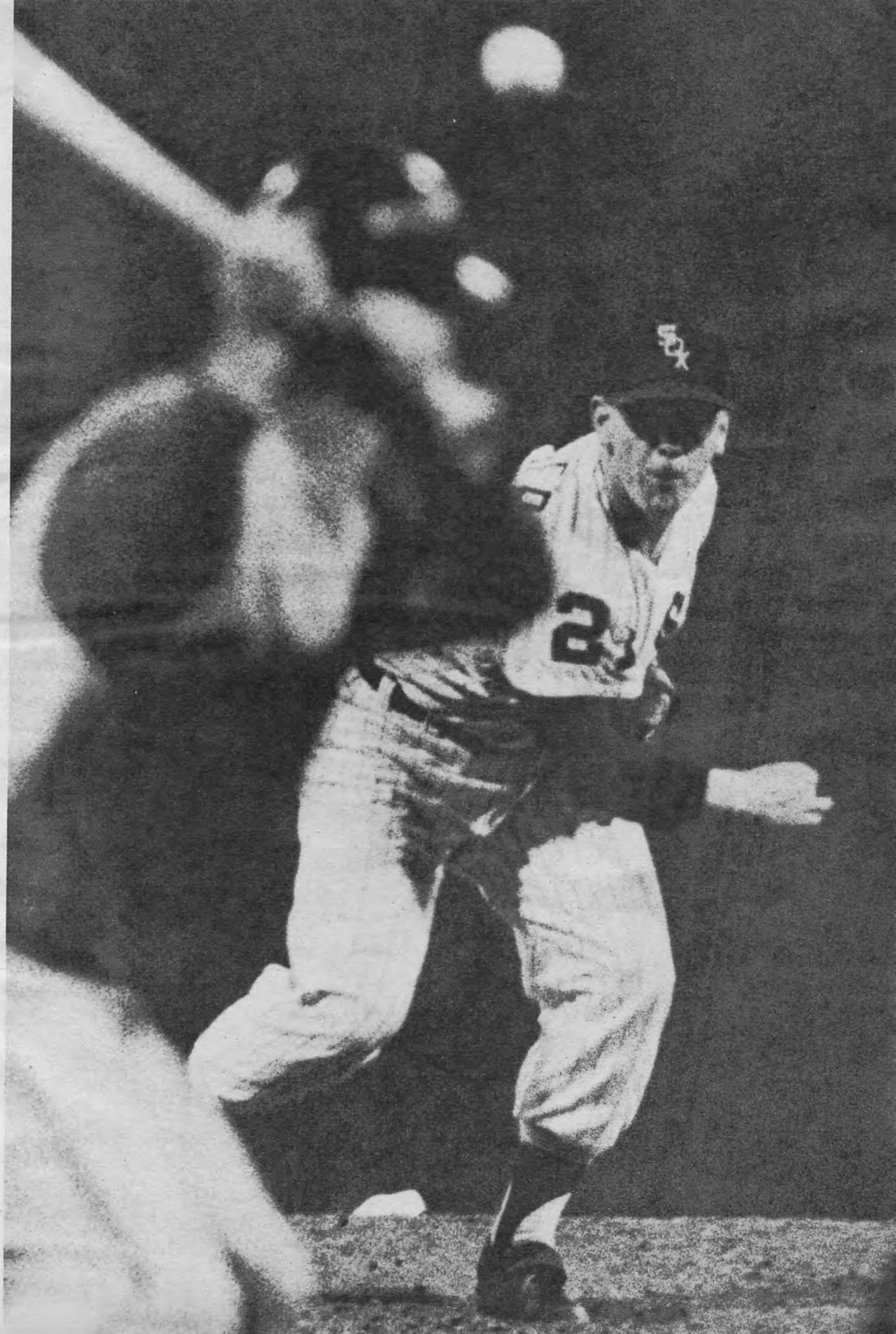
Ray had pitched only four shutouts in his previous ten big-league seasons. Now he had four in a row. Sportswriters started calling him Mr. Zero and opposing batters started calling him Mr. #&) %*\$œ#''&*. But the point was that finally everyone was calling him.

After the Detroit game, eight reporters and three photographers crowded around Herbert's locker like he was giving away Plaid Stamps. "Gee, this is a big-league record for me," Ray said through a smile. "I didn't know this many guys covered a game."

"You're going to have to hire a hall," Charley Maxwell yelled from across the room.

Herbert laughed, but what he really should've hired was a shoe store. He had a start on an inventory as a result of his pitching. A store in Chicago is giving away a pair of shoes for every home run hit or shutout pitched at Comiskey Park by a member of the White Sox. (Contemplate what such an incentive would have done to Nikita Khrushchev before his UN visit a few years ago.) "I told the guy I should get two pair for every shutout," Ray says, "because it's easier for a guy like Dave Nicholson to hit a home run than it is for me to pitch a shutout." Of course, he didn't tell the guy it's easier for him to hit a home run than it is for Nicholson to pitch a shutout. Herbert had two of each last year.

What will he do with all those new shoes? Rather than going through all the strain of trying to grow extra feet, Ray said after his fifth shutout, "I'll probably just give a (→ TO PAGE 45)





Ray's shutouts early in the season (five in his first six starts) earned him five pairs of shoes. A Chicago store is giving away a free pair of shoes to each player on the Sox who pitches a shutout or hits a home run at home. Ray also earned a pair of shoes (and the traditional home-plate handshake, *at left*) by hitting a home run trying to beat the Indians.

couple of pair to my father." (Herbert's sixth pair of shoes came on a home run hit May 28, when he also singled to drive in both Chicago runs as he lost his second game, 3-2, to Cleveland.)

After beating the Tigers, 3-0, for his fourth consecutive shutout, Ray was scheduled to pitch against the Orioles. He couldn't earn any shoes, since the game was in Baltimore. He could, however, earn a place in the record books. Only one man, Doc White of the White Sox in 1904, had ever pitched five complete games in succession without giving up a run. Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson, Cy Young, Bob Feller, and every other name that comes to mind when you think of great pitchers hadn't been able to do it. Yet Ray Herbert, a name that wouldn't come to mind when most people think of merely *good* pitchers, could surpass all those great ones with another shutout.

He did well for two innings, then Oriole catcher John Orsino hit a home run to left that Chicago manager Al Lopez swore was a double when it bounced back onto the field. Lopez ran out of the dugout and the umpire ran out to left and asked the fans if the ball had hit the railing (still in play) or a seat (home run). For some strange reason the Baltimore fans said the Baltimore catcher had hit a home run. Still, Herbert's not the kind of guy to turn up his toes at 38 straight scoreless innings. "I didn't know where the ball went," he says, "but there wasn't any point in arguing about it."

Ray wouldn't have turned down the win though. He had two outs in the ninth, a 3-2 lead and a man on second when Jim Brosnan relieved him. Brosnan got two strikes on Orsino. That's when Herbert wished Broz had thrown the book at him instead of a slider off the outside corner. Orsino wouldn't have been able to reach out and bloop *The Long Season* into right to tie the game, which Chicago ultimately won—for Brosnan—in the tenth.

Herbert said later: "I didn't feel any pressure because I was a long way from tying the record. There might've been some if I'd gotten down to the eighth or ninth

inning without giving up a run. But you don't worry about shutting 'em out in the second or third inning. At least I don't."

One of the White Sox passed by Ray's locker and said, "It looks like you can't win unless you shut 'em out."

"That's been true so far," Herbert said to a writer. "I've given up runs three times. Boston knocked me out (his lone loss till then), Detroit knocked me off the hook (the team lost) and Baltimore knocked me out when I was only one out away from winning."

Actually, his own inadequacy on offense had cost him the victory over the Orioles. Or as Al Lopez cogently put it the next night in Washington: "His pitching is great and his hitting is good, but his sliding is horse-manure."

Herbert had doubled against Baltimore but when he ran into second his foot caught the corner of the bag, he tripped and was tagged out. There were two more hits that inning, no runs. "He did the same thing in Detroit," Lopez said, laughing and shaking his head. "He doubled, overslid second and was tagged out."

Ray, walking past Al's office, stepped in saying, "I'm gonna put a handle on second so I can grab it as I go by."

"I'm gonna get you a pair of sliding pads," Lopez said. "Don't you have a pair, Ray?"

"No, I don't need sliding pads. I just tripped over the bag."

"If you'd done what Gabby Hartnett used to do—just run up to the bag and fall down on it—you'd have been all right."

"I just fell trying to stay on the bag," Ray insisted, smiling, but no one believed him. As he went back to his locker, trainer Ed Froelich said, "That's twice you've slid like that and gotten away with it. You know what they say about the third time. What's the matter, you afraid to lose a little skin off your back-side?"

Ray laughed. "From now on I (→ TO PAGE 85)

Chicago manager Al Lopez, right, jokingly summed up the ability of Herbert center: "His pitching is great and his hitting is good, but his sliding is horse-manure." Ray had cost himself a win by doubling into an out against Baltimore. He'd been thrown out in Detroit, too, for oversliding second. "I'm gonna put a handle on second so I can grab it as I go by," Herbert said later.





Speed At Arizona State

*A bushy-haired coach called
Baldy has assembled the fastest
sprint quartet in college
history. Individually, they're superb.
As a team, they're unbeatable*

PHOTOS BY CURT GUNTHER

IF SENON (BALDY) CASTILLO played poker, you could count on him to draw to an inside straight—and make it. Castillo, track and field coach at Arizona State the past 12 years, believes in leaving “the book” on the shelf and playing things loose and easy.

“I used to be very eager,” he says. “I worked the boys very hard, stayed up nights giving them bed checks, watched their diet. But I found out in the last few years they run just about as good on hamburgers as anything else.”

People will be checking the contents of those hamburgers if Castillo's boys run much faster. Late last April his mile-relay team broke by more than a second the world's record set by the 1960 U. S. Olympic team. The quartet's time of 3:04.5 clearly indicated that Arizona State, a rising power in baseball, basketball and football, also claimed the most dazzling collection of sprinters ever enrolled on one campus.

SPORT



Coach Senon Castillo, *left*, fooled a boyhood friend, who nicknamed him "Baldy," by growing a full head of hair. And he fooled fellow coaches by recruiting and developing champions like Ron Freeman, *below right*. Freeman ran his leg a second faster (45.6) than his best when ASU set its record. Tom Hester, *below left*, will replace Freeman in '64.

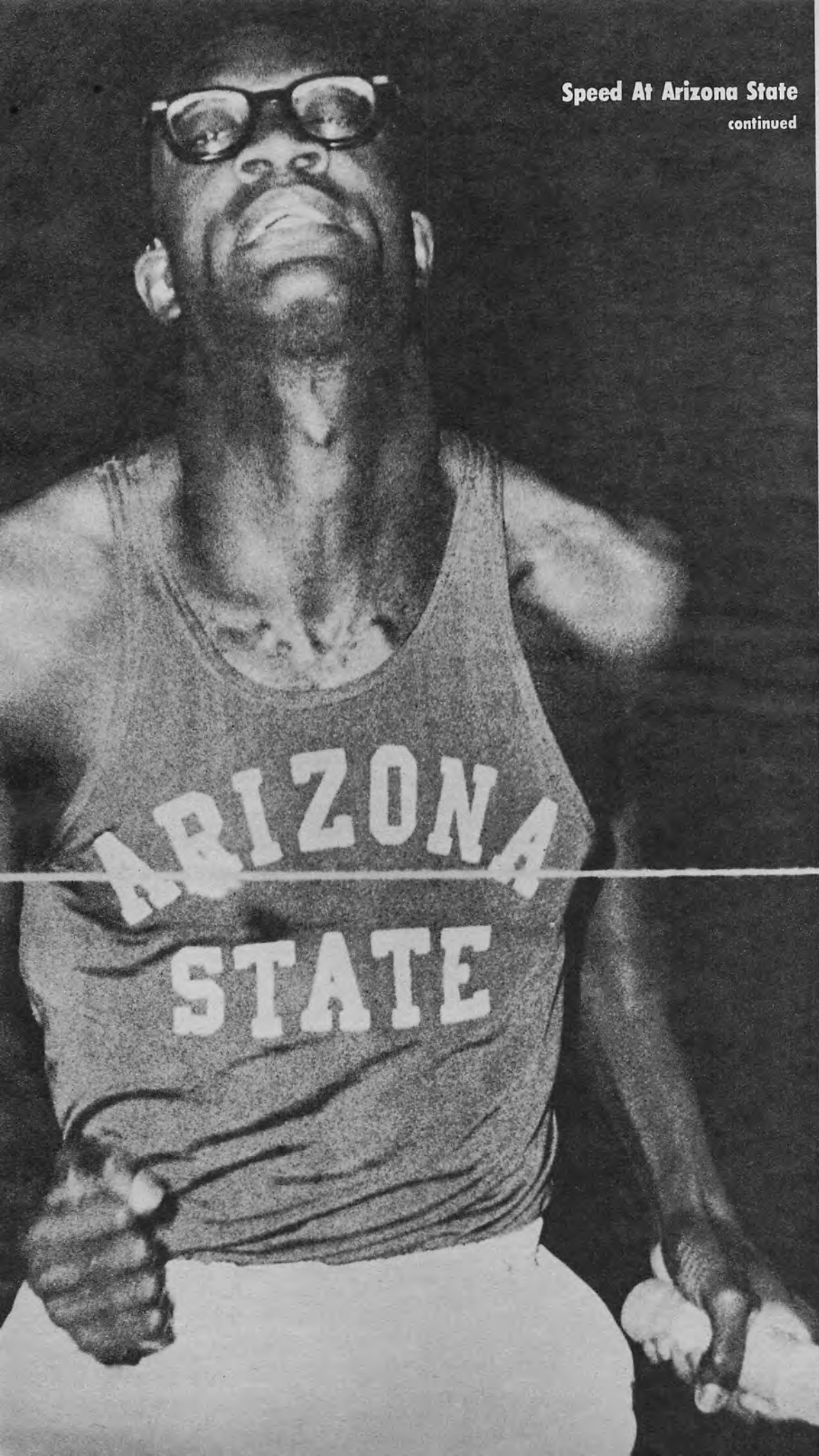


Though each man runs 440 yards in the mile relay, Henry Carr, *wearing glasses center above*, drops down to the 100- and 220-yard dashes in individual races. Carr set the world's record in the 220 last spring and his coach feels he's a world-record threat at the 100 and 440 distances as well. When people are critical of his takeoff, Henry answers: "Seems to me I get away from the blocks as fast as anyone else. Just because I'm big I guess I'm supposed to have a bad takeoff." In the relay at the Western Athletic Conference meet, *right*, lead-off man Carr hands the baton to Mike Barrick, who usually is lead-off man.



Speed At Arizona State

continued



Anchorman Ullis Williams, *left*, the best 440 man on the team, tends to loaf a bit when he has a lead. But he poured it on with a 45.8 timing in Arizona State's record race. He and Carr, *above*, have never run against each other in the 440 but may in Olympic trials.

SPORT

Though the broiling sun and clear air at Tempe may work miracles for persons suffering from asthma and tuberculosis, Castillo's record-setters didn't come there specifically for their health. They came, mostly, because of Castillo himself.

Ron Freeman, one of the two relay members who graduated in June, was widely sought by college coaches. "The rest of them, they wrote me letters and things," says Freeman. "Baldy, he came to see me in Los Angeles. I figured here was a man really interested in me. I was right."

Anchorman Ulis Williams, who received the baton from Freeman during the record run, is also from Los Angeles and was nationally known by the time he graduated from high school. He, too, was wooed by Castillo's charm.

Says the coach: "I lived with him for a long time. He came here I think because of the friendship I created with him."

Castillo is master of the psychological approach in both recruiting and getting the best from his athletes. Slowest member of the relay team was senior Mike Barrick. Castillo used him as the leadoff man, largely because Barrick possessed a most vital asset—unshakable confidence.

Since both Freeman and Barrick will be alumni by next season, that 50 percent loss would seem to ruin Arizona State's chances of lowering the record still further. Not so, however. Arizona State will have two sophomores—Tom Hester and Ben Hawkins—who will giant-step right in.

Biggest (6-3, 186 pounds) and best of the relay men is Henry Carr, who, like Williams, will be a junior. Carr is the only one of the record-makers who didn't come to Arizona State because of Castillo. An all-round athlete at Detroit's Northwestern High School, Carr was a scholastic All-America halfback and came to Tempe as much to play football as to develop his fine chances for making the '64 Olympic team. He has been able to handle both with ease. Last season he averaged nearly ten yards a carry. And he set a world record of 20.3 in the 220-yard dash (around one curve).

Carr seems destined for a career in pro football, but right now his thoughts, and dreams, center around track and world records. "It's real funny," he says. "As a kid I dreamed of such things. Now it's come true and it doesn't seem real. I wake up at night and realize what's happened and tell myself, 'Hey, old Henry Carr, how about that?'"



A willingness to sacrifice greater individual glory helped mold the foursome, at left, into an unbeatable team. Williams, Carr and Mike Barrick are in back row from left to right. In front is Freeman. When talking to Carr, it's best to address him with the name he signs on an autograph, above. "I've had a bundle of nicknames," he says. "I don't mind them but I don't like Hank, and that's what most people call me."



CINCINNATI'S SPIDER

By ROY McHUGH



Leo Cardenas, shortstop of the Reds, has thin arms, thin legs and the inevitable nickname, "Spider." But his skinny build doesn't seem to hamper his baseball skills. Spider, says the writer, has the sting of a tarantula

IN THE CLUBHOUSE of the Cincinnati Reds, Leo Cardenas (or, to use the unabridged Cuban version, Leonardo Alfonso Cardenas Lazaro) is known simply as Spider. To public-address announcers throughout the National League, he is Chico. A more suitable nickname which no one has yet thought of would be Harpo. For, with a Cuban-type Spanish accent, Cardenas resolutely says nothing.

His seven years in the United States—fat years of late in the wake of some lean ones—have equipped Leo Cardenas with a modest but functional English vocabulary. This he appears to regard as a nest egg, at least in his encounters with the press. He dispenses words grudgingly, and one at a time, like John D. Rockefeller, Sr., handing out dimes. Says Cincinnati outfielder Tommy Harper, Leo's closest friend on the club: "He doesn't like to be interviewed." And Leo himself explains why. "We support you guys," he informed the recipient of about \$1.90 worth of verbal small change a few weeks ago.

Leo is not basically churlish and ill-natured. He has a Latin-American verve that instantly pleases. But he is puzzled and mistrustful over the curious *Yanqui* appetite for all kinds of information about so-called public figures. The private life of a goldfish appeals to him not at all. Somebody must be out of perspective here, and you can't definitely say it is Leo.

It is possible to describe Leo as the third best shortstop in the National League. The National League managers believe so, at any rate. Their collective opinion, as expressed at the ballot box recently, is that Cardenas ranks behind Maury Wills of the Dodgers and Jose Pagan of the Giants but ahead of the other shortstops, including Dick Groat of the Cardinals and Roy McMillan of the Braves. Groat and McMillan were making their reputations when Cardenas was a butcher boy in the Cuban coastal town of Matanzas.

The managers' ratings, complete with footnotes, appeared in the July issue of *SPORT*. What the footnotes said about Cardenas was: "Unanimous selection as No. 3 shortstop in league with chance to become No. 1 or No. 2 this year." Upon reading those words, a Cincinnati pitcher smiled with amused skepticism. Groat, at the time, was hitting .335. Cardenas was hitting .249. But Fred Hutchinson, Cincinnati manager, has said that "all things considered" (meaning birthdays) he would not trade Cardenas for any of the shortstops rated above or below him, and coach Reggie Otero flatly proclaims that by this time next season Cardenas will be the best of them all. Cardenas is 24, and still learning.

In appearance, he resembles Ernie Banks of the Cubs, although Frank Robinson, Leo's teammate, says there is one difference—"about 30 home runs." The difference is in favor of Banks. There is also a second difference—about 30 pounds, likewise in favor of Banks. After a good, heavy meal of chicken and rice, Cuban style, with a big slice of *torta* for dessert, Cardenas might weigh as much as 154. It was through no brilliant stroke of imagination that the Cincinnati clubhouse wits started calling him "Spider." As a spokesman for them needlessly pointed out, Cardenas is all arms and legs.

They are thin arms and legs in the bargain, but Cardenas has the sting of a tarantula. At 17, in his first year of minor-league ball, Leo hit 23 home runs. Last year, with the Reds, he hit ten home runs plus 31 doubles. His batting average was .294. "He's a strong little guy," says Jerry Lynch, the strong, fairly big guy who was traded by Cincinnati to Pittsburgh this summer.

Only the air was thinner than Cardenas in Tucson, Arizona, where the Reds started him out. There, as Leo remembers it, he weighed 120 pounds. His memory on occasion is unreliable but his 23 home runs are in the record book. "Zoom!" Leo said by way of comment one day. With his right arm hinged at the elbow, he made a swooping, airplane-like motion as pilots often do. "Climate," he explained. "Air. Pitchers can't throw curve. Pitchers can't throw nothing."

Rapidly and laconically, Leo described his season in the sun, which was 1956. "Arizona-Mexico League. Hot. Ride in bus. Four hours, five hours, ten hours. Nogales, Mexicali, Yuma, Phoenix. Hot."

Hotter than Cuba? Si. Matanzas, on the Gulf (→ TO PAGE 91)





Solidly built at 6-2, 195 pounds, Bob needs no help in the shoulder padding department and thus selects McGregor-Doniger's natural shoulder wool flannel blazer in a new bottle-green shade, *right*. Contrasting boldly are the red-and-white striped Oxford button-down University Row shirt by Manhattan and Superba's Chaleen striped silk tie. In the Volkswagen convertible is Bob's friend, Rick Stanley. Rick's tartan wool shirt by Pendelton is worn over Van Heusen's V-Taper Dacron-cotton shirt. Rick's tapered trousers are tailored by Jaymar-Ruby.

Bob's style is flawless whether he's tagging out a runner at home plate, *below*, or dressed casually before a game, *left*. He wears a Robert Bruce natural color cardigan of blended lambs-wool and camel hair. Beneath the sweater is a Supima cotton sport shirt by Manhattan. The Haggag slacks are of worsted flannel. The saddle leather belt with side ring is by Hickok.

DRESSED FOR SPORT

BOB RODGERS

PHOTOS BY BURT OWEN



LIKE THE SUCCESSFUL YOUNG MEN in the clothing ads who are invited to the boss' house for a social visit, Los Angeles Angels know when they've "arrived." They get invitations to "act" in television dramas. Bo Belinsky led the parade from Chavez Ravine to the Hollywood lots, but his dismissal from the team in May left vacant the role as the Angels' matinee idol. Best candidate seemed to be catcher Bob Rodgers, who made his TV acting debut last December.

Right now, though, Bob is willing to take his careers one at a time and baseball, much to manager Bill Rigney's relief, comes first. Not that Rigney has ever had any fears that success would spoil his young catcher. He knows that Rodgers spent nearly six years in the minors, which is guarantee enough that Bob realizes the value of hard work.

Rodgers, in fact, seems to thrive on hard work. In 1962 he set an American League record for rookie catchers by catching in 150 of the 155 games he played. For his durability, his veteran-like handling of the Angel pitchers and his respectable .258 batting average and 61 RBI, Bob was second to the Yankees' Tom Tresh for the "Rookie of the Year" award.





BOB RODGERS continued



Bob's Alligator raincoat, *above*, features a fly front, raglan sleeves, flapped pockets and plaid lining. His hat is the "Mark 64" by Lee. Rick can lean on his elbows without worry when he wears Brookfield's wool herringbone sport coat with black suede elbow patches. Teaming with the jacket are the Van Heusen 417 striped snap-tab shirt, Superba's Dacron rep tie and permanent-crease wool flannel trousers by Haggar. *At left*, Rodgers wears the Weatherflight jacket by Robert Lewis over a Manhattan cotton tartan sport shirt. Rick's blazer-striped zip-front cardigan by Robert Bruce is a blend of wool and Kodel. His checked shirt is Van Heusen's V-Taper.

SPORT

"He has all the qualifications for greatness," says Angel general manager Fred Haney. "He's one of the finest young catchers I've seen—strong, aggressive, adaptable and quick to learn."

Haney's gloating over Rodgers is more than just a tribute to the 25-year-old catcher's potential. It is also a kind of between-the-lines praise for Rigney, who was responsible for acquiring Rodgers. After the 1960 season the Detroit Tigers were looking for a manager and Rigney was one of the candidates. Rigney didn't get the job but during the briefing sessions with the Tigers he noted the enthusiasm they had for Rodgers, then still in the minors. When Rigney was signed to manage the new Los Angeles Angels in 1961 he insisted the club draft Rodgers for the fixed \$75,000 price.

It was money well spent and the Angels' delight in having him is matched only by Rodgers' happiness in getting a chance to play regularly in the majors. And besides, television talent scouts are a little more plentiful in Los Angeles than in Detroit

At far right, a dugout visitor wears the "Weejun" moccasin by Bass and nubby-stitch stretch socks by Burlington. In center is the Bass semi-dress eyelet loafer and a Top Brass wool-nylon stretch sock. The brushed pigskin Hush Puppy by Wolverine and Supima cotton argyle sock is at left. Below, Rick checks out his Ansco Autoset camera while wearing a Van-Go tapered sport shirt. His traditional wool flannel trousers are by Haggard and the elastic hemp belt is a Hickok. Styled for comfort is Rodgers' Munsingwear Grand Slam shirt in Antron nylon. Wool shipcord slacks are Jaymar-Ruby's Sansabelt.



National Board Of Experts'

NFL

Predictions

■ Our exclusive poll of sportswriters from every NFL city says the Giants and Packers will again meet for the championship. Among the top performers selected are Y. A. Tittle, Jim Brown, Del Shofner, Bobby Mitchell, Sonny Randle and Roger Brown

TEAM FORECAST

EASTERN DIVISION

NEW YORK GIANTS
DALLAS COWBOYS
CLEVELAND BROWNS
PITTSBURGH STEELERS
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS
PHILADELPHIA EAGLES
WASHINGTON REDSKINS

WESTERN DIVISION

GREEN BAY PACKERS
DETROIT LIONS
CHICAGO BEARS
BALTIMORE COLTS
SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS
LOS ANGELES RAMS
MINNESOTA VIKINGS

PREDICTED TOP PLAYERS

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER

Y. A. TITTLE New York Giants

RUSHING LEADER

JIM BROWN Cleveland Browns

PASSING LEADER

Y. A. TITTLE New York Giants

PASS-CATCHING LEADER (Tie)

BOBBY MITCHELL	Washington Redskins
SONNY RANDLE	St. Louis Cardinals
DEL SHOFNER	New York Giants

OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

JIM PARKER Baltimore Colts

DEFENSIVE LINEMAN

ROGER BROWN Detroit Lions

DEFENSIVE BACK (Tie)

NIGHT TRAIN LANE	Detroit Lions
HERB ADDERLEY	Green Bay Packers

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THE GREEN BAY PACKERS, despite the loss of triple-threat halfback Paul Hornung, and the New York Giants, despite increasing age and the need of a running back, will again meet in the National Football League championship game this year. This is the overwhelming opinion of our panel of sportswriters representing every city in the league. Summarizing the majority opinion on these choices, Blackie Sherrod of the Dallas Times-Herald says, "You must stay with the Giants until somebody slips in their back door, or until Y.A. Tittle is run over by a butcher's wagon. The Packers' strong, smart line play, both offense and defense, is still enough to retain the title."

Although only one writer picked the Giants to win last season, New York received ten first- and four second-place votes this year. The voting for the Packers duplicated last year's: 12 first-place, two second-place. But there were surprises in the voting thereafter. On the basis of seven points for a first-place vote, six for second, five for third and so forth down to seventh, the Dallas Cowboys' 67 points placed them second in the East. Excepting New York, Dallas was the only Eastern team to receive more than two votes for second. They got six—and at least one vote for every other position from first to last.

Under the league's peculiar rating system, Bart Starr was the '62 "passing leader" although Y. A. Tittle, No. 14, was the better passer. Our experts pick Tittle as '63 passing leader and MVP.

Color by Martin Blumenthal





Jim Brown, No. 32, is regarded by many as pro football's greatest runner ever. According to our poll, he will regain the

"Dallas is no more than two years away from the Eastern championship," says Bob Oates of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*. "The Cowboys have the most sophisticated offense in the league, the best-designed play system, but Tom Landry's defense needs experience and depth." Bill Gleason of Chicago's *American* picks the Cowboys to win not only the divisional title but the championship as well "simply because it will be time for the Packers to lose." He adds, "Each year I am convinced that the Giants just can't do it again. Some year I will be correct. If that year should be '63, I'll be a genius in every bar in the land. Dallas is a long-shot pick but it is a sincere pick. The Cowboys ranked third in offense last year although they did not control the ball too well. If Landry can improve the defense—which is his business—the increase in opportunities will mean more chances for Don Perkins and Amos Marsh to run."

Cleveland was the only team other than New York to receive two first-place votes, but got votes in every position except last and finished third with 61 points. The majority opinion on the Browns seemed to be expressed by Chuck Heaton of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. "Blanton Collier will be in a rough spot and he knows it," says Heaton. "Not all the players were happy to see Paul Brown go and if the team doesn't start out well things might deteriorate. Departure of Jim Ray Smith and probable retirement of Mike McCormack make the offensive line a question mark."

58 Pittsburgh's 56 points placed it fourth, though the

ballots that came in after Big Daddy Lipscomb's death were lower and it undoubtedly would have finished below St. Louis (42 points) had all of our panel known the Steelers were to be without their best defensive player. Despite a surprising five third-place votes, Philadelphia was voted sixth (38 points), two points ahead of Washington. Most of the writers said the Redskins "couldn't be lucky two years in a row."

"Unlike the East, the Western Conference forms into plateaus of ability," says Bill Wallace of New York *Times*, "contending Detroit and Green Bay being at the top. Then comes the Baltimore-Chicago-San Francisco level and, way behind, Los Angeles and Minnesota. The East does not have teams as relatively weak as the Rams and Vikings." This summed up, generally, the group's voting. The Lions' 72 points made them a strong second. The Bears' 63 points placed them third, two points ahead of the Colts, 17 points ahead of the 49ers. Then came the Rams (36 points) and Vikings (19).

Detroit and Chicago each received a first-place vote, but both the Colts and the Bears received four second-place votes to the Lions' three. The eight writers who picked the Lions third seemed to agree with Bob Oates, who says, "I am among those who believe that Alex Karras was the best defensive player in the league and the most important man on the Detroit squad. The Lions have some defensive weaknesses that were minimized with Karras in there. Baltimore could be the most improved team in this division."

As to the individual performance categories, Y.A.



Vernon J. Biever

rushing title he lost last season. Roger Brown, the No. 76 crushing Bart Starr above, was voted best defensive lineman.

Tittle's four votes doubled those of his nearest competitors, Cleveland's Jim Brown, Green Bay's Jim Taylor and Baltimore's John Unitas. John David Crow of St. Louis, Don Perkins of Dallas, Joe Schmidt of Detroit and Bart Starr of Green Bay also received MVP votes. Starr's four votes as passing leader placed him second to the Giants' Tittle, who had six. Unitas with two and Philadelphia's Sonny Jurgenson and Detroit's Milt Plum also got votes here. One writer said it's almost impossible for anyone to "out-pass" Starr under the NFL rating system. Or as Doc Greene of the *Detroit News* commented on last year: "Starr led with 2438 yards and 12 touchdowns. Tittle was second with 3224 yards and 33 touchdowns. The league balances with interceptions and such. But it's a little weird."

"Jim Brown will return to his throne room with the calmed-down Cleveland operation," says Sherrod. The eight votes for Jim support him as rushing leader. Jim Taylor and Don Perkins each received three votes.

The writers picked Del Shofner, Tittle's chief receiver, as co-pass-catching leader with Washington's Bobby Mitchell and St. Louis' Sonny Randle.

The only other tie vote came in the best-defensive-back classification. Herb Adderley of the Packers and Dick "Night Train" Lane of the Lions received three votes apiece. "Night Train Lane is the only back in the league who consistently beats the offense two ways, killing pass-receivers and runners," according to Oates. An indication of how difficult it is to pick the best defensive back showed in the balloting. The only

other back to receive two votes was the Packers' Willie Wood, followed by teammates Jesse Whittenton and Hank Gremminger, Erich Barnes and Jim Patton of the Giants, Richie Petitbon of the Bears and Yale Lary of the Lions. That each of Green Bay's defensive backs got at least one vote is a tribute to the club's defensive line and linebackers as well as the individual backs.

Yet a Packer didn't win the best-defensive-lineman voting. Henry Jordan tied with Karras in last year's poll, but the Green Bay tackle received only two votes this year. Steeler Myron Pottios also got two votes, with Jim Katcavage and Sam Huff of the Giants and Gino Marchetti getting one each. Karras' tackle partner on the Lions, 300-pound Roger Brown, was the runaway winner here with seven votes. With Karras gone, Doc Greene didn't know whom to choose between Jordan and Brown, so he asked Karras, who said, "Jordan and Brown are maybe the only two good pass-rushers in the league. There aren't many." But Alex liked Brown better on running plays and Greene voted accordingly.

After his great Thanksgiving Day game against the Packers last year, Roger Brown met Baltimore's Jim Parker head-to-head and was considerably less effective, to be euphemistic. But there's no shame in not being able to overpower a veteran All-Pro like Parker, which is why he got seven votes as the best offensive lineman in our poll. Naturally the Packers were heard from here, too. Jerry Kramer got two votes, Ron Kramer, Fuzzy Thurston and Forest Gregg one each. Jim Ray Smith, now a Cowboy, also got a vote.



THE SOPHISTICATION OF SANDY KOUFAX

The Dodger star
refuses to let success
dazzle him. He
handles it in a fairly
unusual way, a way
that sometimes puzzles
his own teammates

BY BILL LIBBY

Color by Ozzie Sweet



From the Dodger Stadium stands, the pitcher, Sandy Koufax, seemed small, a single figure trapped by his destiny in a single spot on the diamond, marked by the attention of each person in the ballpark. Beyond the outfield walls, the lights of Los Angeles twinkled in varied interests. But, even there, a million or so radios carried word of every move Koufax made. Within the walls, Koufax pumped, and pitched, whipping his left arm forward with the entire weight of his body behind it.

Harvey Kuenn hit the ball on a line to Frank Howard in right field. Howard caught the ball, as the crowd cheered. The Dodgers led the Giants, 4-0, in the seventh inning, but there was more to this 1963 night game than that. Kuenn had been the 19th Giant to bat in the game and the 19th Giant Koufax had retired.

Koufax pitched to Felipe Alou. Alou got under a fast-ball and hit a long fly to left. Tommy Davis drifted back toward the stands and caught the ball, and the crowd cheered again.

Dick Calmus, a rookie, came off his seat on the Dodger bench to applaud. Coach Leo Durocher superstitiously ordered him back to his seat.

Willie Mays now. Sandy coiled, uncoiled, pitched. Mays smashed the ball on a line toward left. Jim Gilliam stepped toward third and intercepted the ball in its flight. The crowd cheered as Sandy, his head lowered, walked slowly off the mound.

He sat in the dugout, alone, wiping his face with a towel. No one spoke to him. But a youngster sitting behind the dugout yelled, "Hey, Sandy, you gonna pitch me a no-hitter?"

And Sandy smiled and said to himself, I hope to God so.

Durocher made a face.

Presently it was the ninth inning, the perfect game gone (Ed Bailey had walked in the eighth), the no-hitter still alive. The Dodgers had scored four runs in their last at-bat and led, 8-0. Sandy pitched to Joey Amalfitano, then Jose Pagan, got them both out. Willie McCovey pinch-hit for the pitcher and Sandy walked him.

Sandy considered the situation. The big men coming up, a four-run lead to protect, he'd be in trouble if anyone else got on. He turned around to look at the scoreboard. Eight runs, he corrected himself. Lost in concentration on his no-hitter, he had forgotten the four extra runs.

SANDY KOUFAX

Sandy pressed his lips together, hunched, and looked down at catcher John Roseboro. The tension was stifling. He felt as if he could not breathe, as if he wanted to shake. He stretched, glanced at McCovey, and pitched to Kuenn.

Kuenn bounced the ball slowly to the right of the mound. Sandy rushed over, grabbed the ball, threw it to Ron Fairly for the putout and followed the ball into Fairly's glove, jumping on the young first-baseman in his joy. The Dodgers swarmed over him in excitement as the fans stood, applauding and yelling.

Sandy was rushed into the dugout, out of reach of the crowd. He was brought in for post-game radio and television interviews, which were a letdown. He had to wait, bristling with excitement, while the announcer read a commercial message. Then he had to sit patiently through the interview, answering the questions with proper joy, restraint and modesty.

Finally, he was released, and he rushed to the dressing room. "Hiya tiger," he shouted to Don Drysdale, who grinned broadly at such unaccustomed emotion from his teammate. Drysdale replied with some profanity about players who stir up too much fuss, but rushed to Sandy as the room exploded around him. Almost immediately, however, newsmen pulled Sandy away from the backslaps and handshakes and flattering words, and Sandy had to face further interviews. Reluctantly, but politely, he responded to each question with careful consideration, saying all the right things:

"This has to be my greatest thrill . . . Johnny Roseboro called a brilliant game and kept encouraging me all the way . . . I'll never forget the ovation the wonderful Los Angeles fans gave me when I came to bat in the eighth. It was the greatest. They had been with me all the way. I'm very happy . . . very happy."

He was happier when they left, so he could return to his teammates, who, however, were mostly dressed by now, and beginning to leave the ballpark. Parties of various sizes and shapes were suggested to Sandy, who declined them with polite grins. He had a previous date—with an FM radio station he partially owns in Thousand Oaks in the San Fernando Valley. He had arranged an all-night charity fund-raising show for that night.

He showered, shaved and dressed. Already the excitement within him seemed to be subsiding. He moved out of the dressing room, rode the elevator up, squeezed past the excited fans who had waited long for him, signed a few autographs on the move, said a few smiling thank yous, and escaped to the darkened, quieting parking lot.

He got into his big car, turned out the Sunset Boulevard exit, turned onto the freeways, and drove to the station. He went on the air for a little while. When he'd done a sufficient stint, he left the station and drove home.

Sandy Koufax is, at his best, the greatest pitcher in baseball. "His fastball takes off like a jet fighter," says Dodger vice-president Fresco Thompson. "He shows just enough curves and changeups to keep the batters guessing. When he is working properly, the batters, trying to get their bats out front to outguess the fastball, are made to look stupid when he comes in with the curve."

He has pitched two no-hitters and two 18-strikeout games. Until he was stricken in 1962 with the circulatory ailment that caused him to be called the million-dollar or golden arm with the ten-cent or tin finger, he was on his way to as good a season as any pitcher has

had in 30 years. And although sidelined by a sore shoulder early this season, he again appeared on his way at least to the truly outstanding year that has long been expected of him.

With good luck and improved health, he may sustain his greatness over a full season, and then over many seasons, to move ahead of the best of his contemporaries, and possibly even within reach of the best of his predecessors. If he does, he will be self-satisfied only to a point, because he will be more squarely in the spotlight than he even is now. And of all the great athletes of our time, Koufax seems the most withdrawn from the public exposures it brings him.

Koufax is an intelligent and sophisticated 27-year-old, a model of many modern ballplayers. He is a public figure who makes \$30,000 a year and has entree to the upper levels of our society. He is travelled, poised and well financed. He is also tall, dark and handsome. He is 6-2 and 200 pounds. He has a full head of dark hair, heavy eyebrows over narrow, clear, brown eyes, and good features. He has a handsome face, but a brooding face, a mask which seems to conceal many secrets.

He is a young businessman who has made some careful investments, which he will not discuss. He owns part of the FM radio station, and also part of the Tropicana Motel on Sunset Strip. He endorses a few products, such as a boys' baseball game, and accepts an occasional and rewarding television part. He has cultivated varied interests. He goes to concerts and the theatre. He golfs at the good clubs, and in the good 80s, and eats at the best restaurants. Headwaiters know him, and he knows how to order. He is a regular visitor to Palm Springs and Las Vegas. He prefers to pay his own way so he can go his own way, avoiding the limelight.

He is unmarried and lives alone in a 12-room, two-bedroom, ranch-style hillside house he purchased three years ago in Studio City, near North Hollywood. The living room is done in contemporary style, the bedroom in modern, the kitchen in early American, the den in Oriental. His library has many books and a hi-fi setup with more than 300 records. He reads good books and listens to all music except jazz.

Koufax says he likes living alone, but his doing so in a big house mystifies many of his teammates. "He's a damned hermit. He wants to be alone," one of them says, with a mock Garbo accent. Although Sandy's doors are open to them, his teammates don't usually pass through them. Some of his teammates consider him a man apart.

"Why should Sandy get married?" a Dodger said recently. "Why should any big-league baseball player get married?"

"You did," a fellow said. "So did most of the rest."

"Sure," the Dodger said, grinning. "We all want to, sooner or later. Only with most of us, it's usually sooner."

"But not with Sandy?"

"Not with Sandy. He's not like the rest of us. He's different."

Frankly, big-league ballplayers have open invitations from more women than most can handle. Their self-control in such situations seems satisfactory. Sandy's self-control is super-satisfactory. To put it mildly different, Koufax, a more important ballplayer than most, handsomer than most, young and unmarried, has no trouble getting dates. It is said they line up for him. However, Sandy prefers to pick his own, and he has as good taste in this as he does in other matters.

"He is a wonderful escort," says one of his former dates. "He is a real gentleman. But he is a very hard guy to get to know. He does not tell you much about

himself. But, then, he does not ask you much about yourself. He does not let himself get to know you very well."

He dates discreetly and privately. He does not put his dates on display for his teammates, nor does he take them places to be seen, and he discourages photographers who would take fan-magazine type pictures. "Hell, he doesn't brag or nothing," one Dodger says. "He just won't discuss his dames around the clubhouse, like the rest of us do." Men among men, in service or on ballclubs, kiss and tell, indeed even tell of kisses where kisses have not been given, and their secrets are usually safe with each other, even among those outsiders who have clubhouse privileges. Sandy goes a step further, keeping his secrets to himself.

Last year Sandy was dating Linda Kennon, a beautiful 20-year-old secretary, who was already "Miss Los Angeles," and was in a contest for the title of "Miss Southern California." When she won the title, Sandy was on hand. She rushed into his arms, where they whispered affectionately to each other, until the press came between them.

Since then Sandy has avoided coming out into the open with other young ladies. The writers have left Sandy's romances in the dark, where Sandy would have them.

With the writers respecting his wishes for personal privacy, he has been able to keep a great deal to himself. "He is a real gentleman, a class guy," says one writer, who has been traveling with the club for years. "Most ballplayers recognize that we are just doing a job, a job that is tied in with theirs, and cooperate with us without a second thought. As long as you don't get personal, Sandy will go beyond that. He is one of the few ballplayers—Don Drysdale is another—who you can talk to when things are bad for them. Even when he's taken a beating, he grits his teeth and holds his head up, and answers your questions."

"He doesn't alibi and he doesn't put blame on others," another writer says. "I won't say he'll say a whole lot, he sure won't volunteer much, but he won't hide from you. Even when you can see he wishes he didn't have to talk to you, and he doesn't have to, he feels he should, so he does. Until you ask him about something outside the ballpark, that is. If he's in the right mood, he'll go along with it, maybe, up to a point, but only up to a point. Many times, he won't stand for it at all. Which is his privilege, I would think, and which I must respect, although it doesn't make it easy to write interestingly about him."

It is instructive to watch Sandy with various interviewers. With one he has known awhile, he will be pleasant and he will talk, about baseball, and a very little about himself. He will smile sparingly and even make a small joke sometimes. With one he does not know, he will be polite, but withdrawn. He will talk a very little about baseball, nothing about himself. He draws back as though struck when personal questions are thrown at him. Soon, he is sullenly disinterested, and answers with long silences, bored shrugs or meaningless I-don't-knows.

He will talk about his background. He was one of the least heralded "bonus babies" of all time. Born Sanford Koufax, December 30, 1935, in Brooklyn, he was raised in modestly comfortable circumstances in several neighborhoods around the Bensonhurst section. Smiling, he recalls his friends as a "varied group." A few were more interested in displaying their muscles in alleys than in ballparks. Sandy, himself, was more interested in basketball than in baseball, and admits becoming a

professional baseball player was the farthest thing from his mind.

He prepped at the Jewish Community House and on the playgrounds, where young New York schoolboys mix with college and pro players, and at Lafayette High School. He did very well. At 6-2, he was an exceptional leaper and a steady scorer, and he received a scholarship to the University of Cincinnati.

Sandy saw the Dodgers play at Ebbets Field about once or twice a year, usually only on group outings. Originally, he played sandlot baseball only to be with his friends, and didn't go out for his high-school team until he was a senior. He was a first-baseman for awhile, and it is rather unlikely he ever would have been turned pro in this category.

"I was as good a hitter then as I am now," Sandy says, smiling. "Only the pitching is better now."

He'd be an architect now (he studied the subject at Cincinnati and later at Columbia University) if his sandlot manager, Milt Laurie, of the Parkviews of the Coney Island League, had not been impressed with how hard Sandy threw, and suggested he try his luck as a pitcher. A Brooklyn sportswriter, Jimmy Murphy, told the Dodgers that there was a 15-year-old sandlotter named Koufax who threw as hard as any youngster he'd seen, and the Dodgers kept an eye on him from then on.

In the fall of 1953, Sandy averaged ten points a game for the Cincinnati basketball team. The next spring he turned out for freshman baseball and was overpowering. He struck out 51 batters in 32 innings, 34 in two consecutive games. During vacation that June, the Giants took him to a Polo Grounds tryout. He was tense and frightened, and a wild pitcher to begin with. He threw with all his might and came closer to the early arrivals in the box-seats than he did to his catcher. The Giants lost interest.

Other clubs remained interested. Being wild is not exactly a rare trait in a kid lefty, and this kid could throw unusually hard. The Dodgers, Braves and Pirates indicated they would go after him. Al Campanis, the Dodger scout, felt he should act fast. On December 22, 1954, he offered Sandy a \$14,000 bonus. Campanis also convinced Sandy's parents that a Brooklyn boy should play ball for Brooklyn.

As Campanis left the Koufax house, he met a Pittsburgh scout who was on his way inside, authorized by Branch Rickey to top the Dodger bid by \$5000. Within a day Milwaukee, unaware Sandy had signed with the Dodgers, indicated it was ready to go higher. A few years after the signing, the Brooklyn team moved to Los Angeles. Walter O'Malley did not consult either Campanis or the Koufax family. For various reasons, Campanis has admitted, "I've always felt guilty in the Koufax signing."

When Sandy's bonus acquisition was announced, there was a unanimous reaction among Brooklynites and New York sportswriters. "Who's he?" they wanted to know. Not long after he had reported to spring training at Vero Beach, there seemed good reason to wonder if anyone outside of his parents and friends would ever know.

Sandy was so nervous and tense, he couldn't throw for a week. Then he tried to throw so hard, got a sore arm and couldn't throw for another week. When he resumed, he was so wild, Dodger pitching coach Joe Becker recalls taking him to warm up in isolation behind the barracks so "he wouldn't be embarrassed."

When he came out of hiding, the other players went in. "Taking batting practice against him is like playing Russian roulette with five bullets," one Dodger said. "You don't give yourself much of a chance."

SANDY KOUFAX

Here was a youngster signed to a big-league bonus contract after having pitched no more than 15 or 16 games, perhaps 100 innings, in organized amateur competition, and who could not be farmed out to the minors because of prevailing bonus restrictions. He did not work often.

The club was patient but Sandy was not. The Dodgers were a good, pennant-contending team with solid pitching at the time. They could risk using the wild kid southpaw only infrequently, in one-sided games. In Becker's opinion, Sandy's development was seriously retarded. "He'd have been a top star twice as fast had he been able to pitch regularly in the minors, or with a weaker club in the majors," Becker says.

For his first six seasons in the big leagues, Koufax was on part-time employment. He averaged appearances in about two dozen games and decisions in about a dozen games each season, and usually had a mediocre earned-run average that once soared as high as 4.88. He struck out almost 700 batters, but he also walked almost 400. He threw a lot of wild pitches, including a league-leading 17 in 1958. He had to struggle to break even. He won 36 games and lost 36 games in this span.

He had his moments. In August of his rookie year, with the Dodgers breezing, the club gambled on some starts for him. In his second start, Sandy pitched a two-hit, 14-strikeout shutout over Cincinnati, which he regards as his first big thrill in baseball. He came back to shut out the Pirates. Each time he seemed to be straightening out, however, he would relapse into scatter-armed ineffectiveness and would be returned to the bench.

Sandy's inner smoldering erupted to the surface during this period. "I want to pitch and I'm not getting a chance," he complained to general manager Buzzie Bavasi one day.

"How can you pitch when you can't get the side out?" Bavasi said.

"Who the hell can get the side out sitting in the dugout?" Koufax said.

He spent six months in the army during the winter of 1957 and began to get somewhat greater opportunities when he returned, but he did not respond until 1959. In June, 1959, he struck out 16 Phillies. On August 21, he struck out 18 Giants, breaking by one the National League record set by Dizzy Dean in 1933, tying the major-league record set by Bob Feller in 1943.

That fall he started and lost a 1-0 game to Bob Shaw of the Chicago White Sox in the fifth game of the World Series. During the off-season, the Dodgers offered Duke Snider and Johnny Podres to the Yankees for Elston Howard, but when the Yankees asked for Koufax instead of Podres, the Dodgers refused. However, if the Yankees and Dodgers were still optimistic about his future, Sandy was not.

"From the time I broke in, I'd progress a little each year, but in 1960, the roof fell in," Sandy recalls. "I got pretty disgusted with myself. But I never thought of quitting. I was too young to quit. And, besides, I didn't know much else to do except play baseball."

Technical and spiritual imperfections were spoiling and smothering his raw talent. "He used to get upset. He'd rush," Becker says. "I told him, 'Nothing can start until you get damn good and ready to pitch. Whatever you do, don't rush.' I tried to get him to shorten his stride and to throw with an easy, natural rhythm. But he was overanxious."

He was "a silent temper case," says Bavasi. "He would get mad at himself and decide to overpower the hitter. His attitude was, 'Here it comes you dirty so and so, let's see you hit it.' Well, you can get away with that

stuff from time to time, but not for a season. You keep defying major-league hitters to hit you and they will."

"I used to try to throw each pitch harder than the previous one," Sandy recalls. "There was no need for it. I found out that if I take it easy and throw naturally, the ball goes just as fast . . . I found that my control improved and the strikeouts would take care of themselves."

He credits this discovery to the advice of Norm Sherry, then a Dodger catcher. It is a fact of human nature that sometimes a person will stubbornly ignore expert advice, but listen to the casual words of a friend. Sitting on a bus alongside roommate Sandy one spring day in 1961, Sherry said, "You know what I think, Sandy?"

And Sandy said, "No, what do you think, Norm?"

And Norm said, "Sandy, I think your troubles would be solved if you would just throw easier, throw more changeups, just try to get the ball over."

Koufax mulled the matter over in his mind. He tried it and it worked. He won six of his first seven starts. The Dodger brass tripped over one another in an effort to determine which of their number had finally gotten through to their sterling young prospect. "If there was any magic formula," Koufax says, "it was getting to pitch every fourth day."

In 1961, Sandy was used in 42 games, pitched more than 200 innings for the first time in his career (256), pitched 15 complete games, won 18 games, lost 13, and had a 3.52 ERA. With his new, easy, rhythmic delivery, he struck out 269 batters, surpassing by two Christy Mathewson's 58-year-old National League record. Last season, mostly before his injury, Sandy worked 184 innings, pitched 11 complete games, won 14 games, lost seven, had a 2.52 ERA, struck out 216 men and walked only 57. He won the league ERA title.

On April 24, 1962, against the Chicago Cubs, he struck out 18 batters, becoming the only man ever to pitch two 18-strikeout games. On June 30, he pitched his first no-hitter, beating the Mets, 5-0. He struck out 13 Mets and walked five. He was simply overpowering. "Either he throws the fastest ball I've ever seen, or I'm going blind," Richie Ashburn said.

Coach Solly Hemus took to needling Sandy about the no-hitter early, so Koufax never had a chance to lose track of it. As the game moved into the critical stages, Koufax threw everything hard. "I would have felt sick . . . I'd of shot myself . . . if someone had got a hit on an off-speed pitch," Sandy said later. "I guess a no-hitter is the dream, the ultimate ambition of every pitcher."

The closest thing to a hit was a hard grounder by Frank Thomas in the second inning. Shortstop Maury Wills ran into the hole to cut off the ball and throw out the batter. Wills also handled the final out, a twisting grounder. "I would have tripped that runner if I'd had to," Sandy said.

The injury, which sidelined Koufax from mid-July on, bothered him early in the year. Eventually it prevented him from throwing a curveball, but his fastball was enough for awhile. He had shut out the Giants and Mets in consecutive games when he finally had to give in to the injury.

At first, the tip of his left forefinger felt numb. Later it blistered. Sandy was bothered by it, but not deeply concerned. He thought the discomfort would pass and did not report it. Had he reported it earlier, treatment might have been more speedily effective. Had he reported it later, treatment might have been useless, and the finger might have had to be removed.

ANATOMY OF A NO-HITTER

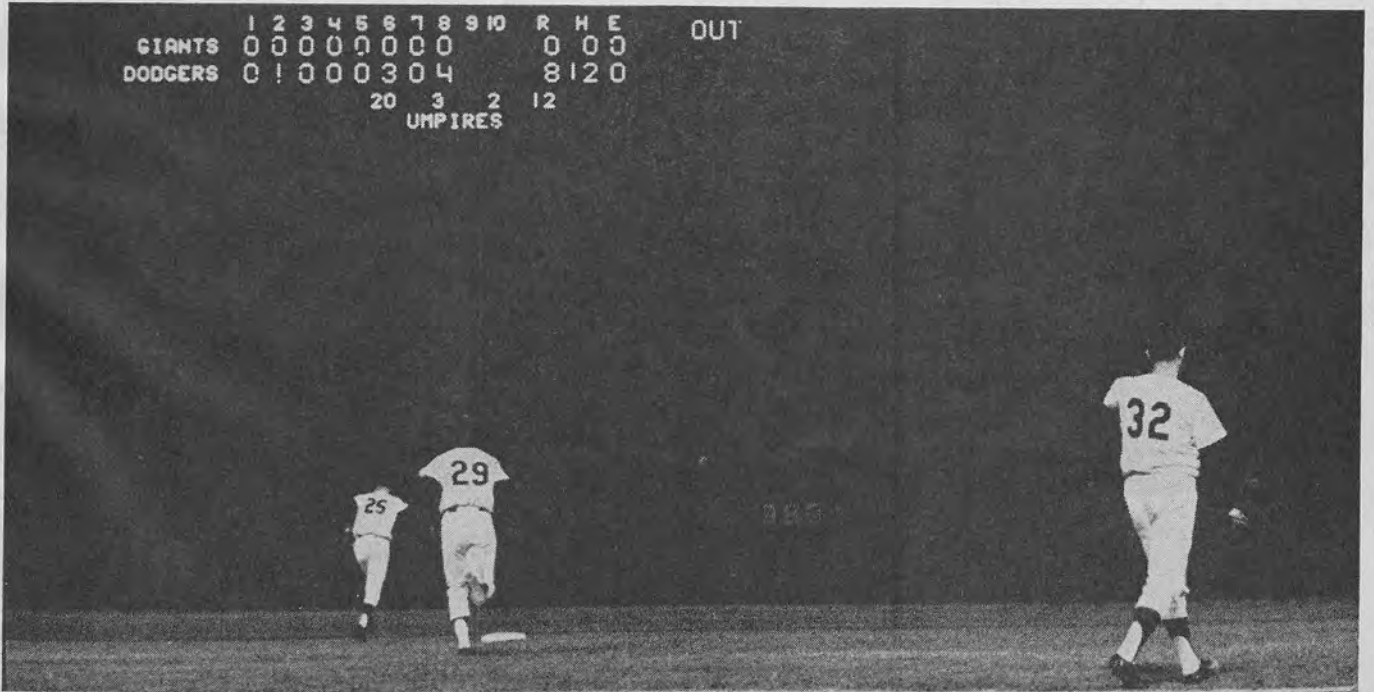


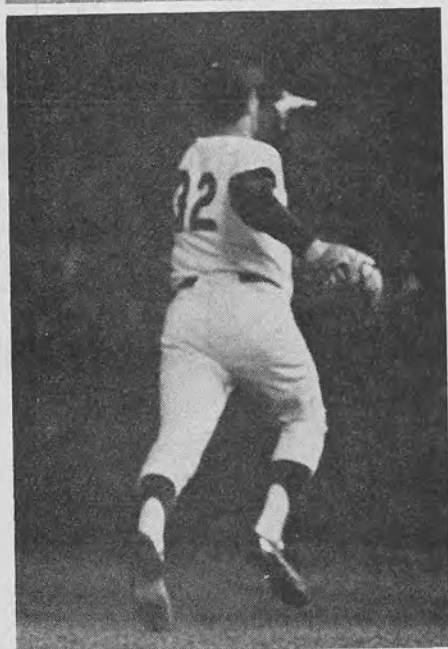
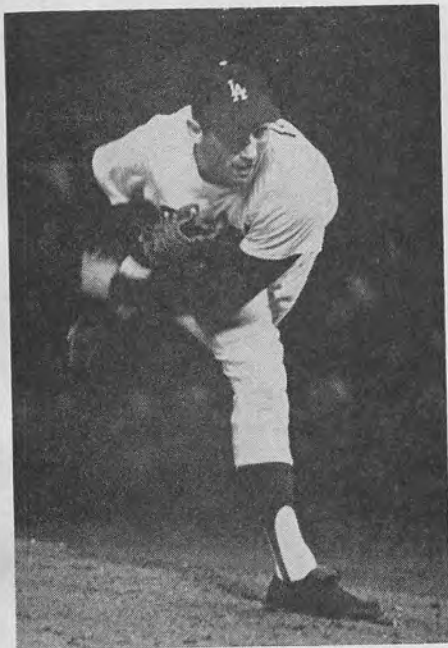
May 11, 1963, Koufax, *at left*, leaving the dugout to pitch against the San Francisco Giants. From the batter's viewpoint, *above*, the ball is a blur. There are some moments of tension for Sandy, *right*, and as he walks out ready to pitch the ninth inning the big scoreboard flashes the story of his no-hitter, *below*.



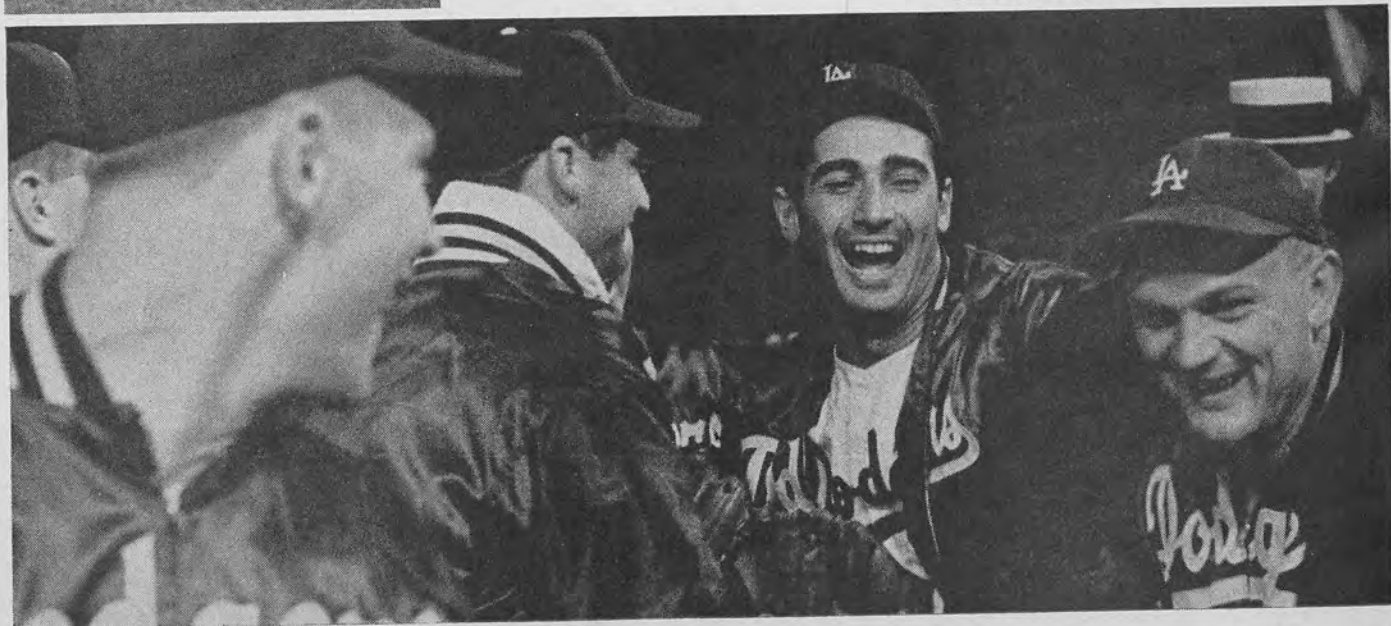
Photos by
David Sutton

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	R	H	E	OUT
GIANTS	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
DODGERS	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	4			8	12	0	
				20	3	2	12							
				UMPIRES										





Two out in the ninth. One man—Willie McCovey, who walked—on base. Harvey Kuenn at bat. Above, Koufax throws the last pitch of the game. Kuenn hits the ball back to the mound and Koufax fields it. Sandy throws it carefully to first-baseman Ron Fairly. Kuenn is out. The Los Angeles lefthander has the second no-hitter of his big-league career.



The finger was treated with expensive shots, drugs and ointments. The layers of dried skin peeled off the tip of the finger, which was left raw and sore. "I didn't mind when it was just numb," said Sandy, "but this is just intolerable. I can't touch anything. It's like I would be touching fire." He walked around with a glove on his left hand to keep his finger warm, while the Dodger pennant hopes went cold.

The origin of the ailment will forever be a mystery. It was the sort of thing which one might suffer catching a stinging throw barehanded. This might have happened to Sandy. Or he might merely have been squeezing the ball too hard when he pitched. He does remember getting hit on the left hand by a ball while batting.

Dr. Travis Winsor, a cardiovascular specialist, discovered that Sandy had usually large and thickly bunched muscles, and suggested that when Sandy drew his arm far back to pitch, these muscles temporarily blocked off the circulation of the blood to his hand. He suggested an operation on the shoulder. Sandy turned down the suggestion.

Some of Sandy's teammates do consider him "muscle bound," and he sometimes swings monkey-like from the dugout roof in an effort to loosen up before pitching. He has occasionally had shoulder and arm soreness which might be traced to this overmuscular development. In 1959 he had been taking injections for pains in his arms when he began to come back by working batting practice.

"How do you feel?" he was asked.

"Good."

"But you were grimacing every time you threw."

"That's nothing," Sandy said. "I usually cry."

There was real reason for tears in 1962. The ailment he suffered bears the quaintly impressive diagnosis of "The Reynaud Phenomenon," which will make a superb title for the mystery story yet to be written on how the Giants stole the pennant. Reynaud, a Frenchman who preferred soccer, discovered an arterial constriction or obstruction which limits the normal circulation.

In Sandy's case, the problem was centered in the fleshy part of his left palm between the knuckles and finger, and reduced passage of blood and oxygen to the forefinger by 85 percent, insufficient for 20-game winners. Four-Fingered Koufax proved considerably less adaptable than Three-Fingered Brown.

"I feel like Job," Sandy said. "I can't get mad at anybody except the Lord, and if I do that, I'm afraid things will get worse."

Sandy admits that he had no idea how serious the problem was until he was on his way to recovery and the crisis appeared to have passed, and thus had no great fear that his career might be endangered. "What the hell could I have done about it, anyway?" he shrugs.

Off-season predictions on the 1963 National League pennant race were hung up in conjecture over Sandy's ability to regain his best form. The finger seemed healthy in spring training, although Koufax suffered a blood blister and a torn fingernail which were worth 150 interviews each. Having schooled himself to meet the challenge of daily quizzes, Koufax, his career in architecture behind him, by now seemed ready to commence a career in medicine.

Sandy waited no later than the second day of the season to steady the shaking hands and thumping hearts of his Dodger superiors by five-hitting the Cubs, 2-1, and two starts later he two-hit the Cubs, 2-0, striking out 14. Although he was keeping secret a stiffness in his shoulder, Koufax announced to the waiting world that his arm "feels as good as ever."

"He's sound again," Becker said, as he and manager Walter Alston climbed up off bended knees.

Whereupon Koufax was promptly stricken once again. "I have a pain in my left shoulder that keeps getting worse," he announced, as hands began to shake, hearts began to thump and Becker and Alston resumed their by now familiar kneeling positions. The Dodgers didn't have pep rallies, they had prayer meetings.

This ailment was found to be in the posterior capsule of his left shoulder, where the upper arm bone fits into the shoulder blade. Sandy had apparently stretched or torn the membrane which covers the muscles there and he was laid up two weeks. He himself was not so sure it had been little more than an adhesion, which had finally torn loose, for he promptly began to feel better.

He returned with a five-hit, 11-1 victory over St. Louis, whereupon he was able to joke. "I guess I'm just getting old," he said, "falling apart piece by piece." The Dodgers laughed nervously.

Sandy's next start, on May 11, was the Dodger Stadium no-hitter against the Giants. After his first no-hitter, the sparkle had been spoiled a bit by criticism of his weak-hitting victims, the Mets. Koufax admits the criticisms gave him added incentive as he pitched his no-hitter against the Giants. "There's not a weak spot in their lineup," he pointed out, permitting a rare boast.

As it stands, only Warren Spahn among other active pitchers has thrown two no-hitters. Only Bob Feller, Cy Young and Larry Corcoran among all pitchers have ever thrown three no-hitters. Possibly no pitcher in baseball history has been harder to hit when he was right than Feller, and Koufax is showing signs of being that type of pitcher.

During his career, Koufax has averaged more than nine strikeouts a game, which is an all-time record pace. Closest to him has been Herb Score, who, in his brief big-league career, averaged more than eight strikeouts a game. Feller averaged less than seven.

The question with Koufax would seem to be: is he another Score, or another Feller? A fastball pitcher's career is often limited and easily destroyed by sore arms or other injuries, if not by the passage of years alone. Pitching can be an old man's game. Many, as Feller did, and as Warren Spahn has been doing, lose little to the years. The extra hop goes off the fastball, but the repertoire increases and the pitches are thrown at various speeds to set up the batters, keep them off balance and retire them effectively.

Will Koufax be able to make the adjustment when he is no longer young and his arm is no longer strong? "It is impossible to tell how Koufax or any pitcher will do," says Becker. "It's inside them, in their hearts and in their minds. You can't predict it. Up to now, Sandy has overpowered the hitters. He hasn't pitched to spots, developed many pitches or used slow stuff much. He hasn't had to be a student of pitching. It may be very hard for him. On the other hand, he is intelligent, he has overcome a lot of problems up to now, and he has matured. He may be able to change himself over when the time comes."

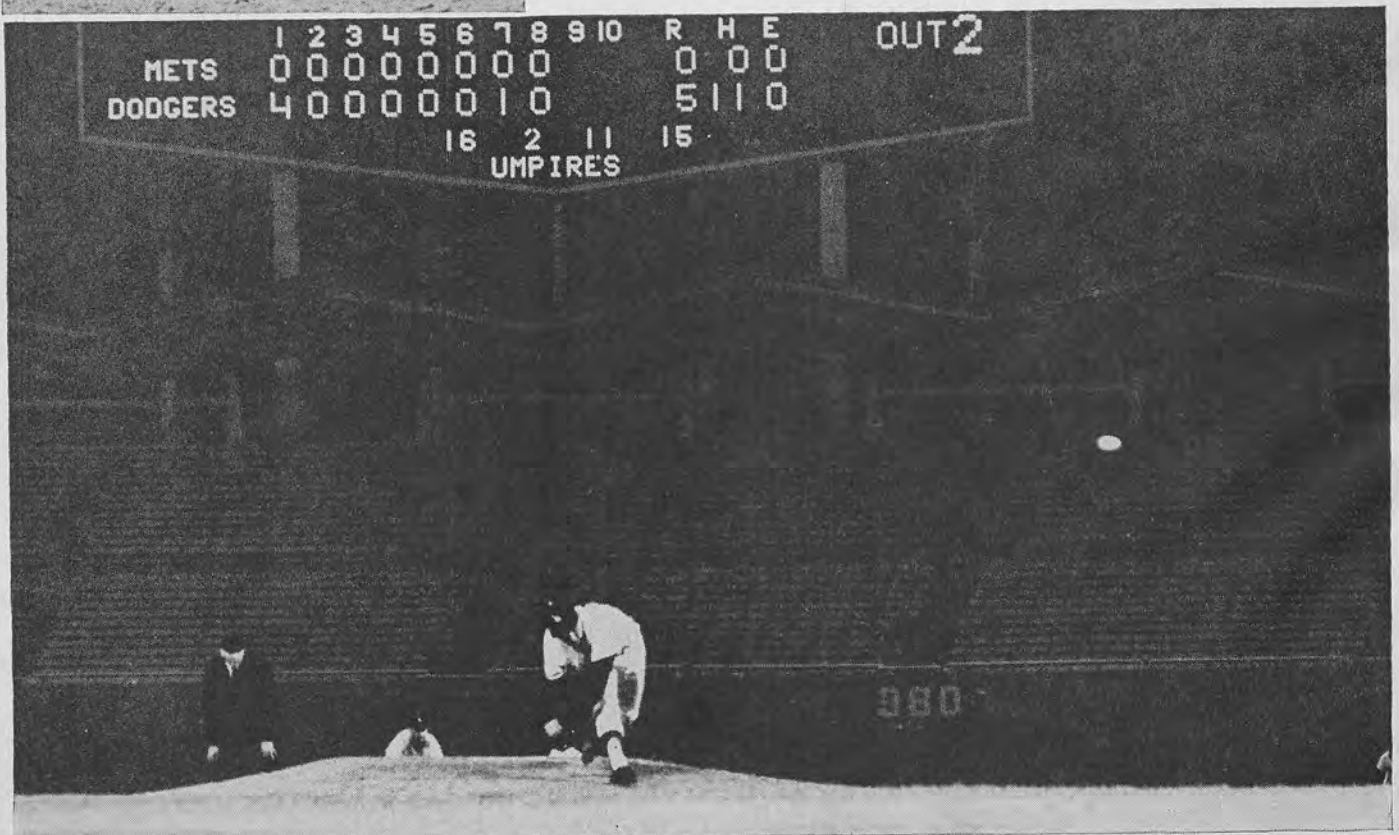
"I don't know if I can make the change," Sandy says, reasonably. "I do know that I'm not yet ready to try. Why should I, as long as I have my speed?"

The question may be one of dedication. "I'm not sure I want to stay in baseball all my life," Sandy says. "Maybe I'd like to coach, but I have no managerial ambitions. I might go into business. I'm not sure what line it would be, but it would be something I could run myself."

OTHER MEMORABLE MOMENTS



Above, Sandy celebrates in 1959 after striking out 18 Giants in nine innings, record-tying work. At left, he pitches against the Chicago Cubs in 1962, en route to his record second 18-strikeout game. Below, with the scoreboard behind him announcing the importance of the instant, he throws the final pitch of his '62 no-hitter against the New York Mets.



SANDY KOUFAX

Sandy does work hard at his present trade. "If it is his turn to pitch and it is an off-day, he will come out to the ballpark and work," manager Alston says. "Not every pitcher will do that. Oh, he's had the natural ability all along, but he had to work very hard to make something of it. He's done just that and it reflects a lot of credit on him."

Sandy Koufax, says Birdie Tebbetts, "is an example of a pitcher who has worked at his trade since the time he left college and came directly to pitch in the majors. He has worked, and now look at him—he's the best in baseball."

"He has got to be the best in the National League, if not in all baseball," says Bobby Bragan.

"When I first saw Koufax," Leo Durocher says, "I thought he was going to be another Rex Barney, a speedballer who never quite finds himself. But gradually Sandy has developed a better rhythm. He isn't as tight now as he used to be, and his control is greatly improved."

There are no measurements to determine if Sandy approaches Barney, much less Feller, in velocity. Stan Musial, perhaps today's leading veteran expert, says, "I'd say Sandy throws just as fast as anyone around today. Feller was clocked at 100 miles-per-hour. I'd say Sandy's fastball is about the same. I would put him right up there for speed with Feller, Barney, Ewell Blackwell, Johnny Vander Meer, and Bob Gibson of our club today."

Additionally, says Don Zimmer, "Koufax has the best lefthanded curveball I've ever seen. I'm a wild swinger. He's the only pitcher I know where when I expect the curveball, and I get the curveball, I still can't hit it. It's up so high, I hold back, and then it breaks down across the plate so blankety sharp and so blankety late, it's too late for me to swing at it."

Throwing hard, whether straight or crooked, Sandy regularly keeps the batters from hitting the ball well, if at all. In his own opinion, the 18-strikeout games represented more than the no-hitters. "You need luck to pitch a no-hitter," he has said. "The batters hit the ball and they must hit it to the right places, and you need the fielders behind you to make the outs. There is very little if any luck involved in strikeouts."

However, he seems disenchanted with strikeouts. "I'd rather get the batters out with one pitch," he says. "Wild-man Koufax tried to throw it by everyone. Older and wiser Koufax pitches the ball, anticipating it will be hit at someone. . . . Strikeouts are nice to have, particularly in a jam, and they're going to come to a pitcher who throws hard, but I wouldn't trade a 20-game season for all the strikeout records in the book."

On the night of a losing game, during which Sandy had passed the milestone of his 1000th strikeout, a reporter mentioned the fact to him. "So what?" Sandy snapped. "I lost, didn't I?"

He no longer loses very often, neither his temper, nor games. "It is an amazing thing to see him now," says Zimmer. "He used to fight himself, on the mound and off. He couldn't stand for anything to go wrong. He couldn't stand to give up a hit. He couldn't stand to have an error made behind him. He never complained, but you could see he couldn't stand it, you could actually see him fighting himself on the mound. He'd go a little bad and get a lot worse. Over the years, he's settled down. He has himself in check now. He's not a kid who expects everything to go right all the time. He accepts the ups and downs."

"He has incredible confidence," says Larry Sherry. "He should have, of course, he's that good, but it's more

than that. He just doesn't seem to have any doubts at all. He knows, he just plain *knows*, he's going to get them out. It's made a tremendous difference in him. When you mature as a player, you mature as a person. He has confidence in himself now, not only as a player, but also as a person."

Koufax has said, "When I get near the end of my career, I hope to have earned the respect of players and public that Gil Hodges commands. I like to pattern myself after him."

This he has tried to do. He has been in very little trouble in baseball. Years ago he and Larry Sherry returned to the Vero Beach barracks after curfew one spring-training morning. Manager Alston spotted them and the two young men ran. There ensued a slapstick chase, which ended with the pair huddled behind their locked door, while Alston pounded so hard on the door he broke his World Series ring.

Asked about the incident years later, Koufax shrugged it off. "I went to a movie and I had a pizza, and I'd like to know what else anyone could possibly do in Vero Beach?"

"It was nothing," Alston recently said. "They were kids. And nothing happened, anyway. Sandy's been 100 percent with me; absolutely no trouble at all."

In any event, Sandy has scheduled his movie-going and pizza parties more carefully ever since. They have been carefully locked behind that great and shadowed door, behind which Sandy Koufax lives his private and sophisticated life.

Sandy peers out from behind this door occasionally. He was lured by \$16,000 to be one of six Dodgers in an act Milton Berle put together for the Desert Inn in Las Vegas and the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach last winter.

"How is your finger?" Berle would ask him.

"Fine," Koufax would reply. "All I've got now is a little problem with my thumb." And he would hold up a hand on which he wore a huge plastic thumb.

But mostly Sandy Koufax stays in quiet and complex character. He is a mental person leading a physical life. He is intelligent and articulate, but shy and quiet, celebrated but withdrawn. He is polite to people, but often he cannot be at ease with them, and thus warm with them. If he does not welcome them, it is hard for him to pretend he does. He brushes off slights, at least openly. He is grateful for favors and fair treatment.

After his second no-hitter, Koufax got a call from Dodger vice-president Buzzie Bavasi. The club, Bavasi said, was going to give him something extra as a reward. "You don't owe me a thing," Sandy said. "You've been too good to me already." Later, Sandy elaborated. "They paid me for 1963 just like I had pitched great ball all season long last year," he said. "My contract never has reflected the fact that I was hurt from July on. I won't forget what the club has done for me."

Overall, says Koufax, baseball has been good to him. "It's been my life, a good life," he says. "I know that. I owe it a lot and I intend to pay it back. I'll be as good a pitcher as I can be. I'll be as straight as I can be."

"As for the rest, well, I'll go my own way. Whatever I do off the field, outside of baseball, after baseball, is my own business, so long as I don't cause any trouble. If I live alone, well, so what? If I like to do something, who has to know? Who cares? I'm no different than anyone else. I figure my life is my own to live as I want."

"Is that asking too much?"



LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

WE DID IT AGAIN

In your July issue you published a letter which corrected your statement about Bill Mazerowski coming up in the seventh game of the World Series and that he was not chewing his customary wad of tobacco.

To illustrate this you have Maz in the on-deck circle. This is wrong for Maz was the first man up in the ninth. North Irwin, Pa. Patrick O'Neill

FOR SALE: SPORT IN BUNCHES

I have been a collector of SPORT for many years now and I have accumulated a large amount of your magazines. At the present time I have to travel and have no place to keep them. I am going to sell my collection and will sell it to the highest bidder. I have practically a complete collection beginning in 1954 up to the present and I have a few issues older than that. Most of them are in excellent condition.

P. O. Box 419 Bob Reich
Fayetteville, Tenn.

SURPRISE REVOLT

After reading the Sport Talk item on Billy Cannon in July SPORT, it seems strange to me that there has been no mention of his "revolt" in the newspapers. I'm quite sure that anything of such a nature concerning Billy Cannon would certainly make the headlines.

I wouldn't doubt that Mr. Adams turned down \$100,000 for Cannon. An exceptionally fast man (twice ran 100 yards in :09.4 while at LSU), Cannon is indeed the finest all-round back in the American Football League and Adams would be a fool to let him go to another AFL or NFL team. Houston has won 33 games out of 44 (one tie) since the AFL started in 1960. Cannon has played in 40 of these and scored 37 touchdowns.

If Adams does put Cannon on the trading block, look for the St. Louis Cardinals of the NFL to make an attempt to grab him. But I don't think that Adams would give away his drawing card in the AFL to the NFL. New Orleans, La. Gerard E. Ruch

A CORRECTION, A SUGGESTION

Loath though I may be to point out an error in your fine magazine, I feel it my duty as a Detroit Red Wing fan to correct a glaring mistake in July Sport Talk. The Bruins' forward combination of Bucyk-Oliver-Williams is erroneously credited with being the highest scoring line in the NHL this past season. The truth is that Detroit's Production Line of Howe-Delvecchio-MacDonald copped goal-scoring and point-scoring honors last season by margins of 91-72 (goals) and 211-171 (total points) over the Boston line.

Otherwise the issue was fine and I especially enjoyed Norm Cash's story on Al Kaline and Rocky (Swingo-Misso-Or-Poppin'-Uppo) Colavito. Cash shows real ability as a storyteller and humorist which could come

in handy in view of his anemic batting average so far this season.

Maybe Rocky can write an article for a future issue of SPORT and possibly show similar brilliance in the Brosnanesque field. The title of the article, I humbly suggest, might possibly be "Me and My Bosom Buddy Cash: The Bards of the Inglorious Bench."

Detroit, Mich.

Matt Kokron

A LEMMON OF A PUN

Advice to the Philadelphia Phillies: Start Cookie Rojas at second and Bobby Wine at shortstop. When they become a great infield combination they can call their double plays "The Plays of Wine and Rojas."

Chicago, Ill.

Marc Weiss



HE DOESN'T MIND COLD SUPPERS

I have read countless articles with ideas to speed up baseball games. Each and every reporter chooses to be a "champion" of the American baseball fan. The crux of every article is identical—the fans prefer the game to be speeded up in order to get home early to a "hot supper." I beg to differ with the aforementioned champions.

I'm a baseball fan and have followed the game religiously since I first saw Babe Ruth at the Yankee Stadium. Presently, being at business during the week, my only opportunity to see a live ballgame is on a weekend. When I go out to the ballpark, believe me, I am in no hurry to go home to a "hot supper." I want to relax, watch my favorite players and root for my home team to win. I'll be out to the park early and drink in the batting and infield practice. I have absolutely no desire to watch the clock on the scoreboard wall.

If the game goes into extra innings, so much the better. If a smart pitcher wants to take extra time to study a batter, let him do so. What about the countless number of fans that buy tickets to ballgames in major-league cities? They wait in long lines to buy tickets in advance and I don't feel they do so to spend an hour and a half at the game. The cavalcade on the diamond is not a one-hour show for them. Their thoughts are on the game at hand and not on corned beef and cabbage on the table.

Look at what speeding up the game has done to pro basketball. With scores running around 120-130 and sometimes to 140 and more, the game is a lost cause.

Let's stop dreaming up ways to speed up baseball and instead let us do what we can to make the fan's day at the ballpark more enjoyable. Surfside, Fla. Leonard Rosenblum

ERASING "PENCILS"

Frank Robinson, as Myron Cope pointed out in June SPORT, is a fine ballplayer. However, I found the section concerning nicknames quite ridiculous. The nickname "Robby" is certainly as good as "Mick" Mantle. And as to comparing, nay, even mentioning Pencils Robinson in the same breath with the "Splendid Splinter" and "Stan The Man," Old Pencils is going to have to find a super pencil sharpener before even Myron Cope can justify this comparison. Columbus, Ohio Richard Darsky

JOE FAUST: TRAVELING SALESMAN

The story on Joe Faust in the June issue gave me quite a few chuckles. Are you sure that Mr. Faust is not a traveling track-shoe salesman? Or is he just an advertising agent for Greyhound Coach Lines? Hamilton, Ont., Canada Bob Corran

A CHARACTER REVISITED

Enjoyed reading Bill Liston's interview with Dick Stuart in June SPORT. I recall having seen Stuart play a few times during his great home-run season with Lincoln, and he was known throughout the league as one who didn't mind voicing more than an occasional opinion nor was he the shyest person I've seen. Therefore some of his statements in this article seemed so typical of Dick that I found great pleasure in reading it and re-acquainting myself with a character I had almost forgotten for not having seen him play for so long. Chicago, Ill. Theodore Gregory

ONE ERROR WE DIDN'T MAKE

It beats me how you guys can write a feature article on a National League "great" and spell his name incorrectly. In other words, you should have used "Lew" in lieu of "Lou" in the July article about Mr. Burdette. Gardena, Cal. Tony Skelly

Contrary to popular belief and misspelling, Mr. Burdette insists that his first name is indeed "Lou."

WANTED: A FAIR CHANCE

Each year thousands of boys go out for high-school athletics. Some are good, but many more are average, bad or terrible. This is something I never read about in any book on sports.

The coach is supposed to be an inspiring leader—a man to look up to and respect. But at my school you go out for basketball and you get two layups and the coach picks the team. In baseball they pick a team on two fly balls.

All a boy asks for is a fair chance. I know you will think I'm talking about myself, but I'm not. I am almost out of high school. I am talking for every boy who has not had the one fair chance.

Someday I hope to be a coach. Even if I have 350 out for any sport, I am going to give every one of them a fair chance. Madison, Tenn. Richard Griggs

THE BIG LEAGUES' IRON CURTAIN

(Continued from page 19)
meaningless clause—until it strikes home. Which it did, one astounding day, to Jim Brosnan.

Brosnan is a relief pitcher and author of some ability. He is a ghost-pitcher, in that most of the games he wins for his club appear under someone else's name, but his literary works are not ghosted. He writes his own stuff, and it's pretty good. It must be; it makes baseball people mad.

Too many things seem to upset the lords of baseball, or at least the majority of them. They love to see their names in print but want their names preceded by the adjective "great." In that, they are not unlike the players.

Accordingly, the men who run baseball have, through the years, set up a quasi-censorship. Some of it is written, as in paragraph 3 (c), and some of it is unwritten, but firmly ingrained.

Within the unwritten code is the taboo against discussing ballplayers' salaries. This is truly a strange one. Ballplayers seem reluctant to discuss their salaries, not only with newspapermen, but with other ballplayers. Major leaguers have been known to room with each other for a full season and more, without either knowing what the other is being paid.

Perhaps it is shame, or perhaps it is a feeling of being overpaid. Whatever the reason, it is a silence fostered by the front office.

Occasionally, a player does speak out. Tony Kubek, a man of no pretense, did. He was quoted this season as deploring the gag on salary discussions. Kubek felt, strongly and wisely, that the players, by submitting to the strange code, are playing into the hands of the ballclub; that if they were to discuss their salaries, at least among themselves, the general pay scale would rise.

He cited a pertinent case. He revealed that, for years, Bill Skowron, a regular, drew less pay than Andy Carey, a utility man. According to Kubek, the only reason for the disparity was Carey's ability to negotiate, and Skowron's inability.

It is Kubek's contention that Skowron would not have been so victimized if there had been an open discussion of salaries among players. It would seem that Kubek is correct.

Only in rare instances, when a ballclub feels the publicity will reflect well upon it, is a player's salary announced. Decades ago the signing of Babe Ruth at the then titanic salary of \$80,000, was made into a public ceremony. Like the opening of a bank. More recently, when Mickey Mantle signed his 1963 contract, the \$100,000 figure was given full exposure, complete with photostatic copies.

But when Joe Blow signs for \$7500 or \$10,000 or even much more, there is no announcement concerning the figure. And so, as a rule, the members of the press make educated guesses—and in many cases their education has been sadly neglected.

For the most part, guesses on players' salaries run high, probably because big numbers are more fascinating than small numbers. Occasionally, however, a newspaperman will undershoot the actual figure—and then he is likely to hear from an official of the ballclub, something like this:

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Doctors' tests prove Clearasil will work for you. In tests by Skin Specialists on more than 200 patients, 9 out of 10 cases of pimples cleared up or definitely improved while using Clearasil. Guaranteed to work for you or money back. Return package to address thereon. Try Clearasil today.

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Many skin specialists agree that men and boys often have a more difficult pimple problem. Your skin not only tends to be extra oily—but is tougher, too. When this extra oiliness clogs pores and causes pimples, your tougher skin can resist ordinary medication. That's why you need the three medical actions of Clearasil.

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CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so many of them 'float' out with normal washing. And it is skin-colored to end the embarrassment of pimples and blackheads instantly, while its medications are working to clear them up. Greaseless, stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

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3. Dries up pimples. Oil-absorbing action works to dry-up pimples fast... remove excess oil that can clog pores and cause pimples.

"You're a little low on Joe Blow's salary." (Condescending smile.) "Not that I mind, really, but I just thought you'd like to know, for the future."

Never has there been a known case of a ballclub official saying to a newsman: "Your salary guess on Joe Blow was a little too high."

You may feel that a player's salary is a private matter between the player and the ballclub. That is what the club official says—and why shouldn't he? It is, as Kubek pointed out, to the distinct advantage of the ballclub to fertilize that belief.

When Kubek said it, incidentally, he was informed politely that the Yankee management was displeased with his public expression of "poor taste." He had wandered out, if only momentarily, from behind the iron curtain for a breath of fresh air.

The hush-hush attitude regarding players' salaries long has galled me and other newsmen. Years ago, I mentioned it to Giant vice-president Chub Feeney, then a novice in the baseball business.

"If any club," I said, "would make public its complete payroll, it would get headlines all across the nation—big, favorable headlines."

"Would you print the figures if I gave them to you?" Feeney said.

"Sure."

"Okay, call me tomorrow at the office."

The next day, the call was placed. "I'm sorry," said Feeney. "I can't give it to you."

Well, he tried. He also discovered baseball's iron curtain.

By and large, the Yankees and Giants, though cited here, are two of baseball's more liberal teams. Baseball's applied secrecy is much stricter elsewhere, and rank does not bring immunity from the major-league iron

curtain. Paul Richards learned that.

Houston and New York had been granted franchises in the National League, and now there was the little matter of stocking the new clubs with ballplayers—at a goodly price, of course. The new clubs were promised the privilege of selecting personnel which would assure them a "representative" big-league team.

Richards took one look at the list of available players and screamed like a man having his pocket picked.

"It's a joke," said the general manager of the Houston Colt .45s. "How is a man supposed to compete in the big leagues with players like these?"

Richards not only said it; he said it in print.

The next day, he received a call from the National League office. "You're making us look bad," Richards was told. "Let us have no more such statements."

Shortly, the selection of players by the new franchises were made, and Richards was asked what he thought of his new roster.

"Had I known," he said, "that we would be able to pick a team of this quality, I never would have said what I did."

He said it without smiling; almost as though he were reading from a prepared statement—prepared by someone else. The iron curtain had slammed shut again.

Occasionally, attempts at censorship aim at the press. There is less of that, now that most newspapers pay the expenses of correspondents traveling with ballclubs. In the days when newspaper publishers accepted subsidy by the ballclub, it wasn't rare for a team official to exert pressure—and sometimes he got away with it.

There was the case of Larry MacPhail and a New York writer. Mac-

Phail, at the time, was front-office head of the Yankees. He had just stepped out of a colonel's uniform, but hadn't shed the inclination to give orders.

The particular newspaperman happened to write an article or two which MacPhail interpreted as derogatory to the team. Then, to compound matters, the newsman appeared on a radio program in another city, and repeated the criticism. MacPhail heard about it and grew increasingly angry. He finally phoned the sports editor of the paper, reminded the man who was paying the writers' expenses on the road, and demanded that another writer be assigned to the Yankees.

Most editors, subsidized or not, would have told Larry to go dunk his fuming head in brandy. This one, unfortunately, did not. He submitted. For the next two weeks the offensive newsman was "confined to quarters."

I recall a personal experience, similar, but with a happier ending. I was a rookie reporter assigned to the Giants when Mel Ott was their manager. I was much the same age as the ballplayers. The other newsmen with the club were twice my age; some more. On the road I hung around with the ballplayers. We had common interests, you might say; the newsmen and I did not.

One day, an official of the Giants phoned the New York *Daily News*.

"Your man Young," he said to my editor, Charley Hoerter. "He hangs around too much with the ballplayers. It's not a good situation. Can't you assign someone else to the club?"

The suggestion was made in the form of a request, not a demand, because the *News*, for years, was the only New York paper to pay its own way.

"I'm sorry," said Hoerter. "My man is there to cover the Giants, and if he hangs around with the players while doing it, so much the better."

The case was closed. The iron curtain had a small hole.

Of more recent vintage was the feud between Charley Finley and the Kansas City press, shortly after Finley took over the Athletics. Displeased by criticism, and unable to gain satisfaction from sports editor Ernie Mehl, Finley not only cut off baseball writer Joe McGuff from sources of news as best he could (announcements were made exclusively via radio), but also conducted his own smear campaign. Before a game, Finley paraded a wagon across the field, with cartoon characters on its sides depicting Mehl and McGuff as "Poison pens."

Peace has since come to Kansas City, for the time at least, and the iron curtain has been lifted.

There are other, more subtle means, by which some ballclubs attempt to influence the works of newspapermen. A strange new word has become prominent in the jargon of ballclub employees. The word is "Negative."

An angle that isn't strictly in accordance with the club's wishes is called a "negative story." An item which perhaps calls attention to a slumping ballplayer is called a "negative note."

All things negative are, of course, to be discouraged. The Mets went so far as to delete from its statistical sheet the long-recognized column known as "GADAPS." That is a phonetic version of "GDP," which stands for "grounded into double plays."

The "GADAP," someone on the

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"Whatever it is, it's the biggest one on record."

Mets has decided, is a negative statistic. It no longer appears on the mimeographed sheet in the press box. Neither does the league standing, for obvious reason.

Such petty suppressions serve only to alienate the newspaperman, to challenge him, and to make him go looking for "negatives." It is an unprofitable and unrealistic approach for a ballclub to take, especially a club like the Mets which, during its short life, has received ballyhoo on the sports pages unmatched in journalistic history.

Suppression of ballplayers' outside activities is another form of the iron curtain, although in many instances the control is justified.

Jimmy Piersall, when he was with the Cleveland Indians, lined up an off-season schedule as a referee of wrestling matches. After one show, Piersall received a call from the office of Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick. Cease and desist, he was ordered. The grounds: "Detrimental to baseball."

When you think of it, the commissioner may have been right.

More and more, however, clubs seem inclined to enforce paragraph 3 (c) of the uniform players' contract. Jim Brosnan, last spring, was deprived of a goodly chunk of side money when his boss Bill DeWitt demanded the right of censorship over a projected television show involving the relief pitcher.

It was the intent of NBC to do a documentary on Brosnan, depicting "the life of a ballplayer during a typical day of training." A lavalier microphone was to be hung around Jim's neck on the field, in his living quarters, etc. The deal seemed set.

Then, one morning, the show's producer, Gerry Green, received a call.

"Do you think this show will be good for baseball?" asked Bill DeWitt. "The club has to consider such things, because Brosnan may say something we don't like."

DeWitt also asked Green if Broz was being paid to do the show.

Green said he would rather the information came from Brosnan and that as far as the show's content was concerned, DeWitt simply would have to trust to the station's good taste.

DeWitt was not satisfied. "I'm afraid," he said to Green, "the Cincinnati club cannot let you do this show unless we have complete control over its content."

Green reminded DeWitt that even a show emanating from The White House does not have such restrictions imposed by President Kennedy.

"Well," said DeWitt, making one last effort, "you write me a letter assuring that there will be no derogatory remarks about baseball, and I might let you do it."

The show died right there. Baseball had lost highly valuable TV exposure on a segment of the Chet Huntley weekly series—and Brosnan had lost a healthy fee.

People suspected, obviously, that DeWitt did not possess the proper faith in Brosnan's attitude—a suspicion later confirmed by the sale of Broz to the White Sox. The objection to Brosnan's statements and writings seems to be that he is an iconoclast. He punches holes in the childhood fairy tale that big-league baseball is a wonderland, and that the men who walk in it are all shining knights who drink homogenized milk and will not use any four-letter word except "sire."



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Broz is, in other words, much too realistic for most lords of baseball.

Another outspoken ballplayer, Gene Woodling, suddenly found himself on the outside looking in. It was last spring, shortly after Woodling had reported to the Met camp. The veteran ballplayer was to be a player-coach. This creates a peculiar conflict of interests, especially for a man like Woodling, who was a member of the players' executive committee, and therefore dedicated to the proposition that players have rights. Woodling, as a coach, was a management man and, as a player, was a labor man. The management was paying him \$35,000. The labor assignment was a work of devotion, and paid \$0.00.

When the time came to choose between the two, when a series of small conflicts arose in the Met camp, Woodling spoke out against the practices of the ballclub. He sided with Marv Throneberry's right to hold out for more money. He criticized the camp's luncheon food. He complained he was not being given coaching duties.

Within one week, Gene Woodling was fired.

Judge Robert Cannon made a last-minute pitch for Woodling. Cannon is retained as legal counsel for the ballplayers. He is a brilliant man, and a perceptibly fair one. He is considered by many to be Joe Cronin's only competition for the job of commissioner upon the retirement of Ford Frick.

Cannon, while he plugs sincerely for the deserved rights of the players in their relationship with clubowners, is not dogmatic. Far from it. He seems

more inclined, in fact, to work for an improved public image of baseball. He lectures the players to be careful of what they say in public about the game. He warns them against critical statements against owners, managers and other players.

"Baseball," contends Judge Cannon, "is no different than any other organization or institution. A man working for a company should not be critical of it in a destructive way."

"No one is trying to shackle the self-expression of a ballplayer if he does it in a constructive way. But the fellow who constantly is embarrassing baseball hurts himself and the other players. He keeps fans away from the park, and in doing so reduces income all around."

Cannon advises ballplayers who have grievances of any sort to come to him. "That is the purpose of the Players' Association," he tells them. "That is where your problems will receive attention—not being spread out in public."

In the next breath, Cannon urges the players to be cooperative with the press and radio. "Public relations is a two-way street," he says. "Without the press, baseball can't prosper; can't survive."

If I understand the judge correctly, what he is telling the ballplayers is: "Say things, but say only nice things."

That is, clearly, the desired policy of the clubowners and is, undeniably, a form of self-imposed censorship.

And yet, ask Judge Cannon about baseball's iron curtain, and he will tell you: "There is no iron curtain as far as I know."

RUTH'S TEN GREATEST DAYS

(Continued from page 33)

against Walter Johnson, and beaten him. "There's only one way to beat Johnson," he had said. "Don't give up any runs and pray that your side can score one."

Now, in the World Series against the Brooklyn Robins, Boston led, one game to none. The second game was played at Braves Field in Boston—it had a larger seating capacity than the Red Sox Fenway Park—on October 9 before a sellout crowd of 41,000. Babe Ruth was pitching against Brooklyn's lefthander, Sherry Smith.

In the first inning, Boston outfielders Tilly Walker and Duffy Lewis collided going after a line drive hit by Hi Myers. The ball rolled all the way to the fence and Myers had an inside-the-park home run. The Red Sox got the run back in the third inning when shortstop Everett Scott punched a triple between Myers and Zack Wheat. Ruth then drove him home with a ground ball to George Cutshaw at second base.

Those two runs were the only ones allowed in the next ten innings.

It was beginning to get dark as the 13th inning began. Umpire Bill Klem looked at the lengthening shadows as the sun set behind the left-field bleachers, hesitated for a moment, and waved his arm for play to continue. Once more, for the 13th straight inning, Ruth turned back the Robins without a score.

Smith wasn't as lucky. First-baseman Doc Hoblitzel walked, and Duffy Lewis sacrificed him to second base. Mike McNally went in to run for Hoblitzel with third-baseman Larry Gardner, a .308 hitter, due up. But in one of those brainstorms that transforms an ordinary manager into a dugout genius, Carrigan called Gardner back and sent up right-handed Del Gainer, a seldom-used .253 hitter. Gainer hit the ball into left field, driving home the winning run.

Babe accepted the backslapping and congratulations with a big grin until Carrigan walked over to him. "I told you a year ago I could take care of

these National League bums," Babe snapped. "But you never gave me a chance."

September 9, 1918

World War I almost killed off baseball, but somehow it carried on despite Secretary of War Newton Baker's famous "Work or Fight" order. Expediency was the baseball rule of the day, and Babe Ruth—exempt as a married man and a member of the National Guard—was no exception. Where he had occasionally taken a turn in the outfield when he wasn't pitching (he hit .325 while winning 23 games in 1917), now he began to see more service as a hitter.

Ed Barrow, the new Red Sox manager, had been so impressed with Babe's hitting that he put him into the cleanup spot even when he was pitching. Babe had grumbled at the extra chore of playing first base or the outfield between starts, but hit a strong .300, his 11 home runs tying former teammate Tilly Walker for the league high. The Red Sox had won the pennant and though Ruth's pitching record had fallen to 13-7, his hitting had made up for it. When the World Series had started, the Boston offense, with most of the best hitters off to war, was strictly Babe Ruth and eight other guys.

But the Babe, despite his record, could still pitch superbly. In the World Series opener, he had allowed six hits, beating the Chicago Cubs, 1-0, and extending his string of scoreless innings in World Series play to 22—six short of the record set by Christy Mathewson. After the third game of the September World Series (the War Department had ordered the season closed by Labor Day), the Red Sox led, two games to one. Celebrating his team's third-game victory, Babe had thrown a playful punch at relief pitcher Walt Kinney and smashed his left fist against the steel wall of the railroad car. The middle finger on the left hand—Babe's throwing hand—had swelled. He insisted, however, on taking his pitching turn

for the fourth game on September 9.

They weren't using Novocain in 1918, so Ruth's finger throbbed with every pitch. He couldn't grip the ball properly to throw his best pitch, the curve. Still he pitched seven more shutout innings, and the Boston crowd let out a tremendous roar as he turned the Cubs back in the seventh for his 29th consecutive scoreless inning of World Series pitching. Mathewson's great record had fallen.

In the eighth, his aching finger sending agonizing stabs of pain through his big body, Ruth faltered. Bill Killefer drew a walk and pinch-hitter Claude Hendrix singled. A wild pitch moved both runners up, and one run scored on Charley Hollocher's ground ball and another on Les Mann's single. When Ruth walked the first two Cubs in the ninth, Barrow moved him to left field and brought in Joe Bush to pitch. Bush held the lead (Ruth had driven in two runs with a triple) and the Red Sox won, 3-2.

It was Babe's last appearance as a World Series pitcher, and although he went on to become the greatest home-run hitter in history, he never forgot the thrill of breaking Mathewson's record. Only a year before his death, he said, "I'm still prouder of my achievement in pitching 29 consecutive World Series scoreless innings than I am of my home-run records with the Yankees."

April 18, 1923

"The House That Ruth Built."

That's what sportswriter Fred Lieb called the huge new stadium, just across the Harlem River from the Yankees' old home at the Polo Grounds, and the name seemed far more appropriate than Yankee Stadium. For in just three years as a Yankee, Babe Ruth had made the home run the biggest drawing card in the game. His ability as a crowd-drawer had convinced the Yankees that they could afford to build their own ballpark, that Ruth would fill it with fans. The park was ready now as the 1923 season began.

Harry Frazee, the Broadway producer and Red Sox owner, whose name shall be forever a curse in Boston, had moved out from under a couple of bombed-out musicals by selling Ruth to the Yankees for \$100,000 and a \$350,000 loan.

Frazee had put up Fenway Park as security for the loan, and the day the deal was announced, on January 6, 1920, protesting Bostonians put "for sale" signs on Boston Common, the State House and the Public Library.

Playing at home in the old Polo Grounds for the Yankees, Ruth had astonished the baseball world by hitting 54 home runs in 1920 and 59 in 1921. (The previous season high had been 29, hit by Ruth in 1919.)

In 1922, however, Babe's batting average had dropped from .378 to .315 and his home-run output from 59 to 35. In the 1922 World Series, he had played particularly poorly. People said the Babe's flair for beer had conceivably ruined him as a ballplayer.

Could the Babe come back?

This was the big question on April 18 as 75,000 New Yorkers jammed their way into the triple-decked stadium built to hold 65,000. Among them were hundreds of celebrities eager to be on hand for the first game ever played in Yankee Stadium.

Ruth weighed 209 pounds, the lightest he would ever weigh as a Yankee. His bulging chest and shoulders ta-



pered down to a flat stomach and pipestem legs. Still, some skeptics thought he hadn't gotten into shape through discipline. "He had the flu last winter," said one newspaperman. "He's lost a lot of weight, but I'm afraid he's lost a lot of strength too. He's not a kid any more."

Mayor Hylan threw out the first ball and the game got under way, with Bob Shawkey of the Yankees pitching against Boston's Howard Ehmke. But all attention was focused on Ruth.

He did nothing in his first time at bat. In the third inning, with Whitey Witt and Joe Dugan on base, he came up again. Ehmke worked on him carefully, and the count went to two balls and two strikes. Then Ehmke threw a slow ball, aiming for the corner and knowing he didn't have to make the pitch too good.

For an instant, the Babe's 54-ounce bat froze, then moved in a blur and exploded against the baseball. The ball arched high over the Stadium and then dropped like a howitzer shot into the right-field bleachers for a three-run, game-winning homer—Yankee Stadium's first home run.

October 6, 1926

There it had been, buried under the avalanche of news from Dayton, Tennessee, where a schoolteacher named Scopes was on trial for trying to tell children that men were descended from apes. It had been on the sports pages, a quote from Babe Ruth in spring-training camp: "The Yanks will take the pennant this year."

It had seemed like an overly optimistic statement. The Yankees hadn't won the pennant in 1924, after three straight; they had flopped to seventh place in 1925. Yankee manager Miller Huggins was angry at Ruth ("I have the best player in the league," Huggins had said, "and his name is Bob Meusel.") and Ruth was angry at Huggins.

But the optimism had proved accurate. The Yankees had won the 1926 pennant and now they were in the World Series against the St. Louis Cardinals. It was the fourth game, at Sportsman's Park in St. Louis, October 2. The Cards had a 2-1 Series lead and had 20-game winner Flint Rhem pitching against Waite Hoyt. In the first inning, Babe leaned into the first pitch to him and sent it 430 feet, over a 20-foot wall in center field and into Grand Avenue. In the third inning, with the score tied, 1-1, he hit a ball into the right-field stands.

In the fifth inning, when the Yankees scored four runs, relief pitcher Art Reinhart walked Ruth, but in the sixth he came up against Herman Bell with two men on base, worked the count to three-and-two, and hit a fastball 450 feet toward the bleachers in dead center field. The ball flew over the wall and landed in the street—the longest ball ever hit in the park.

Three home runs in a World Series game. A record that still stands.

September 30, 1927

The greatest baseball team in history, the 1927 New York Yankees. An awesome pitching staff: Herb Pennock, Waite Hoyt, Dutch Ruether, Bob Shawkey, George Pipgras, Urban Shocker, and Wilcey Moore. But, mostly, a hitting team. "Murderers Row:" Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and Bob Meusel hitting in order.

Home runs had been the highlight of the season now moving into its final day. By July 4, Ruth had hit 26 and



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Gehrig had hit 28. On August 1 Ruth had hit 34, Gehrig, 35. The American League pennant race had been conceded to the Yankees by then and the Ruth-Gehrig duel had become the biggest thing on the sports pages, even crowding out the buildup for the second Dempsey-Tunney fight.

Gehrig had fallen behind, 43-40, by September 1, but the Babe had only begun to belt home runs: one on September 2, five more in two days, No. 50 on September 11. He had needed ten then to break the single-season record of 59, which he had set.

Going into the final three games left, Babe had needed three home runs for 60 and now, on September 30, the final day, he needed one. He faced Washington's veteran pitcher Tom Zachary, and in the first inning, he walked. The second time up, he singled. The third time up, he singled. In his last time at bat, Babe found a pitch he could hit. It wasn't a good one. Braced for a fastball, he got a curve that broke inside and low. Babe dropped his wrists and literally golfed it into the right-field bleachers. Sixty home runs in a season!

The Yankees beat the Pittsburgh Pirates in four straight World Series games, and Gehrig won the Most Valuable Player Trophy, but author John Kieran, then a sportswriter, expressed the opinion of the American baseball fan when he wrote three stanzas of heroic verse in honor of the Babe, concluding with:

*"My voice may be loud above the crowd,
And my words just a bit uncouth,
But I'll stand and shout till the last man's out:*

There was never a guy like Ruth!"

October 1, 1932

It was this kind of World Series: Babe Ruth, seeing his ex-teammate Mark Koenig in a Chicago Cubs uniform, had bellowed, "Hey, Mark, who are those cheapskates with you?" Joe McCarthy, fired by the Cubs after the 1930 season, and now managing the Yankees, had admitted he held a grudge and wanted to settle it by sweeping the World Series. Other Yankees had been riding the Cubs, for voting Koenig, a key to the Chicago pennant although playing only half a season with them, only a half-share of World Series money.

The Yankees had backed up the barbs with base hits. They had won the first two games, 12-6 and 5-2 in Yankee Stadium. The teams had just come to Chicago, where fans, furious at the way the Yankees were abusing their favorites, vocally and physically, had greeted the Yankees at the train station by throwing over-ripe vegetables at them. A crowd of Chicago fans had later surrounded Ruth and his wife, spitting at the Babe and shouting profanely at him.

Now it was game No. 3, the first in Chicago, and a crowd of 49,986 packed Wrigley Field and amused itself by tossing garbage at the Yankees. George Pipgras pitched for New York against the Cubs' Charley Root. In the first inning, Babe came up with Earl Combs and Joe Sewell on base and hit a home run off Root that put the Yankees ahead, 3-0. But the Cubs came back and tied the score at four in the fourth inning. The key hit was Billy Jurges' double, a line drive



Great Moments in Sport

by Howard Cosell

ABC-Radio Sports Commentator

NO HITS, NO VICTORY

WHEN A YOUNG SPORTS FAN SCANS an early-season 1917 roster of the Cincinnati Reds and Chicago Cubs, certain names are likely to strike his curiosity. Names like Jim Thorpe, Greasy Neale, Fred Merkle, Christy Mathewson. They accomplished less than several other members of the two clubs, yet those are the names that stand out even after nearly a half-century. Ironically, they are remembered because they earned their fame—in Merkle's case, notoriety—on other days and in other ways.

Thorpe had already become a legend long before 1917 for his football and track exploits; baseball, clearly, was not his sport. He retired from the game in 1919 with a .252 batting average. Neale, too, was happier in football, particularly when he coached the Philadelphia Eagles to world championships in 1948 and '49. Merkle played 20 years in the National League and never hit .300. He could have hit .400 every season and he would still be remembered for the base he never touched in 1908. Only Mathewson would be thoroughly successful in baseball, yet in 1917 he was a manager, not a pitcher. That was his first season as manager and the Reds finished fourth. His managerial career ended abruptly the next year.

As fate so often dictates, two of the biggest stars on the '17 Reds and Cubs remain only faintly familiar—if that—to today's fans. Yet Fred Toney of the Reds and Jim "Hippo" Vaughn of the Cubs, opposing pitchers on May 2, 1917, were the protagonists in the best-pitched game in history.

A modest crowd of 3500 filed into Weeghman Park in Chicago as Toney and Vaughn warmed up. The season was less than a month old, but judging from the tense and unsmiling way the players went through their exercises, you would have thought it was the last game of the season with a pennant at stake. Actually, this was the tenor of the times. There was none of the fraternization that characterizes pre-game activities today. Vaughn had come up with the Yankees in 1908 and learned the game from no-nonsense fellows like Willie Keeler and Jack Chesbro. "Why, if anyone on the other team ever spoke pleasantly to me," Vaughn said years later, "I thought he was conning me. I didn't want 'em to speak to me at all."

The feeling was mutual with the Reds. They had little love for the left-handed Vaughn, mainly because they had little luck against him. They particularly wanted this game, and so Mathewson stacked his entire lineup with righthanded batters, even benching Edd Roush, who would finish the '17 season with a .341 average.

After retiring the first two men in the game, Vaughn faced Greasy Neale. The centerfielder tapped the ball into the air. It appeared to be an easy out to the second baseman, but at the last second Cy Williams charged in from center to make the catch. At the time, it still seemed like a routine out, but as the game wore on, Neale's popup took on new significance: It was the bottom of the eighth and Neale had hit the only ball out of the Cub infield. Even more important, the Reds didn't have a hit. And even more important than that, neither did the Cubs. The fans had to sit through only one more inning to see major-league baseball's first double no-hit game.

Vaughn got past his first two ninth-inning hitters. Then Toney, a big man with a powerful, stiff-armed swing, came to bat. Three times he swung. Three times he missed. Vaughn had his no-hitter, yet it would be useless to him unless his teammates got him a run. They didn't, and the game went into the tenth inning, a hitless, scoreless duel.

With one out, shortstop Larry Kopf singled cleanly to end the double magic. After Neale made the second out, crazy things happened. Hal Chase hit an easy fly to Williams in center. Williams dropped it. Kopf took third on the error and while Vaughn was working on Thorpe, Chase stole second.

Thorpe hit a swinging bunt toward third. Vaughn fielded the ball and, with no hope of getting the fast Thorpe at first, the pitcher threw easily to catcher Art Wilson. Inexplicably, Wilson froze. His arms hung at his sides and he simply stared at Vaughn. The ball bounced off his chest protector. Kopf streaked for home and scored. Meanwhile, Chase rounded third and headed for the plate, too. Vaughn yelled at his catcher: "Are you going to let him score, too?" Finally, Wilson snapped out of his trance and tagged out Chase. But the one run was all the Reds needed. Toney kept the Cubs hitless through the tenth and the game was over.

Later, his eyes red with tears, Wilson grabbed Vaughn's hand. "I just went out on you, Jim," he said. "I just went tight."

Tempers exploded in the Chicago locker room. Owner Charley Weeghman stood in the doorway, yelling, "You're all a bunch of unprintables!"

Caldest of all was Vaughn. "I just lost another ballgame, that's all," he said to his inconsolable catcher.

that eluded Ruth. With the crowd hooting happily, Babe got up after diving after the ball, tipped his cap and took a deep bow. When he came to bat a few minutes later, the crowd booed even louder.

Root's first pitch was a fastball across the plate. As the strike was called, Babe raised one finger in acknowledgement. Root's second pitch was another strike, and this time the Babe peacefully raised two fingers. Someone in the Cubs' dugout rolled a lemon toward him. Then in the famous, and still disputed, gesture Babe pointed toward center field.

Root sent the pitch in, aiming for the corner, but the Babe's bat flashed, propelled by every muscle in his 37-year-old body and the ball sped toward the exact spot in center field, landing in a ticket booth under the scoreboard, more than 400 feet away.

The Babe did a little jig as he headed toward first base. As he rounded the base, he looked back at the stunned and silent Cub bench and laughed out loud.

Gehrig followed with a home run and that clinched the game. The Yankees winning, 7-5.

In the Yankee dressing room, Babe Ruth strolled around naked, a big cigar sticking out of his mouth.

"I guess I showed 'em the old Babe can still hit 'em," he shouted.

A reporter came over and asked how Babe would have felt if he had missed the ball.

For a moment, Ruth looked confused and then roared with laughter. "I never thought of that," he said. "I'd have looked like an awful chump, wouldn't I?"

October 1, 1933

"How about letting me pitch the last game of the season, Skipper?"

Joe McCarthy looked at Babe Ruth, saw he wasn't kidding, and shrugged his shoulders. "Sure, if you really want to. But I'm not throwing the game away. If you can't do the job, out you go."

Babe Ruth happily went out to pitch batting practice. In 14 seasons with the Yankees, he had pitched only four games—the last one in 1930—and had won them all. But now it was 1933, he was 38 years old, and there was nothing left of his old fastball. He still had a fair curve and good control, thanks to his habit of pitching batting practice occasionally.

The year had been a bust as far as Babe and the Yankees were concerned. The Yankees had lost the pennant to the Washington Senators as Babe hit .301 with only 34 home runs and 103 runs-batted-in. He had been bothered by stomach trouble and a wrenched ankle much of the season.

But in the All-Star Game, the first ever played, Babe had stolen the show with a single and a home run to lead the American League to a 4-2 victory. Now he wanted to steal another show. The Giants had won the National League pennant, and were drawing the big crowds in New York. But in the final American League game in New York, a meaningless one between the Yankees and the Red Sox, 25,000 people came to Yankee Stadium to see Ruth pitch.

He warmed up on the sidelines, trading insults with the Boston hecklers. Babe survived a shaky first inning, giving up two singles but no runs, and in the bottom half of the inning the Yankees scored three. With a good lead, the Babe breezed through

the second, and gave up a single and a walk—but no runs—in the third. He continued to pitch a shutout through the fourth and fifth innings. He hit a home run in the bottom of the fifth to lead off another three-run Yankee inning.

The arm was aching now, but with a six-run lead and six months to recover, Babe refused to permit a relief pitcher. Trainer Doc Painter rubbed Ruth's arm down every inning.

In the sixth inning, Boston's Rick Ferrell singled, Joe Judge walked, and then four straight singles rattled off the Red Sox bats as four runs scored. Still the Babe hung on.

Boston got three more singles in the eighth for another run, but Babe grimly measured every pitch in the ninth inning to finish without another score. The crowd cheered the last out as loudly as they might have a no-hitter.

It wasn't much of a game, by usual pitching standards. Babe had allowed 12 hits and five earned runs, had walked three men and struck out none. Most of the Red Sox outs were on fly balls to the outfield.

"When are you going to pitch again?" a reporter asked him, as Babe eased his aching left arm into his shirt.

"Never," muttered the Babe. But he was smiling.

May 25, 1935

After 15 years as a Yankee, Babe Ruth was now with the Boston Braves. He had a triple role: player, assistant manager and vice-president. The Yankees had willingly surrendered their faded star at the age of 40 after offering him a token contract calling for payment of \$1 for the 1935 season. All seven other American League teams had swiftly provided the waivers that overnight made the Babe a National Leaguer.

The train ride to Boston had been like a triumphal procession, crowds gathering at every stop to see the Babe and welcome him back to the town where he had achieved his first fame. But the season hadn't been a triumph. Batting only .179 in mid-May, troubled with a persistent cold, playing on a losing team, the Babe had asked permission to quit, at least as a player. But the Braves' owner, Judge Emil Fuchs, had begged him to stay on a little longer, explaining that the team badly needed the extra revenue that his appearance assured. So Ruth was in the lineup on May 25, at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh, the Braves against the Pirates in a game of no significance.

There was a crowd, though, Pittsburgh fans eager to see the man who had wrecked their 1927 champions. Maybe the memories of that wonderful year of the 60 home runs performed some strange chemistry in the old, weary body. Or maybe it was the fine spring day. Or maybe Babe Ruth realized that this was the end of the long trail that had begun 21 years before in Baltimore, and decided to summon every bit of strength and skill remaining.

In his first time at bat, Babe pulled one into the right-field stands for a home run. The next time he hit the ball into the upper-right-field tier. In his third appearance, Pirate manager Pie Traynor ordered his infield to shift drastically to the right, leaving only his third-baseman on the left side. Babe hit a single through the hole at shortstop for his third hit.

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But Babe had another chance for a homer. And he made the most of it. He hit the ball high over the center-field fence, the longest ball ever hit in Pittsburgh. The crowd gasped and then stood—along with the players of both teams—to cheer every step as Babe Ruth, who would retire within a week, jogged around the bases for the 714th—and last—time.

June 13, 1948

The Babe was dying.

He knew it and those around him knew it, but there was nothing that could be done, so there was nothing that could be said. It had started as a hoarseness in his throat two years earlier, and he had entered a hospital on November 26, 1946, for what was described as a minor throat ailment. He remained there for 82 days as doctors tried surgery and X-ray treatments to head off the dreaded symptoms of cancer.

"When I get well," the Babe had said from his hospital bed, "I'm going to get back in baseball . . . I've got to get back."

Only a few months earlier, he had asked for—and been refused—the job of managing the Yankees' Newark farm club, the same job he had once rejected by telling Col. Jake Ruppert: "You run a brewery. Would I ask you to run a soda fountain?"

In the hospital Babe had pointed to the stacks of more than 30,000 letters that had poured in during his hospitalization. "The kids," he had said, "They write like I was still playing. Most of them never saw me play. It makes you think. Maybe I was made for baseball. . ."

Babe had left the hospital and he had been honored at Yankee Stadium on April 27, 1947, "Babe Ruth Day," by decree of Commissioner Happy Chandler, at every major-league park. Now, on June 13, 1948—the 25th anniversary of Yankee Stadium—he was making his last appearance there. He was thinner, and walked painfully. His voice was so hoarse it was difficult to catch his words as the sound system bounced them off the walls and stands. The familiar pin-stripes, with the big numeral 3 on the back, hung loosely on the shell of their former owner as he stood, cap in hand, to acknowledge the last full-throated roar. The squinty eyes moved from foul line to foul line, from the dugout to the roof, painting an indelible picture for his memory to retain in the short time remaining.

The cheers for him continued a long time. No one received such an ovation. There were stars and superstars there, but the Babe was, as always, the biggest. And, as always, he loved the adulation. It was his final living fling with fame and perhaps the one he appreciated most.

Eleven days later he was back in the hospital. On August 16, he was dead.

There were 75,000 people in and around New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral on a grey, rainy morning to say goodbye to the Babe. A lot of them followed the funeral procession as it passed by Yankee Stadium to the place in Westchester County, New York, where they would bury Babe Ruth.

The name of the place is Valhalla.



"THE WACKIEST RACE"

A sportswriter against a ballplayer, honor and humor at stake.

Instigated by Satchel Paige, the race started out as a joke but turned out to be one of the incidents that led to a tough old manager's downfall

THE RACE BETWEEN catcher Clint Courtney, of the old St. Louis Browns, and *United Press* sportswriter Milton Richman has become one of the legends of the baseball world—and most appropriately, too, since it was instigated by old Satchel Paige, already a living legend himself.

The race was run over the impossibly rough terrain of the little railroad station at Colton, California, the night the Browns broke training camp in 1952. It was run in almost total darkness by the two near-sighted bespectacled contestants, each in street clothes and street shoes.

The Browns' manager, Rogers Hornsby, was a quarter-of-a-mile up the tracks, waiting anxiously for the special train that was to take the team to Tucson, Arizona. (The Pittsburgh Pirates, who had also broken camp, were waiting to take the same train to Phoenix.) Hornsby knew nothing about the race until

it was over, and yet he managed to turn it into the first of a series of tyrannies that would cost him his job within three months.

Courtney, a tough, squat little man known affectionately among his fellow players as "Scrap Iron," had come from the New York Yankees over the winter in what had been announced as a straight player deal. The reporters covering the Browns knew quite well, however, that St. Louis had also turned over \$50,000 for Clint, the greatest sum they had ever paid for any player.

The 25-year-old rookie—a Louisiana farmboy—and the ancient Paige—an Alabama Negro—had developed a great admiration for each other. Their mutual admiration took the form of a continuous needling and heckling.

Each gave the other plenty of opportunity. Old Satch was famous for his outrageous tales about his superhuman feats of strength and intellect, and Courtney was never

in any great need of encouragement to admit he was the fastest catcher in the big leagues (which he undoubtedly was) and a better hitter than Yogi Berra (which he most assuredly was not).

During the unexpectedly long wait for the train, Satch began to entertain the assembled players and sportswriters with a hilarious dissertation on his speed of foot, hilarious in that Satchel—whose nickname was inspired by his huge, flat feet—had always been dreadfully slow.

"Why ah'm so fast," he said, at length, "that ah don't believe in wasting ammunition on rabbits. Ah just runs alongside of them until they drop from exhaustion."

Courtney, of course, arose in mock rage to denounce Paige for his pretensions and to advance his own legitimate claims as a speedster. Out of all the kidding, there soon developed a serious debate as to who had really been the fastest player

in camp during the training season.

Among the newspapermen listening in was Milt Richman's brother, Artie. "I believe," Artie said softly, "that my brother Milt could beat any of you over 100 yards."

"A sportswriter is going to beat me!" said Courtney, reaching for his wallet. "For how much?"

"For a hundred dollars," said Artie Richman, reaching for his wallet.

Paige plucked the money out of their hands. "Ah agitated this," he said, chuckling, "so ah gets to be the stake-holder." Before he put the money in his pocket, though, Paige, the Old Philosopher to the end, warned Courtney: "Ah once had what ah thought was a lemon tree in my backyard and one day I was so thirsting for lemonade that ah went out and shook that tree. And darned if I didn't get me a bushel basket of tomatoes."

Satch and most of the other Browns knew something Courtney did not. Milt Richman was then a 30-year-old sportswriter, but in his younger days he had been a Brown farmhand himself. He had, in fact, been considered the fastest man in the St. Louis chain, maybe even the fastest man in the minor leagues.

It would have been difficult to have found a worse place for a race. The only running space was along the bumpy gravel-and-cinder strip beside the railroad tracks. The only illumination was the faint light that struggled down from the depot windows. The race had caught everybody's imagination, though. The players of both teams lined up along the far edge of the gravel, together with the newspapermen and the railroad crew. Gene Bearden, the hero of the 1948 World Series who was finishing up his career with St. Louis, ran down to judge the finish. With him went the Pirates' home-run king, Ralph Kiner. The station master, asserting his own prerogatives, announced that he, as an experienced dispatcher, would help Paige get the runners off to a good start.

As Courtney and Richman were pulling off their jackets and rolling up their pants, preparatory to toeing the starting line, they were spotted by the Pittsburgh manager, the late Billy Meyer. Coming to the

not unnatural conclusion that they were stripping for a fist fight, Meyer came bursting through the door, screaming for someone to stop them.

At this point, Satchel Paige dropped a white handkerchief and the runners were off. But not for long. The "track" was so rough and rocky, and the runners so near-sighted, that they bumped each other off stride within the first ten yards and had to be called back and stationed farther apart. Meyer, happy to find it was only a race—and that none of his own players was involved—took his place with the rest of the spectators.

The second start was a good one. Courtney, quickest off the mark, was the early leader, but Richman caught him after about 40 yards and they raced on together head-to-head. Just as Richman seemed to inch ahead, Courtney hit a dip in the gravel. His shoes went out from under him and he pitched forward, in full stride, almost as if he were diving into a pool. Propelled by his momentum, he bounced and slid and scraped along the gravel for a full 25 to 30 yards, coming to a dead stop, finally, with the fingers of his outstretched hands resting precisely on the finish line.

Gene Bearden, crouching low over him, spread the palms of his hands across the sprawling body and shouted, "Safe." And then, in imitation of the more flamboyant umpires, he stuck his finger into Courtney's face and screamed, "Yes you are! Yes you are!"

Courtney lay there, glaring furiously at Bearden but unable to rise. His pants had been ripped to shreds. Most of the skin had been scraped off his knees and thighs, and hundreds of pieces of gravel and cinder had embedded themselves—like shrapnel—into the raw flesh.

Only when the others saw the blood oozing out of him did they come to realize the joke was over. The Browns' most expensive rookie of all time was hurt; perhaps very badly. A blanket was quickly thrown over him. Paige, declaring the race no contest, returned the money.

To make matters worse, the headlights of the train had finally come into sight, and Hornsby was hurrying back to the station. A couple

of players picked Courtney up and tried to carry him into trainer Bob Bauman's compartment before Hornsby arrived. They did not quite make it.

"What," said Hornsby, glaring at Courtney, "happened to you?"

"I ran a race," said Courtney.

"With who?"

"With Milt Richman."

"And you lost?" screamed Hornsby. "You lost a race to a sportswriter?"

When Hornsby was finally able to contain himself, he leveled a finger at his weak and bleeding catcher and told him, "I'll give you a choice. Either you catch tomorrow or it will cost you \$150."

"I'll catch," said Courtney.

Trainer Bauman was up with Clint all night, plucking the foreign matter out of him with a pair of tweezers. When he took the field against the Cleveland Indians the following afternoon, Courtney's knees and thighs were a solid mass of scabs and his legs were swathed in bandagings.

The scabs, of course, began to crack open from the moment he squatted down to give his first sign. As the game progressed his pants became completely soaked with blood. Still, Courtney did not complain. As he rested on the bench between innings he did not so much as send a glance toward Hornsby.

And although his hands were so badly cut and bruised he could barely hold the bat, Clint somehow got three consecutive bloop singles over the infield. In the seventh inning, while Clint was hobbling down to first base on his third hit, his battered legs finally gave out. He pulled a muscle in his thigh, and Hornsby had to send in a runner.

As Courtney was being helped off the field, almost all of his teammates stood up and applauded. Old Scrap Iron had turned his defeat and humiliation into a kind of glory.

Milt Richman, upon his return to New York, found a letter from the Browns' owner, Bill Veeck. It read: "Henceforth, let's you and I race, instead of you and my ballplayers. We'll hold it in Yankee Stadium and charge admission. If we can guarantee the same kind of a show, we ought to sell the joint out."

—ED LINN

WHAT THE BABE MEANS TO BASEBALL TODAY

(Continued from page 29)

When the sportswriters began questioning me about my chances of breaking Ruth's record, I was surprised. I thought they were kidding. I hadn't been thinking of Ruth or his record. I was simply satisfied to be having a good first year with the Yankees.

It was then that I began to realize how great Ruth must have been and what a tremendous hold he had on baseball. Many people spoke to me of Ruth and his record and they spoke of him in day-to-day detail, as if he had just quit. I kept insisting I wasn't interested in records, but merely in trying to help the Yankees win a pennant. This was the beginning of some of my difficulties with the gentlemen of the press.

When I showed no interest in Ruth's record, some writers thought I was trying to be smart. I wasn't. I just couldn't take all the questions and comparisons seriously, and it turned out that I was right. In the second half of the 1960 season, as I hit fewer and fewer home runs, all talk of Roger and the record evaporated. I thought then it was all over, that Ruth had faded out of my life forever . . . but little did I know what was to come a year later.

After the 1961 season I could never again say that I didn't know much about Babe Ruth or that he had no effect on my career. By the time the '61 season ended there was very little I didn't know of Ruth. His ghost had been with me day and night for the final seven weeks of that season.

My first indication of how zealously some people wanted Ruth's record guarded came in July after I had hit 35 homers. Commissioner Ford Frick ruled that if Ruth's record were to be broken, it would have to be broken within 154 games. If it were broken

after the 154th game (we played 162 that year for the first time), it would go into the books with an asterisk in front of it.

Speaking of the Babe's status in baseball, the commissioner said, "It is extremely difficult to pin-point what Babe Ruth means to baseball, because he means so many things. The setting of records was only part of it. If there was one thing that I had to choose it would be his outstanding relationship with the youth of our country. I suppose it could be classified as hero-worship, except that usually indicates a one-way street. The fondness that the kids had for the Babe was returned by the big fellow to them."

"This relationship, I think, was based on a mutual point of view regarding baseball itself. To both Babe Ruth and the kids it was a game . . . and it was fun. Neither ever forgot that."

Now I really found out about Babe Ruth. I learned how loyal his many, many fans remained to his memory. Babe's fans certainly supported the commissioner's stand. Most of the younger fans, though, opposed the commissioner and rooted for me to break the record.

Certainly Ruth had moved solidly into the picture, but actually it didn't add any pressure to me. I wasn't thinking about the record, therefore it all seemed a little ridiculous to me. It did stir up the fans, however, and I really began to get letters.

In August I still had a chance to break the record and the letters poured in. Now the ghost of Babe Ruth began to take a hand in my home-run hitting. Despite the number of years he had been retired, or had been dead, his fans were still alive and kicking . . . mostly kicking me.

I began to get letters ripping me because I was challenging Ruth's record. They were infuriated because a .260 hitter had the nerve to hit home runs often enough to threaten Ruth's record, which was actually less a record than it was a sacred image to these fans.

"How can a lousy hitter like you have the nerve to think you're a Babe Ruth?" That was the key to many of the letters I received. Naturally, I just threw the letters away but, as they kept coming, they began to bother me. They were so unfair and unreasonable.

As the critical letters continued to pour in, I became angry. I wanted to get back at the writers. I have never learned to take a punch without punching back. I wanted to hit out at these fanatical Ruth fans and the best way would be to break the record and shut the mouths of the people who kept yelling "You're a lousy hitter and have no right to break Ruth's record."

I got lucky and kept hitting homers to move closer to the record. I got to a point where Ruth symbolically lived with me. I began to learn more and more about Ruth and what he meant to baseball.

Pete Sheehy, the Yankees' clubhouse man, found himself in an unusual position. He had been with the Yankees in 1927 when Ruth hit his 60 homers, and now he was going through it again. Perhaps Pete is the only man who was so close to the scene during both Ruth's run at the record and mine.

Pete rarely has much to say. As the excitement increased, however, even Pete became excited. I was surprised and happy to know he was strongly behind me, rooting for me despite the fact that Ruth had been his idol.

"This game wouldn't be where it is without the Babe," Pete told me one day, "but I'm pulling for you to break the record. Records are meant to be broken, even the Babe's. The way you are holding up under all the pressure makes me root for you. When the Babe was chasing the record, it was his own record and besides, he had no TV, radio tapes and dozens of writers chasing him all the time. If you can break the record with all those things on your mind, I'm all for you. The Babe will still be the greatest home-run hitter, but you'll have your record, too."

I happened to be out of the lineup with a bad leg when the Yankees celebrated Old Timers' Day. Among the old timers there was George Selkirk, who had replaced Ruth as the Yankee rightfielder.

Selkirk, now general manager of the Washington Senators, spoke with me in the clubhouse that afternoon. He told me:

"Rog, as you keep hitting homers and getting closer to the record you'll find the ghost of Babe Ruth reaching out to you. I have some idea of what will happen since it happened to me when I was tapped to take his place in right field."

"I hope you break the record, but I'll feel the same about that as I did about replacing him in the lineup. It will be quite a distinction for you to break the record, but actually the breaking of his record will never break the image of Babe Ruth as the greatest home-run hitter or of the one and only Babe Ruth."

"The home-run record is merely one of the tangible things that Ruth



gave to baseball, but it is the intangible things that will make him Mr. Baseball as long as this game of ours lives. His feats changed the whole concept of the game and made it prosper. It was Ruth who made baseball what it is today.

"Go on and break his record and good luck to you, but neither you nor anyone in the future can take his place as the most important single figure the game has ever known."

Anyone and everyone who knew Ruth, played with him, traveled with him or watched him play had something to contribute to the Babe's legend. Day by day I would hear more and more stories. It was getting to the point where Ruth was coming alive for me. I had learned to admire him and all he stood for as much as anyone. I knew it would be impossible for a fellow to succeed him as the home-run king even by hitting 100 in a season.

The shadow Ruth threw on my life made me curious to know more about him. Frank Crosetti, our coach, had been a teammate of Babe's, and I asked Frankie how he figured the hold Ruth still had on baseball and its fans.

"He just reached a point where he was Mr. Baseball, it is as simple as that," Crosetti said. "He is responsible for baseball being what it is today. You might say that he took the game out of the hands of the owners and helped put it into the players' hands."

"Babe not only made baseball what it is today, the national pastime, but he is responsible for the salaries we make today. Until Babe started hitting home runs, people played baseball because they loved it. The money was nothing, but once Babe became the most exciting personality in sports his salary started to go up and he took the salaries of all players up with him."

"Babe changed the whole concept of the game. It was he who started pulling the crowds into the ballpark. No matter how many times his record is broken, it will never destroy his place in history as the home-run king."

My teammates became interested in Ruth, too. Mostly because I asked them about him. I wanted to know if my background had been that unusual, if other players had known much about Ruth or been influenced by him. Their backgrounds, it turned out, had been pretty similar to mine in this respect. It wasn't true, then. It was just that the passage of time had brought new baseball heroes into the lives of youngsters.

Every time I hit a home run, Babe Ruth came more alive in the newspapers, in the minds of the fans and in my mind. Every once in a while some old timer would pop off somewhere in the country about how sorry he was to see Ruth's record threatened. I read so much about this that, at times, I began to wonder if maybe I was committing a criminal offense.

The Yankees set August 16 as Babe Ruth Day at Yankee Stadium. It just happened that I hit home runs 47 and 48 that afternoon and things boiled up again. I learned that Mrs. Ruth was in the stands that day and, for the first time, she was given a chance to talk about the record.

One of the reporters talked to her, then told me that she had said she didn't want to see the record broken.

That was only natural. I knew how

she must have felt about the record, especially since I had been reminded so often about how mere fans felt. As crowds came into ballparks throughout the league to see the Yankees, I had the perfect picture of what Babe Ruth not only had meant to baseball, but what he still means to the game. Babe was still drawings fans into the ballpark 13 years after his death, more than 25 years after his retirement.

As the season moved closer to the end and my chance to break the record was still alive, the publicity increased. The older writers, who had known Ruth, were frank in saying they didn't want to see the record broken. The younger ones couldn't have cared less about Ruth and his record; they wanted me to keep going to give them something to write about.

I couldn't understand what the older fellows were worried about. Ruth's place in baseball was secure regardless of what I did.

The 154th game was played in Baltimore, and, going into it, I needed three home runs to break the record within the Commissioner's time limit. I knew I'd never get three in one game, but there were still a lot of people who thought I might. They included Mrs. Ruth, who watched that game on television.

I was right. I didn't break the record, but I did hit one home run to make it 59. At least I was second only to Ruth in home runs for 154 games. To me that was honor enough. I didn't feel disappointed.

I read an interview with Mrs. Ruth in a paper the next day. She was quoted as saying:

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"That was one record I didn't want to see broken. I have the highest regard for Roger Maris, but I must admit I'm glad he didn't equal the Babe's 60. The Babe loved that record. He wanted to be known as king of home runs forever."

Mrs. Ruth had been just a name in the papers to me until the night I hit my 60th. I appeared on a television show after the game and she appeared on it, too. As we were introduced, she said: "You've had a great year, Roger. I want to congratulate you. I know if Babe were here he would have wanted to congratulate you, too."

Almost without thinking, I said, "I'm glad I didn't break the record in 154 games. This record is enough for me."

Had the magic of Ruth also touched me? Perhaps, from all that had gone on, I had joined the legions of Ruth fans without even knowing it. I actually did feel it was better this way. I still felt that way after I managed to hit No. 61 in the 162nd game. I believe it is probably best that Ruth's record goes right on and that I have mine for 162 games. Nothing has been ruined or shattered. I am completely satisfied.

The next time I met Mrs. Ruth was opening day at Yankee Stadium in 1962. During the winter I had written a book about my chase after Babe Ruth's ghost. This was publication day and Mrs. Ruth was to be presented with a book.

I autographed her book as follows:
To Mrs. Babe Ruth

The Babe is still the home-run king. I don't think anyone can doubt that.

AL DARK DISCUSSES THE BEANBALL

(Continued from page 23)

Which took care of all the quotable people except Elvin Tappe, then Chicago's head coach. "When a man takes two shots in a row at you," Tappe said simply, "you either believe he's throwing at you or you're stupid."

What went almost totally overlooked, as the above quotes suggest, was that it appeared two Giants—Sanford and Orlando Cepeda—had been thrown at by Cardwell earlier in the game. Once more the Giants were involved in a beanball battle. Twice they had on-the-field brawls in 1962 as a result of this kind of diversion. Thus Alvin Dark seemed to be an ideal man to Sound Off on head-hunters, as those who throw beanballs are known. As we sat in Dark's office to tape-record the interview, he said, "I won't cry."

I turned on the recorder.

Einstein:

Alvin, so much inside pitching is part of the game, and so many pitches do honestly get away—how often do you know a pitcher's deliberately throwing to knock a man down?

Dark:

I would say at least 70 percent of the time, ballplayers know. Very few of them mind when a ball's thrown close and more or less brush 'em back. If it's on the letters or the waist, no one minds. But that throw behind the head—that's a pitch we're all trying to stay away from.

Einstein:

Well, you say the ballplayers can tell. Does that go for the umpires too?

Dark:

I would think so, yes.

Einstein:

Then in this respect are the umpires doing their job?

Dark:

A big-league umpire knows when a guy's being brushed back. Actually, he knows when the guy's being thrown at to knock him down and scare him. Because every time you retaliate—every time you feel like they've thrown at one of your players and

you in retaliation have asked your pitcher to more or less brush back their pitcher, then they always call time and stop it and say, "Well, now, that's enough, you've each had one throw." Well, now, in my opinion this is wrong, because I feel like if our pitcher throws at their hitter or if their pitcher throws at our hitter, and if an umpire sincerely thinks that he did—and apparently they do, because every time you retaliate or brush back their pitcher, then they stop it—then the umpire who feels like the first pitch was intentional should stop it right then.

Einstein:

Is the situation usual for the Giants, because of the number of long-ball hitters you've got?

Dark:

I don't think that should be involved. I don't think just because we have a bunch of fellows that can hit the ball out of the ballpark that the rule doesn't say you can throw at the home-run hitters but not at the singles hitters. Our pitchers do not throw at opposing home-run hitters. Jose Pagan, Harvey Kuenn—both those boys are singles hitters, and they've been knocked down a few times too. Just looking at it from our bench, I do know our boys go down quite a bit.

Einstein:

Well, you speak of throwing in retaliation at the other pitcher. What about throwing at the hitters, not just the pitcher?

Dark:

My intentions on this thing are to stop the throwing altogether. It's in the rules. You aren't supposed to. Now, if what you want to do is stop it, I don't think you stop it by throwing at their hitters. All you do is cause more or less of a riot. But I think that if you brush back their pitcher and let their pitchers know that if they throw at our hitters, then we feel it's only fair their pitchers be thrown at.

Einstein:

I remember one fight your ballclub got into last year, when the Pittsburgh pitcher threw one at Ed Bailey, and

after the fight was over Bailey got back up to bat and hit the next pitch for a home run. So what's to be gained? Why do they throw at your hitters? Do they think they're dug in, or liable to get gunshy, or what?

Dark:

I don't know. I do know we don't throw at other hitters, because sometimes you might wake a hitter up and it makes a better hitter out of him. I'd rather just go ahead and pitch the ballgame and try to get the hitters out by pitching to their weaknesses. I do know for a fact that it doesn't hurt our hitters. In fact, I've seen them throw close to Orlando Cepeda and behind him when someone in front of him has hit a home run, and he's just gotten up and hit the ball that much further. Or take Willie McCovey—it just makes a better hitter out of him. Or Mays will pick himself up and hit a tape-measure shot. Very few hitters nowadays are bothered by being thrown at. But the idea is, we're trying to keep anyone from getting injured. I would hate to think that I asked one of my pitchers to throw at another hitter and he injured this hitter and then he wasn't able to compete in baseball any more. Especially names like Boyer or Bill White or Willie Mays, Cepeda, Ernie Banks. Names like that out of the game of baseball? I think it'd be terrible.

Einstein:

What can be done?

Dark:

I think if an umpire sincerely called it the first time he saw it. The rule says you have to warn the pitcher and then warn the manager, so the first time it happens all you have to do is warn them. Then the second time it happens, that's when some action should be taken, when actually it seems like each team gets to throw at another player and then a warning is made. Well, in a case like that, if a pitcher threw at two guys in a row, the warning would be made then, and I don't think it'd be fair. The warning should be made the first time an umpire thinks the pitcher really and truly threw at the hitter.

Einstein:

And after that first warning from an umpire, what usually happens?

Dark:

Well, I've never seen it happen—I think it has happened one time, but I've never seen it myself—the next time after a warning, the pitcher is automatically ejected and I think there's a three-day suspension and a \$50 fine.

Einstein:

These "beanball battles" can almost get out of hand, can't they? Like the episode in San Diego this spring, when you were playing the Cleveland club.

Dark:

Yes. Willie McCovey had just hit a home run and then Mays went down. Although I like to always give the pitchers benefit of the doubt, that he didn't throw at Mays, the pitch was so far behind him, and one of these things where a player could get hit pretty easily. Then it just so happened that our pitcher was Gaylord Perry, brother of Jim Perry, pitching that day for them and was first up. I wouldn't ask a brother to ever throw

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at another brother or to brush him back, so the next hitter up happened to be the catcher, and Gaylord threw close to him and he didn't mean to hit him but he did hit him on the arm, and then the umpires called everyone out. Well, in my opinion, as soon as Mays goes down, at that particular time the umpires should talk to the pitcher that threw the first pitch, and in a case like that our pitcher would never retaliate.

Einstein:

Well, are some umpires better than others at enforcing this? Can an umpire protect a hitter? Maybe even by the way he calls pitches?

Dark:

No, I don't think umpires call pitches to protect the hitter, but I do feel like certain umpires enforce the rule a little differently than others. I don't know what there is about it, but when Willie Mays goes to the plate and goes down, Willie is such a... a jovial type of person, that it's almost a joke when Willie goes down. Actually, to me, it isn't a joke at all because his life is just as important as anyone else's on the ballclub, and when you start throwing a baseball close to someone's head, then it's a serious, serious thing.

Einstein:

There have been nights when I've told Willie before a game: "You're going down tonight," and he's said, "No—So-and-So's pitching for us and he'll protect me." In other words, the ballplayers have faith in some pitchers on their ballclub to respond right away.

Dark:

Well, that's right. The game of baseball is a team game, and when one of your players go down, it's automatic that you should protect him by brushing back the pitcher. Not trying to hit the pitcher, that isn't the idea; you don't want to hurt anyone. But the idea is to keep them from throwing at your players. If one of the ballplayers gets into a fight, you know that someone else on the ballclub is going to help him out in a fight, so it's the same thing with a hitter going to the plate: the pitcher's going to help him out.

Einstein:

What about your own experience with beanballs as a player? How was the situation then, as contrasted with now?

Dark:

I think that back in '48 through '54 or '55 we were thrown at more those days. We expected it more even though the rule was there; it wasn't enforced then at all. When we went to the plate, and we'd gotten a couple of hits already, we knew we were going to go down, but it was one of those things. No one likes it, but the idea is that it affects certain hitters differently, and I know that we used to have a lot of those kinds of contests where it was automatic that when you went to the plate you were going to go down. But they enforce the rule at certain times now—that is, after you have retaliated.

Einstein:

All right. Now do you say that you are never purposely the first one to throw at the other club?



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Dark:

We have never done this since I've been managing.

Einstein:

Do you order your pitchers not to throw beanballs?

Dark:

That is part of the rules, and we have talked about that a number of times. I've told the pitchers never to throw at a guy just because they can't get him out. Try to find his weakness and work on his weakness. Never throw at a fellow just because he's getting the base hits off of them.

Einstein:

Okay. But I remember a game in Chicago a couple of years ago when it looked like your pitcher was the first to throw. It was Ernie Banks who went down. In a case like that, would it be an accident, or can thoughts get into a pitcher's mind that you can't control from the bench?

Dark:

Charlie, I think the situation is the important thing in a ballgame. You know yourself that if the bases were loaded and that the tying run was at third base, and your pitcher were to throw close to an opposing hitter, you know that the pitcher didn't do that on purpose, and the same thing is true if you're hitting in that same situation.

Einstein:

So often we see a case where a fellow hits one out, or hurts the pitcher, and the pitcher throws at the next hitter. Do you think this is one of the

main reasons behind the throwing of the duster? The other pitcher is just sore at the moment?

Dark:

It could be true, Charlie. This isn't something that if the pitcher had time to think five minutes, he would do. I don't think any pitcher wants to hit any batter, and the majority of the time, I think the pitcher is actually brushing back the hitter. That's why I say 70 percent of the time you can usually tell because of the situation in a game.

Einstein:

I remember the game when Mays hit four homers, and McCovey, up next, was the only hitter in the lineup who didn't hit safely for you that game. And he joked about it afterwards and said, "Following him, ain't no way I'm gonna get a hit."

Dark:

Four of five years ago, that was true. It just seemed like if a guy hit a home run the next fellow up would almost automatically go down. But it isn't as bad any more. I don't feel like they are throwing at the next hitter as much as the hitter that hit the ball.

Einstein:

Then let's take the case of a hitter—not one of yours: Frank Robinson, of the Cincinnati ballclub. I haven't got the figures, but I get the feeling, Alvin, that he must lead the league most of the time in the number of times getting hit.

Dark:

We have never intentionally thrown

THE SPORT BOOKSHELF



MY GIANTS

Russ Hodges and Al Hirshberg

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For 15 years Russ Hodges has been broadcasting Giant baseball games. He began, of course, when the team was in New York; he has remained with the team, as an insider, in San Francisco. Through those years he has, in his words, "lived and died" with the Giants. When Bobby Thomson hit the playoff home run that won the 1951 pennant for the Giants, Hodges exploded with emotion. Shouting into the radio microphone, he told his audience: "I don't believe it—I do not believe it!" If his broadcasting has not been impartial, it has been, with his emotion, quite colorful. So is his book, *My Giants*, the story of his 15 years with the team.



BEST PLAYS OF THE YEAR

Robert Riger

Prentice-Hall

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An attractive and informative addition to any football fan's library, *Best Plays Of The Year* recreates most of the important moments of the 1962 National Football League season. Robert Riger's photographs combine drama and significance, his text brings the reader onto the field and into the locker rooms with the NFL players and coaches. Says Riger: "This is my journal in words and pictures of a year of exciting pro football covering the entire country and NFL—a fan with a ticket and a plane ride each Sunday to see one game anywhere in the United States." The excitement Riger saw and felt carries over to his readers.

at him. In the last two years we've hit him three or four times. He crowds the plate quite a bit, and we try to pitch him on his fists. Most of the time we try to pitch him from the belt to the shoulders inside. Sometimes if you miss a foot inside, you'll hit him on his arms. Frank was hit, I think, around six or seven years ago, in the head. It was pretty serious at the time, but I don't think it affected him at all as a hitter, because Frank is one of these fellows: it's best not to throw at him, because when you throw at Frank Robinson you really have a tiger on your hands, and he is really tough to get out. That's one of those hitters that I was talking about that I'd rather not wake up. We try to pitch him *tight*—which everyone in the league tries to pitch him—but as far as throwing at him to hit him, we never want to do that.

Einstein:

Let's talk about opposing pitchers who tend to throw close to the Giants. Don Drysdale of the Dodgers seems to be a top offender.

Dark:

No, Charlie, I really believe that Don Drysdale doesn't intend on hitting anyone. His idea is to brush a hitter back, and as far as I'm concerned, that's legal. That's baseball. He throws a pitch between the belt and the shoulders; very seldom throws a ball head-high. There are other pitchers I've seen who have thrown the ball actually behind the hitter's head, and that's a dangerous spot. If you throw to brush back a hitter, which is belt-high to the shoulders, that's part of the game. But when you throw behind a hitter's head, then that isn't part of the game, and that is where the rule should be enforced.

Einstein:

How about opposing managers?

Dark:

Well, I don't think that there are any managers in the National League that tell their pitchers to throw at a hitter, because I've talked to all of them about this kind of question and the problems that come up. I don't think there's a manager that I've talked to that actually ever told his pitcher to throw at someone. Now: as far as brushing a guy back, pitching him inside, and throwing a curveball, that's a different situation.

Einstein:

But other managers do order the pitch in retaliation.

Dark:

I've seen that happen. That isn't what I was talking about. I was thinking of a pitcher throwing at a hitter, not a pitcher throwing at a pitcher to more or less scare him to the point of where he will no longer throw at the hitters. I don't think that you're going to scare a pitcher, but the idea is to let the pitcher know that it's against the rules, and the umpires should enforce this rule. It's the umpires' job, but sometimes that particular rule isn't enforced, and that's when I feel like it's our job to get the situation straightened out as quickly as possible.

I feel like a manager is responsible for having his players protected. And I do realize that as we started out we said that 70 percent of the time you can almost be certain when a fellow's being thrown at, and it would

be an umpire's judgment. And we have a lot of good umpires in the National League who have real good judgment, so the only thing I feel like is they should enforce their judgment on certain things.

Einstein:

Suppose we threw at you three times and you never threw back. Would the umpires tend to think you were weak on the subject?

Dark:

I don't know, but a manager has a responsibility. Let's just say that my hitter is Jim Davenport, and he's flattened, and it looks like it was two strikes and no balls and it was definitely one of these pitches thrown behind his head. And then nothing happens, and we come up again in the third inning and we haven't brushed their pitcher back or anything—then one of our players is thrown at and actually hit. Then I'd feel very bad about it because I don't feel as a manager I have protected my players enough to get the thing stopped as quickly as possible.

Einstein:

Which gets us back to your ideas about throwing in retaliation at the pitcher only. Suppose you can't throw at him—the situation won't allow it?

Dark:

We wouldn't throw at the new pitcher. Only the fellow who did the throwing. That's the only fellow that we want to brush back and let him know that we didn't like it.

Einstein:

So if he doesn't get to come to bat?

Dark:

We would do nothing. Nothing at all.

Einstein:

Well, Alvin, this is your third year as a manager. I don't have the figures in front of me, but as you yourself have said, your guys get thrown at pretty good. I'd guess it was more than any other team. So the question now is, do you believe your protective retaliatory system has done the job?

Dark:

Charlie, actually it's the only thing that I know to do. I know the first year I managed we had a lot more thrown at then than the second year I managed. Whether this had anything to do with it—protecting these players by brushing back their pitchers—I don't know. But I feel like they don't throw as much at our hitters now as they did two years ago.

The thing I want to keep repeating is that I don't want to see our players or their players get hurt. If a guy wants to brush our hitters back, belt-high or shoulder-high, that's part of the game. But where it's thrown behind the head, that's what I want to see stopped. That's the most important thing in this whole rule, because actually it won't win or lose ballgames for you, throwing at your players or throwing at their hitters.

Einstein:

What if the penalty were greater?

Dark:

The only thing that I think would help would be for the umpires to enforce the rule.

BASEBALL'S MR. ZERO

(Continued from page 45)

don't go for two no matter where I hit the ball." "Singles" Herbert then told about how he doubled into an out in Detroit. "I hit that ball good and I thought it was going out, so I didn't run hard. (Rocky) Colavito took it off the wall but I didn't figure they could make a play on me. Then the ball came in and I slid late. I went right on by the bag."

But nobody's deeply worried about Herbert's sliding. He's paid to pitch and opponents are the only ones worried about that. Ray himself worried about it for years, however. He knew he'd never be a big winner until he came up with another pitch. He got by with a good sinker, fastball and slider. But he didn't have a good curveball or the excellent control that is his biggest asset today. Which is why being traded to the White Sox in June of 1961 was to Ray Herbert what Ford Frick's progressive stand on an issue would be to baseball—a glorious breakthrough.

Chicago pitching coach Ray Berres saw what was wrong with Herbert: his delivery was lousy. In striding and throwing, his body was way ahead of his arm. With his arm coming over late, he was pitching "up-hill," thus his control tended to be high and he wasn't getting much stuff on his curve because his body wasn't behind it.

All he had to do was coordinate arm and body and he was in business. But when you've been pitching one way for 15 years or so, changing is about as easy as rolling off a Sequoia log and living. "I spent almost that whole first year in Chicago trying to change while still trying to pitch and win ballgames," Ray says. "It was hard trying to remember to stay back (with his body), to actually concentrate on the hitters while concentrating on staying 'on top' of the pitch. It got kinda hectic at times."

He'd slip up on the mound and before he knew it his body would be out in front of his arm again. "Stay back!" Berres or Lopez would yell to him or tell him when he came into the dugout. So he'd concentrate on his delivery once more, and sometimes forget about the hitter. The change was painful.

Still, a losing pitcher when he arrived from Kansas City, Herbert finished the 1961 season at 12-12 with Chicago. Early in 1962 he was still changing, but it was becoming easier all the time. His curve, slider and control all improved. After the second All-Star Game (which he won by pitching three scoreless innings), he was 12-3 and he won his last six games to finish with a 20-9 record and a league-leading winning percentage of .690.

"When I was changing and things got hectic," Ray says, "I didn't know whether it was worth all the effort. It all seems worth it now, looking back, but I wondered if the change would ever become natural after all those years of pitching wrong. Even once in a while now I slip up. But now I just tell myself to stay back during warmups. Once the hitter steps in I don't worry about it any more."

He now has a fastball that rises and sinks, and a curve and slider. He varies speeds on each of the three pitches and he varies deliveries—sidesarm, three-quarter and overhand.



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His control has improved in the following manner: Although he's never walked many batters, in earlier years when he got behind on a hitter he had to come in with a good pitch rather than hit a spot. Today he gets behind on a count about as often as Fidel Castro changes his field jacket.

It's unfortunate that Herbert didn't have a pitching coach to tip him off on his mistake early in his career. "I never had much help learning anything until I came to Chicago," Ray says. "Johnny Sain was the only one who helped me at all, with my curve. But he was only in Kansas City about half a season and that wasn't long enough. You have to have somebody to yell at you all the time, get you back in the groove."

The ballclub and the ballpark in Chicago have contributed to his success, too. "I played mostly with second-division clubs that were always weak at one or two positions," Ray says, "until I came here. Even at Detroit we didn't have a real good infield, and being a sinkerball pitcher, most balls were hit on the ground. We never had an Aparicio or a Hansen to cover the ground at short or a real good double-play combination."

Comiskey Park's long foul lines help him, too. When Ray shut out the Tigers, Billy Bruton hit a ball that was caught in Comiskey but would have been in Detroit's upper deck. Orsino's streak-shattering home run down the left line in Baltimore would have been caught in Chicago. Herbert's first five shutouts came at home; his one loss in that period came in Boston.

Ray is a bit surprised by those shutouts, when he considers that Dick

Donovan, Jim Kaat and Camilo Pascual tied for the league lead last year with five. Kaat and Pascual string zeros on scoreboards with overpowering stuff; Herbert does so primarily by conning the hitters. He may be the greatest whitewash con artist since Tom Sawyer.

His best season up to last year was 1960, when he was 14-15 with a 3.27 earned-run average (the same ERA he had in '62). While that was an excellent performance with a team like the Athletics, it understandably didn't bring him headlines. Even in 1962, Herbert didn't receive as much publicity as he deserved. His 20th win came on the final day of last season and people weren't particularly concerned with the American League. At that time the Giants were lifting the pennant from the Dodgers.

In 1963, however, he was caught in a crush of publicity. "That's the biggest difference between this year and all those others," he said early in the season. "Nobody ever bothered you. Nobody came to interview you or ask you to be on television or radio. The only time I ever got on television was when they ran out of other guys." He laughed. "I was never a character like Billy Martin or Bo Belinsky. I didn't start fights or get lawsuits or break urfew every night so there wasn't much to write about. If you're not a character or an oddball or in the super-star class, they don't want to write about you."

A rather quiet guy who, paradoxically perhaps, talks in a loud voice when he does have something to say, Ray speaks frankly on everything and likes to laugh, even at embarrassing situations. The week he joined

the White Sox, for instance, Al Lopez was upset. Three times in a row pitchers hadn't covered first base in time to make plays. Lopez announced at a team meeting that the next guy who didn't get over to first in time could get over to the bank and withdraw \$200.

"I was pitching against Kansas City two days later," Ray says. "Dick Howser was up. He faked a bunt toward third and I broke from the mound, then he pushed the ball toward first. I turned and ran toward first. Roy Sievers picked up the ball and waved me off; Howser beat him to the bag."

Herbert didn't realize Sievers was actually waving goodbye to Ray's \$200. Lopez said he wouldn't have gotten there in time even if Sievers hadn't motioned him off. "The skipper said if I fielded first real well for the rest of the year I'd get the fine back," Ray got there early thereafter.

There was an exhibition game in Macon, Georgia, the following spring when Herbert may have wished he hadn't gotten there at all. At a meeting two days before, Lopez had discussed the base pitchers should back up with men on first and second and there was a hit to the outfield. "Let's go between third and home," Al said, "then you run where the outfielder starts to throw."

"It sounded good on paper," Ray says, "it should be." Except, of course, it didn't take into account the artillery piece in the outfield that almost blew off Lopez' head. The situation came up, Ray pitching with men on first and second, and a ball blooped into center field. Herbert started to run between third and home. "I hadn't taken two steps when Mike Hershberger picked up the ball and cut loose. I couldn't have gotten there in time to back up with a jet plane." Hershberger throws like Rocky Colavito, that is to say, the ball left a very nice vapor trail as it sailed over third

directly at Lopez. Al and coach Tony Cuccinello were seated on folding chairs outside the small dugout. Both bailed out. Swiftly. "The ball almost got both of 'em," Ray says, laughing. "Then I almost ran over both of 'em trying to pick up the ball."

Lopez couldn't visualize twin spike-prints up his belly doing a lot for his appearance. It suddenly occurred to him that Herbert had chosen the wrong sport, that he might do better in, well, something like the marathon. "I got the next out and that was all the pitching I did that day," Ray says. "I was supposed to pitch six or seven innings. I ended up running eight innings instead. Lopez sent Berres to tell me I looked a little tired, that I better do some running."

"They run the length of the outfield, walk back and then run again," Lopez says. "I forgot about Herbert. I looked up in the eighth inning and he was still running." Al laughs. "I think it did him some good. It helped make him more alert."

Ray says he's never had trouble with that situation again. Has Lopez called off that play? "I don't know whether he's called it off," Ray says laughing, "but I have! I just figure who's on second and what the outfielder's gonna do when the ball is hit and I go behind either third or home. I don't stay in the middle anymore."

The White Sox played at Macon again this spring. Lopez made an announcement beforehand: "If Herbert's gonna pitch, Tony and I'll sit out in right field."

"You're safe," Ray said. "All I'm gonna pitch is batting practice. I won't have to back up any bases then."

The only real controversy Herbert has had occurred after his fine '60 season when Frank Lane, then Kansas City's general manager, offered him only a token raise. Lane and Herbert kept sending the same contract back and forth for weeks. Finally Lane said he could sign it, hang

it on the wall or tear it up, that was the last one he'd get.

So Ray tore it up. He poured the pieces in an envelope and sent it back with a note saying, "I won't sign it, the figures on it are too much of a disgrace to hang it on the wall, so here it is and you know what you can do with it." He ended up signing for twice the amount Lane had offered. A few months later Frank traded him to the White Sox.

Herbert was originally signed by the Tigers. He pitched and played outfield for Detroit Catholic Central High School, which didn't lose a game in his four years there. He worked out with five or six major-league teams but didn't sign with the Tigers until the fall. "I didn't feel like playing pro ball after I graduated," he says, "against kids who'd already been playing a few months." The Phillies offered him a small bonus but he would've had to stay with the club for a year and it wasn't worth it.

Ray played two seasons with Toledo in the American Association. At the end of his second year there, he was called up and was 1-2 with Detroit. In five games early the next year, 13 innings of relief, he was 4-0. Then he was drafted and after two years in the Army, he came to the Tigers and had 4-6, 3-6 records in 1953 and 1954. The problem was he didn't know how to warm up as a relief pitcher and no one told him. They'd call down in the first inning; he'd get ready as if it were the ninth.

Sold to Kansas City in May of '55, Ray became discouraged. "I hadn't pitched much in the spring and they made me a starter two days after I got there," Ray says. "My arm wasn't in shape and I came down with the only arm trouble I ever had." The Athletics sold him outright to Columbus the next year and he cooled it, afraid to extend himself for fear the pain would return. Then he was shuffled off to Buffalo in '57. "I decided I'd either have to start throwing the ball again or forget about it." He did and the A's bought him back in '58. He was, successively, 8-8, 11-11 and 14-15. Traded to Chicago he was 12-12 in 1961 and then Raymond Ernest Herbert, sub-500 pitcher, became a staff's "stopper" in 1962.

"It wasn't a matter of being the stopper," Ray says, smiling. "I just happened to be the only one healthy. All the other pitchers got hurt. I was the only one available. I did think I'd finally figured out this game of pitching a little bit better. Once you get that confidence it helps you improve everything else."

It has helped improve the standard of living for the Herbert family (Ray and his wife Marilyn have four children: Roxanne, ten, Melanie, nine, Mark, two-and-one-half, Matthew, one-and-one-half). They live well in Livonia where Ray keeps his 5-11, 185-pound body in shape year-round by working out at the local YMCA three times a week and earns off-season money as a department supervisor for Montgomery Ward. He hopes to become a buyer for the store if he doesn't stay in baseball. "I'd like very much to become a manager or coach," he says, "but barring injuries I think I can pitch five or six more years."

That's a lot of pitching ahead for a fellow 33 years old. But other pitchers have developed late and starred through their 30s, so Ray Herbert certainly has a chance.



"He's out with the dog."

PAUL HORNUNG

(Continued from page 20)

his own team, which is logical because his ego would not permit him to play less than his best. Hornung says, and the evidence again indicates, that he did not win much money, which is also logical because, I believe, he did not bet to make money. He bet because he wanted a piece of the action, because he always had to be a big shot, a carryover from his hometown days in gambler-worshipping Louisville, Kentucky. As a professional football hero, he couldn't content himself by betting a few dollars on the games with friends, the way many do. He had to bet with a bookie—or, as it happened, through a California friend with a bookie.

He was wrong, not deeply, morally wrong, not corrupt, but foolishly, stupidly wrong. He violated the National Football League law that is posted in every team's dressing room, the law Hornung saw almost every day of his career. So did Alex Karras, the 250-pound Detroit tackle who, with Hornung, drew an indefinite suspension. Hornung bet frequently during the 1959, 1960 and 1961 seasons, usually \$100 or \$200 a game, occasionally \$500 a game; Karras at least six times during the 1959, 1960, 1961 and 1962 seasons, always from \$50 to \$100 a game. The big gamble cost Hornung his \$30,000-a-year Packer salary.

For months before the official suspension notice last spring, both Hornung and Karras knew they were heading for trouble. The National Football League had put 16 former FBI men to work investigating gambling among the players, and these men had done a thorough FBI job. Hardly a player in the NFL had not been questioned; anyone under the slightest cloud of suspicion had been questioned and requested. Hornung, for instance, had even been flown into New York for extensive questioning. He had cooperated fully; he had told the league the truth about his betting activities. (Karras had blundered into admitting on a television show that he sometimes bet.)

As spring approached Hornung sensed the vulnerability of his position. "I knew something was going to happen," he recalls. "I didn't know exactly what, but I braced myself for it."

On the morning of April 17, Hornung received the phone call he had been fearing. Pete Rozelle, the efficient young commissioner of the NFL, telephoned Hornung's home in Louisville and told him that he was suspended indefinitely. The suspension could last forever—or it could be re-

viewed, and lifted, after as short a time as one year.

Hornung's course of action was clear from the beginning; he intended to do all he could to make certain that the suspension lasted only one season. After the call from Rozelle, Hornung phoned his uncle and Bill King, a Louisville promoter who has been his friend and advisor for several years, told them of the impending announcement, then climbed into his car and drove to his country club. As the news of the suspension began breaking across the country, Hornung played 16 holes of golf. Understandably, his game was, at best, erratic. When he left the 16th green, he disappeared into the clubhouse with his lawyer. When he emerged many minutes later, his eyes red with tears, he gave the reporters who had descended upon the golf course a written statement. "I made a terrible mistake," he said. "I realize that now. I am truly sorry. What else is there to say?"

At the same time, Karras, less wisely counseled, reacted belligerently. "I haven't done anything that I am ashamed of," he insisted, "and I am not guilty of anything."

While the Lion roared, Hornung took the opposite tack. Yes, he was guilty. Yes, he was ashamed. He praised Pete Rozelle. He condemned himself. Hornung was humble, quiet, penitent, all the things that rub against his natural grain. Painfully, determinedly, he set about destroying his own image, the image of brashness and bravado that he had so carefully cultivated. He was a little numb, a little hurt, but mostly he was grateful that the awful wait-

ing was over. He wondered what the reaction would be.

He found out immediately. Telephone calls, telegrams and letters by the hundreds began pouring into his Louisville home. Almost unanimously the messages voiced faith in Hornung. Now and then a caller cackled that Hornung had gotten only what he deserved, but the overwhelming majority hoped that Paul would be allowed to play once more in 1964. Some of the callers were truly pained by the verdict. Mrs. Pat Martin, the wife of the Green Bay businessman who had ferried Paul in his private plane between Army post and Packer games during the 1961 season, cried over the telephone to Loretta Hornung, Paul's mother.

In Green Bay, predictably, the mood was shock mingled with indignation. "Hornung was a sacrificial lamb," complained Gerald Zuidmulder, a local salesman. "I still find it hard to believe," said Ted Fritsch, a former Packer fullback. "They called him the Golden Boy, but don't make any mistake about it," said druggist John Holzer. "This is no gaudy ornament they were talking about—it's a solid 18-carat football player." To demonstrate his feeling, Holzer had pinned a black mourning band to his arm.

"I'm shocked and hurt," said Vinnie Lombardi, the man who became Green Bay coach in 1959 and transformed Hornung from a lackluster utility back into a brilliant triple-threat halfback. "I thought a great deal of Paul. He always gave me 100 percent."

In a sense it was remarkable the way people rallied round Hornung, the Golden Boy, the hero, the ham.

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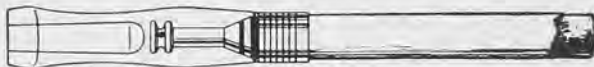
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The SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 16

1 Yogi Berra. 2 Brian Sternberg, Washington. 3 21. 4 Jesse Owens. 5 Graham Jones, Layne-Hoernsche-meyer, Baugh-Battles. 6 Carpenter-1921, Gibbons-1923, Willard-1919. 7 (b). 8 (c). 9 (b). 10 Steve Brooks. 11 (a) St. Louis Cardinals; (b) Montreal Alouettes, (c) Buffalo Bills. 12 (a). 13 (b). 14 Carr broke the world record of 20.5. 15 Bill Tilden. 16 Boston and Brooklyn played to a 1-1 tie.

There was almost none of the uneasy glee which people often display at the downfall of a hero. From East Coast to West, Hornung, unlike Karas, won sympathy.

For most of the first day, Hornung thought about what he had done—and what had been done to him. At a press conference that night, he was doing the contrite bit, the bit he has now permanently adopted. "I feel more hurt because of my mother than myself," he said. "I did wrong. I should be penalized. I just have to stay with it." He was terribly sorry, he said, that the "confidence placed in me by my coaches and teammates has been destroyed. I have never done anything to hurt the Packers."

The Packers, to a man, were still on his side. The day after the suspension, Bill Quinlan, the tough and fun-loving defensive end who has since been traded to Philadelphia, showed up in Louisville. As soon as he heard the news, he decided to slip away from his home outside Boston and visit Louisville. He knew instinctively that Hornung needed a lift. "What the hell," Quinlan explained later. "I had been planning to go down there anyway for the Derby in a few weeks, and I figured he could use me better now."

Quinlan's appearance—and his subsequent four-day stay—had the desired recuperative effect upon Hornung's morale. As bad as Paul felt, he couldn't help laughing and kidding with Quinlan. They played golf and

chatted and drank maybe a beer or two. "If I ever thought for a minute you bet against us," Quinlan said, "I'd..." He left the rest of the sentence unspoken; obviously, he didn't think for a minute that Hornung had bet against the Packers. Nor did the rest of the team.

Hornung's spirits began to revive; two incidents in particular encouraged him. Shortly after the announcement, Jantzen Inc., which had been using Hornung, Bob Cousy, Frank Gifford, Ken Venturi and other athletes to promote Jantzen beachwear and sportswear, announced that it was definitely retaining Hornung on its staff and in its ads. "Paul is a fine athlete and a fine person," said Bruce Sturm, Jantzen's director of advertising and sales promotion. "Of course we recognize, as Paul does, that it was against his contractual rules to place bets on football games. But certainly, he cannot be termed 'dishonest' or 'corrupt.' We think he was foolish. At 27, which is very young, he has that right. We're behind him straight across the board."

"They were absolutely wonderful," Hornung said later. "They realized I hadn't done anything morally wrong."

The next major step was a telephone call from Los Angeles a few days later. Bob Cousy, traveling with his Boston Celtic teammates in the National Basketball Association play-off series, took time off to call. He reminded Hornung that he expected him to appear in Worcester, Massa-

chusetts, the following week at a testimonial dinner the town was giving for Cousy. "I still want you," Cousy said. "I want you to come."

Hornung went to the dinner, and when he rose to acknowledge his introduction, in a town where Cousy is king, among people who worship Cousy, he stole the show. For five minutes the guests, several thousand of them, gave Hornung a standing ovation. "Believe me, this is a memorable night for me, a night I'll never forget," said Hornung. "This has encouraged me more than anything else to keep going. I'll never forget Cousy for inviting me here and reassuring me that I'd be welcome."

During the first few weeks after his suspension, Hornung found that several of his speaking engagements had been canceled. A few high schools withdrew their invitations to him, but as the weeks passed, and he continued to handle himself in the most politic fashion, the normal steady stream of invitations resumed. "I find people are almost 100 percent behind me," he said at the Wanamaker Awards luncheon in Philadelphia late in May. "The public has placed faith in me and I hope that I can justify their faith."

At the moment Paul Hornung has only one ambition. "I want to play again," he says, and he says it grimly, with none of the mocking, half-comic tone that used to color his public statements. "I owe the people a debt. I'll make them forget the mistake I made."

It is unlikely that anyone will forget the facts concerning the mistake Hornung made. He was wrong in betting, and Rozelle was right in punishing him. The dangers of a player betting, even on his own team, have been stated over and over, but they remain pertinent. First, if he bets on his own team week after week, and then, for some reason, stops betting one week, he may be indicating to gamblers that something is wrong with his team. Second, if he bets and loses, he could get into a precarious financial position. Hornung used bad judgment, and even the possibility, which many teammates and opponents concede privately, that dozens of NFL players have made the same error of judgment, does not make his guilt any less. The others, perhaps, resorted to subterfuge and secrecy, and it is unfortunate, but inevitable, that Hornung should be penalized for his openness.

What Hornung may be able to do, what he is trying to do, is to erase the picture of a high-living, big-betting blond playboy. He has cut out the card games and cut out the crap games. If he bets on the golf course, it is only with friends and the stakes are only drinks or golf balls or less. This year, for the first time in his adult life, he voluntarily passed up the Kentucky Derby. It must have taken great willpower. In 1962, when he was still serving in the army, he put on a magnificent show at Churchill Downs; he played the regal commander operating out of a regal command post, a private box overlooking the finish line. This year, if he saw the Derby, he saw it the way most of us did—on a television screen. He had retreated for the Kentucky racing season to Miami.

It is ironic that Hornung now should feel so eager to play professional football in 1964. The possibility is strong that, had he not been sus-



pended, had his betting activities not been exposed, Hornung might have retired voluntarily before the 1964 season. Once, a few years ago, Hornung predicted that he would no longer play pro football after his sixth season. He may have been an uncanny prophet. His sixth season was 1962.

But at the time he made his prediction, Hornung, of course, was not thinking about any suspension. He was thinking only about the battering grind of the game, and about what he wanted to do in the future. He hoped to start a business career that would free him from football.

Now, if he were named chairman of the board of U.S. Steel tomorrow, he would still want to play for the Green Bay Packers in 1964. His pride is fierce, and he doesn't want to spoil his history of finishing on top. When he graduated from Flaget High, he was the outstanding scholastic football player in Kentucky and a target for recruiters from some 50 colleges. When he graduated from Notre Dame, he won the Heisman Trophy as the best college football player in the country and became the bonus choice in the National Football League draft. He would hate to rest his pro case on his personally disappointing 1962 season, a season in which injuries kept him out of action half the time and kept him from winning his fourth consecutive NFL scoring championship.

What are the chances that Hornung will be permitted to return in 1964, that he will have the opportunity to redeem himself on the football field? I would guess that they are excellent; in fact, if Hornung continues his good-conduct policy, I would be willing to bet, on a friendly basis of course, that he is reinstated before the 1964 season.

Pete Rozelle is not only an active commissioner; he is a reasonable commissioner. He has now served warning upon all his players that he will not tolerate gambling on games; the lesson is not likely to wear off soon. He has also acted quickly and decisively so that public faith in pro football, instead of being shaken by the gambling exposures, has been reinforced. And he is sensitive enough to recognize that the public generally would welcome the reinstatement of Hornung (and, possibly, even of Karras, now that the Lion's initial peev-

ishness has faded). Rozelle publicly will go no further than to say that Hornung's case deserves a fair review, but it is known that, on a personal basis, he likes Hornung and likes the way Hornung has reacted to the suspension. Paul won't even talk to reporters these days until he checks with Rozelle for clearance.

Until his case comes up for review, Hornung intends to keep busy. He has formed a partnership with Bill King, the Louisville promoter who staged Cassius Clay's first professional fight, and the King-Hornung combine will sponsor such attractions as Tony Bennett and Jimmy Durante in Louisville. In addition, Hornung will be making public appearances and handling commercials for Jantzen and whatever other products renew his contract in the fall. There is a possibility that he will have his own weekly television show—on football—which will originate out of Louisville and be syndicated to perhaps as many as 20 or 30 stations. And if he is ever in danger of starving, his ex-Packer teammates—Max McGee in particular—will chip in, invite him to Green Bay, pay his room and board and hire him as den mother. "Poor Max," says one teammate. "He'll be so lonely without Paul."

Besides coining cash, Hornung intends to work out as often as possible to keep his weight down and his timing sharp. He may help coach a local high-school team, or a college team, or he may just show up a few days a week and run through his paces. He learned in 1961, when the army recalled him, that even a short time away from the practice field can drastically cut into efficiency, and he doesn't want to let a full year of inactivity rob him of his skills.

One strange aspect to Hornung's case is that, if he is allowed to return to the NFL in 1964, he may well come back a better player than ever before. He is determined to stay in shape from now until then, a determination he did not always display during previous off-season breaks. And, if his pride can drive him to keep in shape, it can drive him, too, to brilliance in 1964. "The bigger the game," Vince Lombardi once said, "the better Paul plays." The next game Paul Hornung plays will be, at least to him, his biggest ever.

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6 WEEKS

THE TIME HE HIT ONE FOR ME

(Continued from page 31)

lace. Frankie Crosetti, "Red" Ruffing and Earle Combs were huddled in an apparently serious argument. Tony "Poosh-'em-up" Lazzeri leaned against the wall slowly flexing his knees. I puzzled for a moment over the identity of Art Jorgens, a substitute catcher.

Then a deep voice bawled from a corner, "Hey, Jorgens, maybe today you'll get your chance—Dickey looks pretty sick to me!"

I turned and dropped my lunch bag. It was the Babe. He was wearing a pair of brightly striped undershorts. I was surprised to see how tall he was. His pink moon face, lined and drooping even before the game, peered down at me like an underpowered street lamp. He was drinking soda pop and gulping handfuls of salted peanuts.

I said I had come to interview him and offered my credentials. He waved them aside.

"Fine!" he said. "Have a swig." My mother had cautioned me about germs but this was the great Bambino. I seized the cool, slippery green bottle and drank deeply.

"To what," I asked, choking, "do you owe your success?"

He chuckled. "Good, clean living," he said. I wrote it down.

I knew he was hoping to retire to a manager's job and that most sports critics considered it an absurd dream. Only that morning a columnist had written, "Babe can't even manage himself," and referred to his inability to remember signals. I mentioned the problem and was all but floored by a startling bellow of rage.

"That's the trouble with you newspaper guys," Ruth shouted. "You never forget the past! You never give a guy credit for learning anything! Maybe I lived it up in my time but don't forget I did the papers a favor—I gave you plenty to write about!"

"I've settled down now," he went on. "All I want is a chance. You know I never made a wrong play on the field in my whole life. I know how to win and I can make other players do the same!"

It was about a half hour until game

time, yet he straddled a bench and began to talk about his childhood. Some of the story I already knew from my conscientious study of newspaper clips.

"My old man was a bartender," he said. "I was chewing tobacco by the time I was seven. I was drinking hard whisky when I was ten. My mother died when I was 15. Most of my life was in and out of St. Mary's."

He meant St. Mary's Industrial School in Baltimore. A Catholic institution for orphans and neglected children, it was non-sectarian and had also at one time sheltered singer Al Jolson. There, George Herman Ruth Jr. had learned shirt-making and tailoring—and to play baseball.

He told me that he had started as a southpaw catcher. One day he tossed a practice ball to the shortstop, who fell down complaining that Ruth had broken his hand. They made Ruth a pitcher.

Following my teacher's advice, I asked him to describe his greatest thrill in baseball. I expected him to talk about the big-league home runs that had won him world fame. Instead he replied, "The 29 and two-thirds scoreless innings I pitched in the World Series for the Red Sox." Next, he said, was the 587-foot hit he had in Tampa, Florida, in the spring of 1919.

"I wasn't even born!" I exclaimed reverently. The Babe reached for another bottle of pop and downed it with a swift gurgle. I remembered the stories about his near-death in Asheville, North Carolina, in 1925 when he collapsed at the railway station after consuming a dozen sodas and 15 hot dogs on a brutally hot day. He was hospitalized and declared in such bad shape that an English newspaper had published his obituary. Now, I nervously sought to keep him talking. I asked him what he thought about when he was in the batter's box.

"Well, you're all alone out there," he answered slowly. "You're expected to belt it. You don't want to let anybody down. But I don't worry about how I'm going to hit. I don't bother trying to outguess the field. I think

about the pork chops I had the night before and if there shoulda been more salt in the barbecue sauce. Or I wonder if Claire will like that watch I just bought her as a surprise present. Or if I look good in a tux. But the second the pitcher rears back everything goes out of mind but that ball. What I see is the heart of it. That's what I lean into."

I knew that the Babe always made dramatic copy. He told me about the wisecrack he had made while negotiating his 1932 contract. Colonel Rupert had said that Ruth's 1931 salary—\$80,000—was more than President Hoover's. Ruth had said: "I had a better year."

We talked about his batting slump. He hadn't had a hit in his last 17 trips to the plate. He told me it was just tough luck.

The other players rose, stretched and began moving out to the field. I rattled on desperately: "I read that you have a prize bull terrier. My uncle has a bull terrier, too."

He grinned. "My manager, Joe McCarthy, looks like a bull terrier. You can print that."

He stood and headed for the field door. "So long, keed," he said. "You going to see the game?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, sit tight," he said, "and I'll show you I still got plenty. I'll hit one just for you!"

I forgot I was a "newspaper guy." "Honest?" I gasped.

"Promise," he said. "I'll stamp your name right on the ball."

I still have the faded, dog-eared yellow copy paper on which I recorded the interview. At the bottom is my thoroughly unprofessional conclusion: "The Babe great as ever," I wrote, "and I am about to go down in history!"

The sun was bright and the temperature, as I climbed into the stands, was in the 90s. It had rained lightly that morning and clouds of steam rose from the turf. I made myself a sun helmet from a section of newspaper and, together with a crowd of 15,000, cheered the Yankees and booed the Indians.

Ruth walked his first turn up. Not his fault, I told myself, and I glared at the cowardly opposing pitcher. The next time up Babe struck out. He swung mightily at the third pitch, lost his balance and fell heavily on his bad knee. I was too far away to see his face but I winced with a real pain.

A bushy-haired man in front of me howled, "Ya bum! Why don'tcha quit, ya good-for-nothin' has-been!" As Ruth made his way to right field, the man yelled again, "Why don't they turn ya out to pasture?"

I leaned forward slightly and somehow the wad of gum I was chewing fell in the man's hair. I started to tell him what had happened when he bellowed, "Hey, Ruth, want me to bring a rockin' chair out for ya?"

I didn't mention the gum.

Two innings later an infield pop-up stretched out Ruth's no-hitting streak, but Gehrig hit a clean single scoring Earle Combs, and the Yankees went ahead, 6-3.

Then it happened. Ruth came up at the end of the eighth inning. A hush settled over the wilted spectators. Those who were on their way out stopped in the aisles. It was clear from any point in the stadium that the Babe was straining at the plate, tense and scowling.



I can still hear the crack of leather as the ball took off on the first pitch, high and black against the glaring blue sky. I leaped to my feet screaming with joy. This one was for me. The ball skimmed to the right, along the first-base line, headed for the fence with speed and height to spare. No successful rocket-firing at Canaveral has generated more pride and fellowship in the human heart than I felt at that moment. The Babe could do anything—he was the greatest!

At the last moment a gust of wind pushed the ball across the foul line. Ruth lined out to first on the next pitch.

Although the game ended with a Yankee victory, I walked out of the park, downcast. It was that pitcher, I muttered to myself. He didn't give Babe anything good to hit. I decided to wait for Ruth outside the clubhouse. If I felt bad, I reasoned, imagine how he felt.

Ruth emerged onto the sidewalk freshly shaved and even more pink-cheeked than before the game. He was wearing a silk shirt, a bow tie and a bright plaid jacket and smoking a big cigar. I stopped him as he plunged toward a waiting Cadillac.

"Gee, Babe!" I said. "I'm sure sorry! You're still tops even if you didn't hit that homer you promised me. Thanks for trying."

He glanced at me, puzzled. Then he remembered. "I didn't feel so good today," he said, grinning. "I had a bellyache. Maybe too much beer and sour pickles?" He pounded my shoulder. "But tell you what. I'll hit one for you tomorrow! Absolutely! First chance I get! You can take my word for it! Okay?"

He grabbed my scorecard out of my hands and scribbled his name on it. I couldn't speak. He had let me down with his empty boasts and futile promises—and he could kid about it! The Babe returned the card with a flourish. He stepped into the limousine, bellowed a joke at the driver and was driven away.

The subway ride back to my home on the outskirts of Brooklyn took an hour and 25 minutes. I jammed the autographed scorecard in my pocket. What good was his signature if he couldn't face up to the truth? He was

through! He had almost made a fool of me but not quite—I could see through him now.

The following day was also hot but dry and very clear. I wasn't at the ballpark. My sister and I were detailed to wash windows. As I wrung the chamois, I thought about the Babe. I felt my sense of outrage disappear and a great tenderness toward the aging Ruth took its place. It was no disgrace to be a has-been. Nothing could dim the luster of a batter who could hit 60 homers in a single season. If he needed to believe he still could do so, it was all right with me. I'd cheer him until he could no longer lift a bat.

There were no Yankee radio broadcasts in those days. I kept slipping down to the corner newsstand to wait for the early sports edition. At last it came, hurled from a truck, and the news vendor cut the cord around the bundle. High in the left hand corner of the front page was the second-inning score: New York 5—Chicago 0. And a big black headline read: **BABE BLASTS GRAND SLAMMER.**

I saw Babe Ruth play only a few more times. My family moved to the Southwest for four years and by the time we returned his career was over. Now my sons and their friends ask me about him. I hardly know what to say. He was a great ballplayer. He was also self-indulgent, dissolute and a braggart. Still, he helped me to discover compassion and that it is necessary to separate love from idolatry. He was the first person to treat me like a real "newspaper guy," and to make me feel as though I could be one. Years later, having had more complicated conversations with presidents, prime ministers and politicians, I still look back on it as a pretty good interview.

I'm glad Commissioner Frick ruled that Roger Maris' 61 home runs in a 162 game season is a separate record and that Babe Ruth's 60 homers in 154 games still stands. I wonder, sometimes, about the home-run ball he hit the day after I talked to him. I suppose it is still a treasured souvenir on someone's bookshelf. But I shall always believe it has my name on it.

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CINCINNATI'S SPIDER

(Continued from page 51)

of Mexico, lies among hills. "Big city," said Leo.

His grandfather, it seems, owned a "market meat" in Matanzas.

Market meat?
Si. A butcher shop. Leo was his grandfather's helper. "Cut up the meat. Two dollars every day."

Ralph Cardenas, Leo's father, works on a road gang. But "long time ago" he played baseball—shortstop, in fact. "Long time ago" was 1940 and before. Like father, like son. Leo soon played for School 8, in Matanzas. "Champions of Cuba," he said. Leo was not the shortstop. "No, no—first base." Vada Pinson, two lockers away in the Reds' clubhouse, broke into a laugh. "Spider on first base," he said. It was an entertaining thought. "Pitcher, too," Leo added. "Sidearm." This time Frank Robinson laughed. So did Leo. He has a wide, toothy grin.

The Cincinnati players exploit his good humor. "Especially Number 20,"

Leo said. Number 20 is Robinson. "Number 28, he all right," Leo went on, cheerfully exonerating Pinson. "Seventeen, he smiles." Tommy Harper, across the room, was doing just that, very broadly.

When Leo played in the Sally League, for Savannah, he married Gloria Jackson, an American girl, and they now have three children. Between baseball seasons, they live in Savannah (Gloria's home town) or Miami. Once they owned a house in Havana. Fidel Castro liked the looks of it. What Fidel likes, Fidel takes. Cincinnati coach Reggie Otero, also a Cuban, once owned a house in Havana, too. "Twenty thousand dollars I pay for that house," Otero said. "When I come home from 1960 winter season in Venezuela, my house is no longer mine. There is a seal on the door that say, 'Property of the Government.' Fidel Castro has a pack of lazy bums in my house."

Some of the more printable epithets

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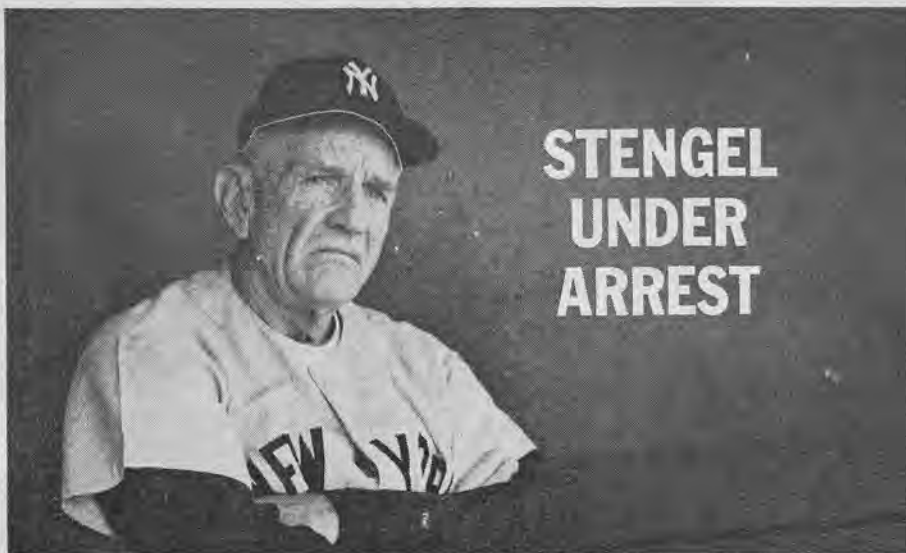


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STENGEL UNDER ARREST

THE NEW YORK YANKEES were training in St. Petersburg, Florida, for the 30th spring and suddenly the anniversary was no longer happy. The cops walked in and said, "Which one is Casey Stengel?" and it was sort of like the bride whipping off her blond tresses and announcing, "Ashenden, British Home Office."

The newspapers subsequently reported that Stengel had been arrested. Technically he had been. He had been served a couple of summonses in connection with assault and abuse charges.

It all began at a Yankee-Dodger exhibition game this March day in 1955. The Yankees had beaten Brooklyn and during the game, it was charged, Stengel had kicked and cursed a photographer. It did indeed seem strange. Does a man in his late 60s take aim at the shins of a working photographer?

Plaintiff insisted Casey did; Casey, to this day, has not said he did not. He merely answered all questions after his arrest with: "Did anyone see me kick him? Wasn't the Commissioner there? Was there any blood on him (the photographer, not the Commissioner)?"

The photographer's name was Brannan Sanders. He had been a combat photographer, which put some sympathy on his side. He had moved to St. Pete because of his wife's health, which brought him some more sympathy.

Sanders complained to the police that when he had gotten in Stengel's line of vision Casey ordered him to one side. En route to a vantage point behind first base he had stopped at the Yankee dugout to apologize for causing Casey any inconvenience. Stengel had responded, Sanders said, with a kick and curses.

Casey's defense the next day was that Sanders had obstructed his view at a somewhat critical point of the game (the first three Brooklyn hitters who had faced Johnny Kucks had gotten on base), and he had yelled at him to get out of the way. So the photographer had come in and sat on the Yankee bench and then Stengel had yelled even louder because, "You know no one is allowed there."

The photographer left before the game was over; in fact he was out of there before Kucks retired the side. When he got back to his paper and told his story, his bosses decided that, winter attractions notwithstanding, no member of their staff was going to be booted around. The ownership of the St. Petersburg *Evening Independent* at that time was Canadian, so there couldn't be any hasty appeal to local loyalties.

The complaints and summonses followed, with Stengel declaiming, "Whaddya mean, kicked him? Didn't the photographers gimme a medal in New York?" (They had, recognizing his longtime co-operation.)

Anyway, Stengel was due to appear in court. The Yankee brass and the St. Petersburg Chamber of Commerce prevailed on him to provide an apology. He did and Sanders not only withdrew his complaints but came in on his day off to be photographed shaking hands with Casey in the dugout at Al Lang Field. Said Casey:

"I'm sure sorry that the rhubarb developed at Al Lang Field the other day. I certainly didn't have anything against that photographer or any photographer. I don't even know him. They tell me he's a nice fellow."

"He got in our way at the Brooklyn game and I ordered him off the field and out of the dugout. Maybe I was a little mad and I yelled at him. But I sure didn't know I was starting any great feud. I wouldn't want that for anything."

"The Yankees have been coming to St. Petersburg for 30 years now. We like it here. The city and people are great to us. I certainly wouldn't want to spoil that relationship in an argument with a photographer. Or anybody else."

"Maybe I didn't say 'please' to him when I told him to get off the field, but it was a tense ballgame and I didn't want anyone in our way. I sure hope this thing can be cleared up."

It was.

—Harold Rosenthal

Otero applies to Castro are "fanatic," "hypocrite," and "rat." Cardenas remains non-committal. "No politizing," he says. "I don't know nothing about politics. My business is baseball. Castro take my house, yes. If I was in Cuba, though, he would not."

Emigration is looked on with extreme disapproval by Castro. What Castro disapproves of, Castro discourages, and when Leo emigrated he lost his house. Cardenas has many relatives in Cuba and he does not want to lose them so he does not criticize Castro. "Family of 13," Leo says. On this subject, he tends to be hazy. Leo has a brother named Hector who plays for the Charleston Indians of the Eastern League. A quickly abandoned effort to engage Leo in conversation about Hector brought forth, in this order, a denial that there was such a brother and a statement (inaccurate) that Hector had quit baseball and gone home to Matanzas. Leo then referred to Hector as "Martin," possibly through absent-mindedness or possibly in the interest of security.

Leo's father, for obvious reasons, never has seen him play in America. Nor was his father a steady customer at the ballpark when Leo played for the Reds' (Cincinnati Reds') Havana farm team in 1959 and 1960. "Make error, make him feel bad," Leo explained. It's a family trait. When Leo makes an error, or when Leo strikes out, nobody feels worse than Leo does.

"He fights himself," pitcher Joey Jay recently observed. "If he gets over that, he can be a good ballplayer."

Leo seems to be working at it. One night this year after striking out three times in a row, he directed his fury at the air-conditioner in the Cincinnati dugout. He challenged it to a boxing match and landed the only punch, a hard right. At least he was not fighting himself.

Usually when Cardenas has been striking out, he paces the floor of the clubhouse and repeats one question over and over. "What in the hell is wrong?" Otero, if he is present, will tell him. "You're swinging at bad balls," Otero will say. It's the truth. "He lunges," agrees Jerry Lynch. But Lynch detects an improvement in Cardenas. "He used to be trying to pull everything," Jerry says. "Now he's a better hitter. He hits to all fields."

Cardenas is a righthanded batter. There was a night this year at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh when Leo struck out, slashing wildly at bad pitches, in each of his first three times up. Then with Elroy Face, one of the most successful relief pitchers of all time, working in a delicate situation for the Pirates, Leo stepped into a pitch on the outside corner and singled to right field. It scored an important run from second base.

Otero takes a keen personal interest in the Cuban players who come to the Reds—Cardenas in particular because Otero nagged the Reds into signing him.

Otero discovered Cardenas in 1956—"Feb-you-roddey of 1956," Otero says. He was running a baseball school for the Reds in Havana. "There were 110, 115 boys," Otero recalls. Unlike Cardenas, Otero is not a miser with speech. "We do like this," Otero said. "We get infielders, outfielders, pitchers together, so. That's when I first see Cardenas. He was real skinny boy. All of these boys, they bring their own uniforms. We put 'em each a big number on his back and Leo's number, you

know, come all the way around, from here to here." Otero's hands were extended a foot apart. "His back, it is only so wide.

"How we ran the school," Otero said, "we first had the kids working out, then hitting, then the last three days we play two ballgames in morning and two in afternoon. Then, after, we hold a meeting with the managers, you know, and we eliminate so many kids. I was behind Cardenas all along. What really attracted me was, whaddyacall, he had real fast bat and wonderful hands. The only thing I was gambling on was his weight—135 pounds, no more. If he stayed at 135 pounds, he was not gonna go too far.

"But whaddyacall, these managers, they all say that Leo's too skinny. I told them all right, take Cardenas to Douglas, that's in Georgia, where Cincinnati had, whaddyacall, mass training camp. I told them, 'You take Cardenas over there. If any manager like him, they can sign him. If no body like him, send him back to me.' I was manager then of the Havana Sugar Kings. I said, 'The only thing you gotta do with this boy is put some meats on his bones.' All I told Leo was, 'Look—they don't wanna sign you because of your weight.' I said, 'Leo, you go there to Douglas and you prove you can stay.' So he went there and he proved he could stay."

With some meats on his bones—not much, but enough—Cardenas reported to the Reds' spring-training camp in 1961 after playing in the minors since 1956. He had finished the season with them the year before. Otero was now a coach with the Reds and Leo once more became a challenge to his gift for the hard sell. Only this time the problem was not to sell the Reds but to sell Cardenas.

"Leo got mad," Otero said. "He say he cannot make the team. We had Gordy Coleman, Blasingame, Eddie Kasko, Gene Freese. That was our regular infield and Leo had to break in that whaddyacall, that lineup. He say he was in the dog house and I told him how wrong he was. I say, 'Nobody gets a job in the big league for nothing. You wait for your opportunity, and when it comes you go in and show Hutch you can play.'"

Opportunity came quickly, in April. The Reds had lost eight in a row. Hutchinson benched Kasko, and Cardenas took over at shortstop. The Reds won their next nine games. Cardenas hit .323.

By June he was out of the lineup again, but he returned on July 23. This time the Reds had lost six in a row. With Cardenas back, they won a doubleheader from the Giants. Cardenas had four hits—a home run, two doubles and a single. Of their next 15 games, the Reds won 11, Cardenas still banging out hits.

Hutchinson, watching him run to first base, wondered each time if his strength would hold out until he got there. Leo's famished look aroused pity in Hutch. It seemed to call for a little rest cure and presently Cincinnati was losing again.

On August 24, though still in first place, the Reds had lost four in a row. They were two and a half games ahead of the Dodgers and four games ahead of the Giants, and the Giants were in town for a series. Before the first game, Otero had a message for Cardenas.

"You're in the lineup," he said. "Get out there and show me something."

"I get four hits," Leo answered. He was overconfident. He got three hits, is all. But they drove in three runs as Cincinnati won, 8-5.

In the Reds' September pennant run, Eddie Kasko played shortstop. Cardenas finished the season hitting .308. The Reds had just one more losing streak—in the World Series, unfortunately—and Cardenas almost prevented it from starting. The Series was tied at one game apiece and the Yankees, who had lost the game before, were leading, 3-2, when Cardenas came to bat as a pinch-hitter with one out in the ninth inning of game No. 3. Probably no World Series pinch-hitter has ever looked as harmless as Leo, but the next thing Luis Arroyo knew he was pitching with a runner on second base. Cardenas had hit the ball against the scoreboard in center field, missing a home run by maybe a foot.

Arroyo got the next two batters and the Yankees went on to win the next two games and the Series. Cardenas was a helpless bystander. Mutinous thoughts about dog houses must have lingered in his mind through the following winter and Otero had to talk fast and soothingly to convince him that all was well in spring training. Gene Freese, the third-baseman, had caught a spike in the dirt on a slide into second. He would be on crutches for months to come, but with an infield position open there was seemingly no room for Cardenas. Hutch put Tommy Harper, a rookie, at third base and Kasko was still playing shortstop.

This arrangement continued through the first seven games of the regular season. Harper then vanished into the farm system for one more year, Kasko moved over to third, and Cardenas at last had the steady employment he craved.

His occasional outbursts of temper and temperament do not even faintly disturb Hutchinson, a clubhouse furniture-breaker of no mean repute in his own right. "You can be very sympathetic with a fella like that," Hutchinson says. "If he gets mad the right way, if it makes him play better, okay. Some guys get mad and their performance suffers."

When Cardenas speaks of getting mad, he speaks in the past tense. "Long time ago," Cardenas says. "I was too rookie yet." Pinson, overhearing him say it, had to smile. Cardenas immediately joined him. "Still rookie," Leo admitted.

Every so often he substantiates this during a game. Though not especially fast, he likes to steal. And sometimes when Leo tries to steal it comes as a big surprise to the base coaches and to Hutch. Later, when Hutch asks for enlightenment, Leo will say, "I thought I could make it."

But Cardenas is learning. Reggie Otero's prediction that it's only a matter of time before Cardenas will be the best shortstop in the league is by no means a rash one. Cardenas, in an effort to improve his game and his stature among the league's shortstops, listens to advice.

Take the conceivably boring advice which Otero kept repeating to Cardenas all through the first month of the season. "Leo," Reggie would say, "especially when you see the tying run or the winning run on second base and a ball is hit to the side, even if you don't think you can get it, dive. Keep it from driving in a run." When someone like Bill Mazeroski of Pittsburgh would dive for a ball, Otero

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said, "I would call Cardenas aside and I would say, 'Leo, you see that?' And Leo would say, 'Yeah, I got it.'"

So in the second month of the season, when Joey Jay was pitching a 2-0 shutout against Los Angeles, Leo saved the shutout and possibly also the game by throwing himself at a ground ball headed for center field. Somehow the ball stuck in his glove

and he flipped it to second base for a force-out. As he said to Reggie Otero, Leo had it.

What he has in addition will come out in the next few years. As the league's best shortstop, or the league's best anything, Leo would have to cope with a steady, unwanted, and really absurd flow of attention. Evidently he values his privacy and who knows

what ingrown resentments he may harbor as a dark-skinned Latin-American in a strange country boiling with racial unrest.

But still there are ways of adjusting to these pressures, and on Leo's own club, where he can't possibly miss them, he will find some examples of people who adjusted with class.

— ■ —

YASTRZEMSKI ARRIVES

(Continued from page 26)

toward mid-season, finishing with a .296 average and 19 home runs. He also had 94 runs-batted-in and 191 hits. Additionally he had more total bases than Harmon Killebrew, Mickey Mantle or Jim Gentile.

"He knows he's a hitter now," says Billy Herman, and Yastrzemski partially agrees. Part of his transformation to "aggressive" batting, he believes, was the result of "seeing the pitchers a couple of times and knowing what they throw."

What they threw Yastrzemski at first was inside. He was the lefthanded kid, the advance publicity said, who was going to play knick-knack on Fenway's left-field wall. His very stance dared them to give him an outside pitch. So they jammed him, for all of the first year and most of the second, by which time they were deciding it wasn't that simple. He was hitting the inside pitch. He was beginning to hit the lefthanders, too.

"But you can't let yourself get content," Yastrzemski said this May, when he had slumped to .299 after his first good start. "You must keep striving. There are things you can't reach, but you have to keep striving for them."

You have to keep striving, for example, to perfect your hitting. "He's a real good hitter," ex-Tiger manager Bob Scheffing says, "now. Last year, the way he had that bat cocked up behind his ear, you could fool the hell out of him. But not now."

Again, it had been Mike Higgins to the rescue. Mike, now Boston's general manager, had suggested to Yastrzemski that he ought to hold his bat somewhere around the place where he planned to use it. He tried, and it worked.

Yastrzemski will hit more slumps, because a slump, as well as anyone has ever been able to define it, is a kind of mental depression with the cause and effect interlocking and overlapping. "Nothing fails like failure," might be the slumper's motto. And Carl Yastrzemski can work up instant depressions. "Even after a good day," Schilling says, "he can't be satisfied. It could have been better. He worries about the kids, the house in Boston . . . he just worries. I tell you, he just can't relax like other people."

When he slumps, Yastrzemski will ask for help. "Ted Williams was a good batting instructor," Yastrzemski said in May, "because he didn't try to make you hit his way." In 1961 spring training, Williams looked at Yastrzemski's style, which wasn't Ted Williams' style at all, and said, "You're all right. Just don't let them mess around with you."

"He talked to me about slumps," Carl said, "and he stressed studying pitchers. That's all."

Herman is a good batting coach, to Yastrzemski, because he speaks only when spoken to. "You don't fool around with that kind of hitter," Billy says. "A few times he's asked me to look at him, to see what he was doing wrong. Especially the first year, he was always experimenting, and that got him into a few prolonged slumps. But there's a great potential there, and you just don't mess with it."

The Red Sox, better than they used to be but higher in the standings than they had any business to be, came into Detroit on May 24, 1963, and beat the Tigers, 5-2. In four at-bats, Yastrzemski had one hit—a triple—and one RBI. But in the bottom of the ninth, with a runner on first and two out, Bubba Phillips hit a sinking liner into short left. Yastrzemski charged hard, took the ball off his shoetops, somersaulted twice and came up with his glove raised and the ball in its pocket.

Just a so-so day, it was suggested the next morning. "We won the game," Carl said. "I felt satisfied, because I felt I did my share to win it."

"I know I'm no slugger," Yastrzemski said, "and people don't realize what a hell of a kick I can get out of a defensive play. And we won the game. We might not have won without that play. I could have played it safe, for a single, but that would have brought the tying run to the plate. Mombo (pitcher Bill Monbouquette) had thrown a lot of pitches, and I knew he was tired. Somebody might have hit a pinch home run, and where would we be?"

Tied, and the idea is to win. It is important to Yastrzemski. He has as clear an idea as anyone of his potential. "Suppose you hit .325," he has said, "and 25 home runs. Suppose you lead the league, and the team isn't even a contender. What does it all matter? What have you really done?"

Made money, for one thing. But made it, perhaps, in relative obscurity. Maybe that's the thing with Carl: he wants people to know he was there, and did something.

"I know I can't make it on my hitting alone," he said, "and I wouldn't want to. My theory on playing left field is that if you make the routine plays, just catch what's hit to you, you haven't done anything."

The next day, in the first inning, he did something. Jake Wood hooked a line drive toward the left-field corner that looked like a double. Yastrzemski charged toward the line and scooped the ball on the second hop. It was a reckless, almost arrogant play; a righthanded thrower who hoped to make the play at all should have backhanded it, and Yastrzemski didn't. At full speed, he swept the glove across his body and scooped the ball forehand, in a motion that would have brought a cry of "hot dog" in a

pepper game. Then he gunned the ball to second. Wood had taken a small, furtive turn around first. It was a single. Not everybody is running on Carl Yastrzemski these days.

Carl, whose arm, like his speed, is in the "real good" category, has theories on all things in baseball. "If you wait for the ball, you gotta have one hell of an arm," he says. "If you charge it, you're closer to the infield and you might throw somebody out." That's the touch of Willie Mays.

"Sure, I've booted ground balls," he says. "But the coaches have held the runners. They didn't advance." That's the shade of the late Mel Ott, who shortly before his death estimated that his habit of throwing behind the runner had saved him "maybe 50" errors in his long career. He booted the ball, but they stayed close to the bag because he might not have booted it.

They still mutter in Boston, in the dugout and the press box, when Carl overthrows the cutoff man, which he did frequently last year and still does occasionally. But his argument is as strong as his arm. "If I see a man go and think I can throw him out," he says, "I'm going to try." He led the league in assists with 15 last season, and already had nine before the end of May this year. (The league record, 35, has stood since 1902.)

"He's the best leftfielder in the league," says Higgins. Boston manager Johnny Pesky pretty much agrees with him.

Yastrzemski wants to be the best in everything. He is, for example, a pretty fair bridge player, but he isn't satisfied with his game because sometimes he makes mistakes. He seems to make more mistakes when playing on airplanes, which is where baseball players spend much of their time in this ten-team, 162-game, coast-to-coast era.

"He doesn't like to fly," one member of the Boston entourage says. "I think that's why he plays cards: to keep his mind off flying."

There was a time last year when the Red Sox were about to fly out of Chicago after a doubleheader. It was twilight. There was lightning, and thunder, and it was beginning to rain. Carl stood out in the rain, at the top of the ramp, for so long that some began to doubt he would ever get on the plane. Finally he did.

"Flying doesn't bother me that much," he said. "Not any more than other people. There was that one time last year . . . I don't think anybody likes to fly in bad weather; it's natural not to like it. Oh, if we have a day off, and there's time, I'll take the train."

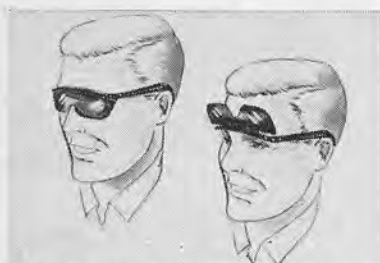
"But generally it doesn't bother me, really. Not that much. What the hell, if you want to play these days, you have to fly."

And Carl Yastrzemski wants to play.

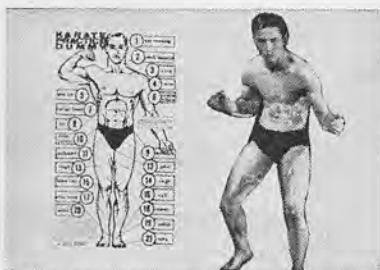
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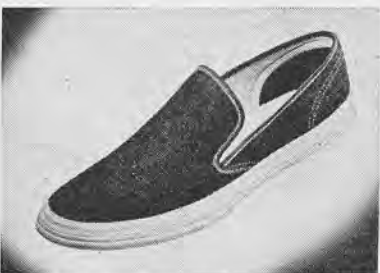
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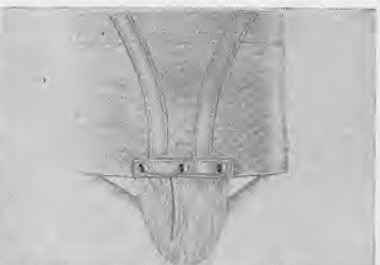
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UMPIRES DESERVE A BETTER DEAL

FORTUNATELY FOR THE National League, fortunately for baseball, umpire Al Barlick decided not to quit his job. Barlick, senior umpire in the National League, had announced on June 16 that "I'm fed up with things and I'm going to quit and go home." He did go home, but was cajoled back into action by National League president Warren Giles. The loss of Barlick, long considered the league's best umpire, would have been a blow to the National League. We are pleased that Barlick did change his mind. But we feel the Al Barlick incident deserves further scrutiny. One question—why was Barlick fed up?—leads inevitably to another: What is happening to umpiring in the major leagues?

First, let it be said that the National League umpires have it worse than the American League umpires. The American League umpires have a capable supervisor in the veteran Cal Hubbard. Hubbard, an ex-umpire, is a man who knows umpiring, knows the problems of umpires, can listen to those problems. The National League has not had a supervisor of umpires since President Giles took office in 1951. He says such a position is unnecessary, that he and his assistant, Fred Fleig, can handle all problems. If so, why has the umpiring situation in the National League been so much more chaotic than in the American League? Writing in *SPORT* five years ago, an ex-National League umpire, Artie Gore, who had been fired by Giles, stated: "In the National League . . . an umpire doesn't even have anyone to turn to for advice. When I was fired, I was completely isolated; there was no one on my side, no one, at least, who dared speak up."

The situation in the National League was magnified early this season by the Great Balk Rhubarb. The umpires felt that they were scapegoats, that Giles had put them on the spot and then had failed to defend them. In many controversies in recent years, the National League umpires have felt that Giles failed to back up their authority or judgment.

All this, however, is only a surface manifestation of deeper dissatisfactions among the umpires—National and American League umpires. Look at some of these working conditions. Umpires never get long-term contracts. They work on a year-to-year basis. Since contracts don't go out until January, an umpire doesn't know until virtually the last minute whether he has been rehired.

On retirement benefits, the umpires could do a lot

better. Today if an umpire retires after 15 years he collects about \$150 a month. Under the same circumstances, a ballplayer can get \$500 a month, or even more.

We don't claim that the state of umpiring in the major leagues has reached a utopian level. Al Dark, for instance, complains in this issue that umpires do not call the beanball enough. Then, too, some umpires are more competent than others. Some umpires control games better than others. Some umpires use their authority better. But umpires are human, a fact that

some of us tend to forget in the heat of a close ballgame.

Umpiring can be improved, just as everything in life can be improved. But we maintain that, by and large, the major leagues have a strong, competent set of umpires who have contributed strongly to upholding the integrity of baseball. We think they deserve more than they are getting.

What, then, can be done?

1. The National League should have a supervisor of umpires. If Barlick had someone to tell his troubles to, had been able to go to someone for advice, he might never have picked up and taken off in the first place. We do not believe that it should be the function of the National League president, or his assistant, to control the umpires. The supervisor should be a man with umpiring experience, who understands the problems of an umpire.

2. Umpires should be included in the Players' Association and thus be entitled to the same benefits as the players. There are obviously not enough major-league umpires to form their own organization. Umpires spend as much time on the field as the players. Why shouldn't they have similar benefits?

3. Umpires should receive better safeguards in their contracts. They should, for instance, be notified well in advance about whether they will be rehired for the following season.

We strongly believe, too, that there should be uniform rules. Why should umpires in one league have a different strike zone than umpires in another league? Why should umpires in one league have to enforce a balk rule, while umpires in the other league don't? A major-league umpire is a major-league umpire, not an American or a National League umpire. Umpires might even work interchangeably within the two leagues. Let's bring umpiring uniformity to the majors. A better deal for the umpires; a better deal for the fans and players. Who could ask for more?



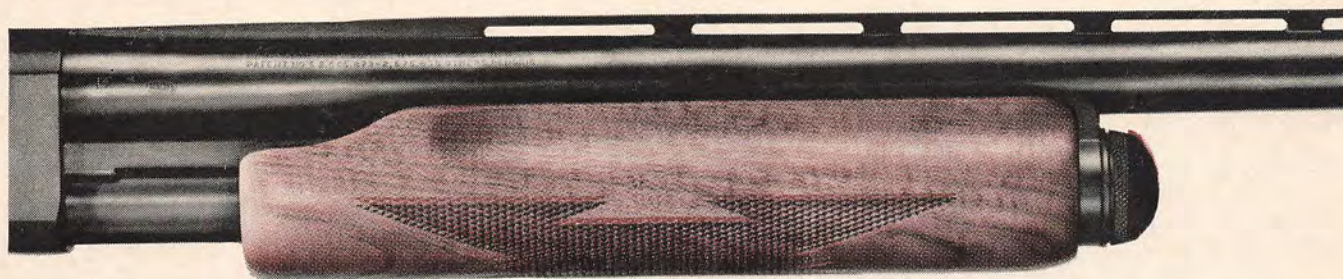
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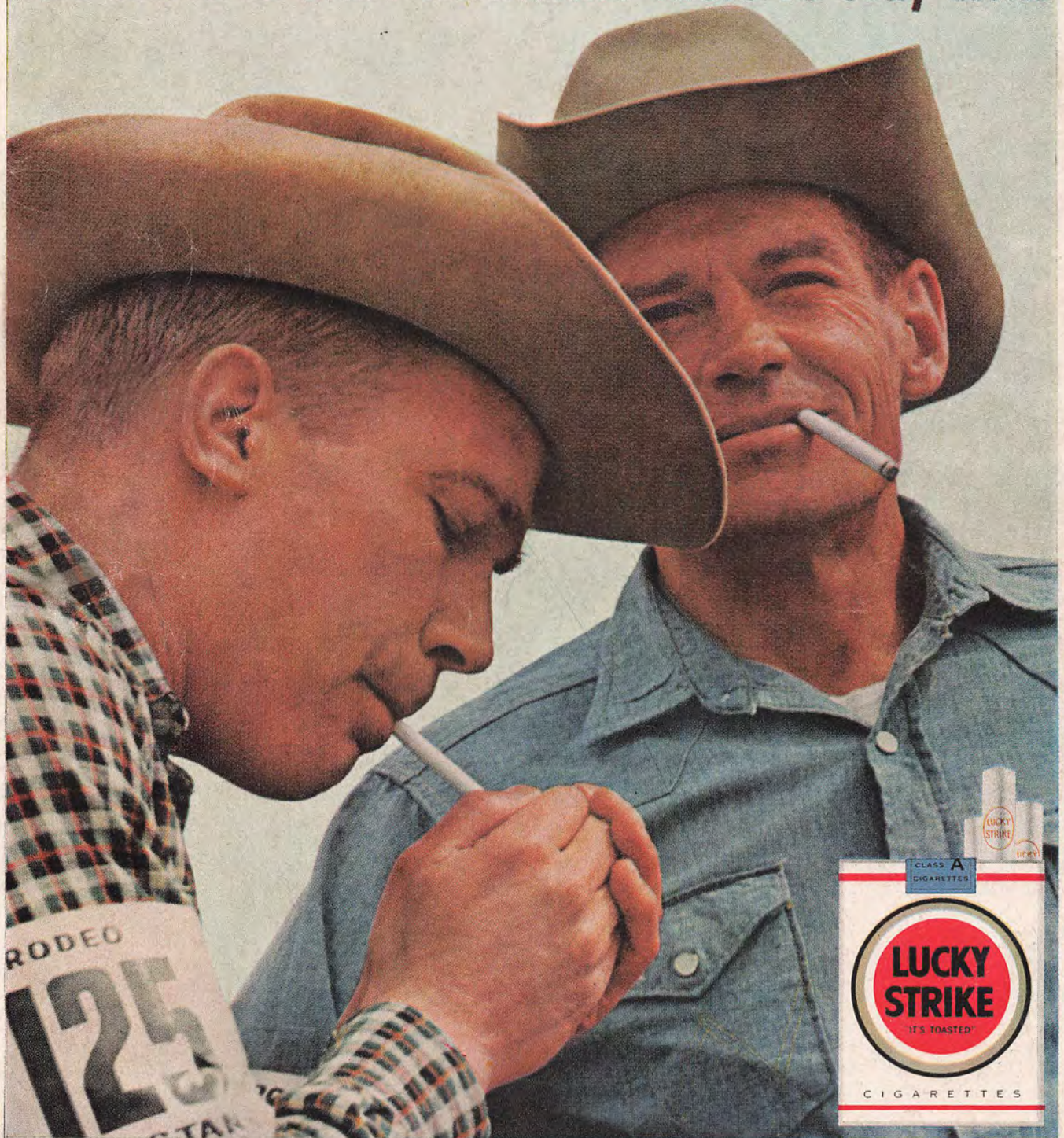
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